

LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN CHURCH

EDITED BY
WM. BERTAL HEENEY, B.A.



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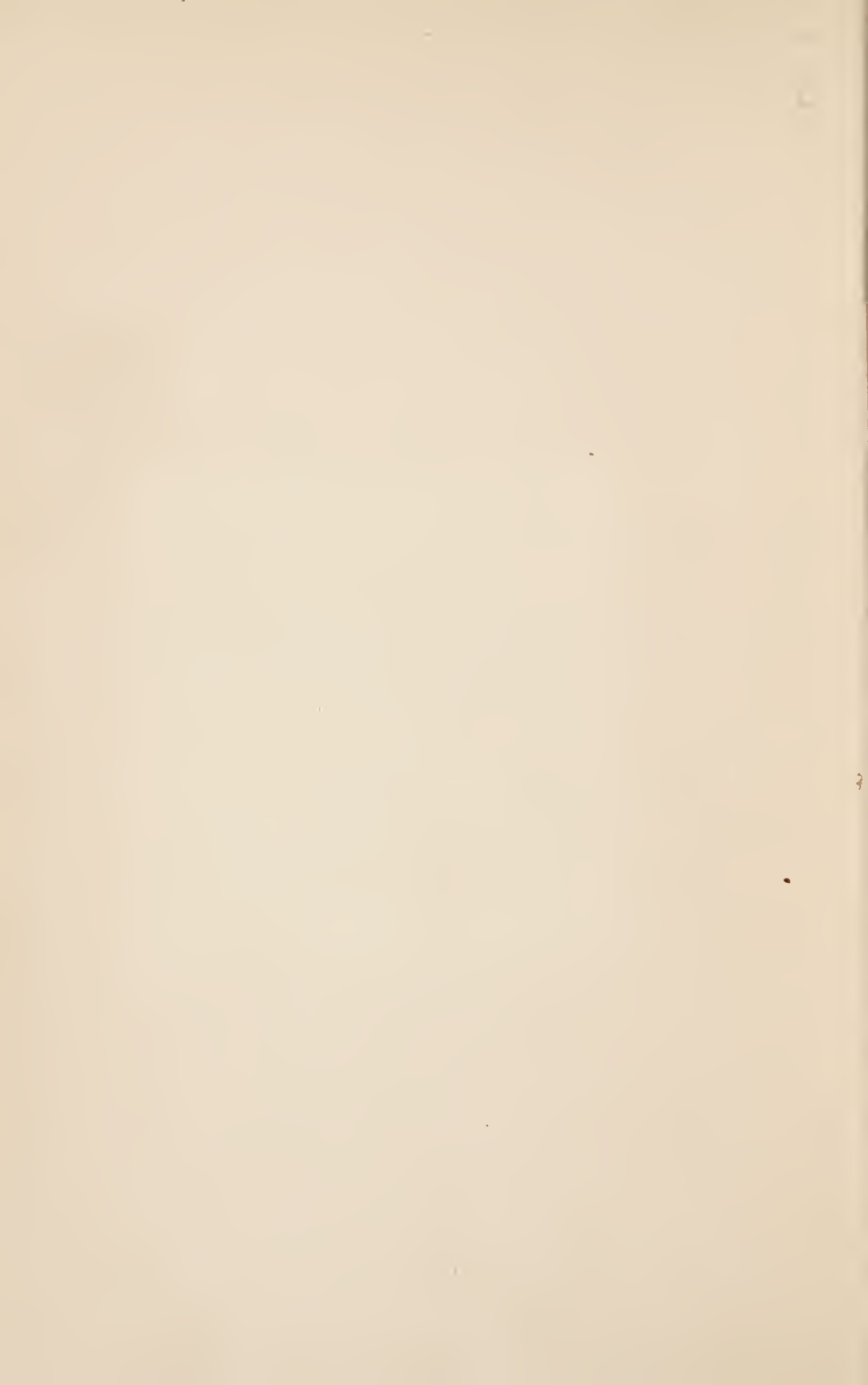
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LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN CHURCH



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WITH A FOREWORD
BY THE PRIMATE

Edited with a Preface by
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THE PRIMATE'S FOREWORD

It affords me great pleasure to write a short preface to this book of sketches of the lives of various Bishops of our Church in Canada, who have been called to their rest and reward.

What is termed the "Foreword" to a book may be used for several objects. It may serve to explain the purpose of the author or to indicate his view-point, or simply to commend his undertaking to the reading public.

In this instance the purpose of the editor and also of the authors of the several Sketches is to present and to preserve within the compass of a single volume outlines of the lives of men of light and leading in the up-building of the Church of England in Canada. This I consider a most useful purpose, for while there may be separate volumes of the life-story of some of these spiritual leaders, there is no doubt that for purposes of reference and also for the wider spread of interest in these Fathers of the Church a single publication comprising them all will not only be more available to Church-people generally, but more widely useful and stimulating. We cannot be either interested or interesting Church-people

unless we are intelligent ones, and to be intelligent we must be informed in regard to the story of the Church in our Dominion.

As to commending the book very heartily as one worthy of perusal, I have only to run my eye over the list of the authors of the different sketches to justify me very amply in doing it. These men are all well and favourably known in Church circles and the record of their ability and success in other spheres is sufficient guarantee that they will execute well what they have here undertaken. Besides, they have been specially selected for each individual sketch on account of the fitness of each one for producing it, arising either from his personal touch with the life of the subject of his story, or from a very intimate connection with the locality and surroundings amidst which the particular life was spent.

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND,
Primate of all Canada.

*Bishop's Court,
Winnipeg,
Easter, 1916.*

EDITOR'S PREFACE

In his interesting book, "The Christ of English Poetry,"* Dr. Charles William Stubbs makes the statement that "personality is the mightiest force which God can bring to bear upon man." This sentence suggests the main purpose of the present volume. It is an effort to conserve the force of some of the great personalities which have appeared in the past of the Anglican Church in Canada, and to set their influences working upon the lives of the churchmen of to-day. The fact that the subject of each sketch was a Bishop is happy but incidental; our direct concern lay in portraying the man himself. Consequently the writers were asked to disregard episcopal trappings and let personality shine forth. How far it is possible to arrive at a worthy estimate of the man apart from his office is a matter of opinion, and this should be kept in mind in judging of the measure of success attained by the several writers.

Manifestly our aim—life-likeness of portraiture—could only be expected from the pen of an author who was possessed of an intimate personal knowledge of the character he was about to write. It is for this reason that so many of the sketches are of men who within memory have passed out into the larger sphere of service beyond the dividing line of earth and Paradise.

*Hulsean Lectures for MCMIV-MCMV.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The volume has a subsidiary purpose, that of history. As contributions to Canadian history, and in particular to the life-story of our Church in this country, these articles will be found of scarcely less interest and of no less importance than as sketches of great personalities. I need scarcely say that this aspect of our endeavour would have been unintelligible without accounts of the three Bishops whose names stand first in the list; and yet even in these instances the work has been so well done that the careful reader will be able to form a fair conception of the men themselves, as well as to perceive with unusual readiness the events and movements which mark the early days of Canadian Church life.

It is hoped that this volume will serve the future by thus recalling the past. The history of our Church in Canada is not long—only two centuries and a little more—but even this is sufficient to make the careful reading of it essential to an understanding of her present position and influence and to clarify for every one of her sons the duty of the hour. We only do our best in the flitting present when we stand in the full light of the past and watch the vision of the future taking outline and colour before our eyes. The place of the Church of England in the life of this land of large hopes and mighty possibilities will be determined by the value of her contribution to that life. We are the possessors of a rare inheritance; our responsibility is therefore very heavy. The Anglican Church has distinctive marks and latent power which the life of Canada stands in need at the present time. It is for

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Churchmen now living to arouse all her vital forces and give direction to all her energies. Hesitation is doubly criminal in our day. "There was a time," said the late Earl Grey, "when the Church of England in Canada had the ball at her feet and she refused to kick it." The day of opportunity has come round again—the needs of this infant nation speak in trumpet tones. Are we too smitten with inertia to hear and obey? In the next ten years we must fix the place of the Anglican Church in Canadian life or lose our chance. What is of infinitely more importance, we must impress the nation at this plastic stage or fail in our duty to our country. It is hoped that the splendid lives herein reviewed may serve as a tonic to the blood of every living churchman, and as a stimulant inciting him to make his contribution whether large or small to the life of the young nation which God has entrusted in no small measure to our fostering care.

I wish to record my gratitude to God that I have been enabled to call forth this volume, which if arrangements can be made will be followed by another. And as a last word I must write down here how deeply and keenly I appreciate the kindness of those able and very much occupied gentlemen who have lent their skilful pens to the production of these brief biographies of men whose lives and deeds are worthy of being had in remembrance.

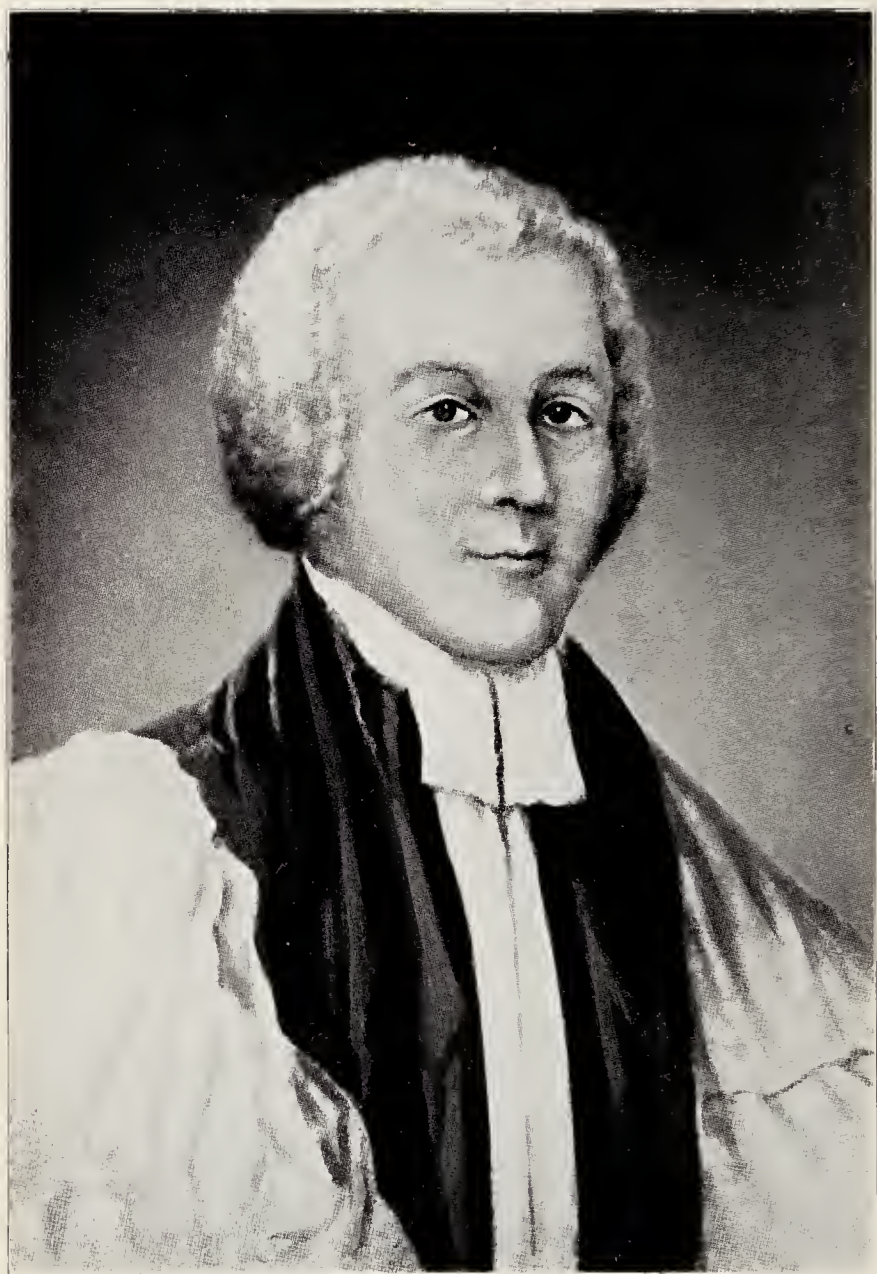
WM. BERTAL HEENEY.

The Study, St. Luke's Church.
St. Paul's Day, 1918.

CHARLES INGLIS

By

Canon Vroom



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THE suggestion of Nova Scotia as a suitable place for the establishment of a Bishopric was made at a meeting of New England clergy held at Woodbury, Connecticut, on March 25th, 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary War. It was not only for the benefit of the loyal provinces that this was proposed, but for the American States as well; all previous attempts to secure the Episcopate for America having failed.

There was a strong popular feeling, especially in New England, that somehow Bishops and Kings went together, and that the influence of the Episcopate must of necessity be unfavourable to democracy. But when America had become independent it could hardly continue to be under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and the sending of men across the seas for ordination had never been a satisfactory arrangement. There was a fear, however, among churchmen that a Bishop would not be allowed to live in the United States, even if he could obtain consecration. Considerable controversy had arisen on this subject a few years earlier over a sermon preached by the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Ewer) before the S. P. G., in 1767, favouring the appointment of Bishops for America, and Dr.

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Chandler, of Elizabeth Town, N.J., wrote "An Appeal to the Public in Behalf of the Church of England," showing that if Bishops were appointed they would exercise spiritual functions only. In case a Bishop would not be acceptable to the Americans, the alternative was suggested at the meeting: "We can establish him across the border in Nova Scotia, and send our candidates for ordination to him until better times shall dawn."

A number of Loyalist families had, however, already settled in the Maritime Provinces, and a large proportion of these being adherents of the Church of England, it was necessary that they should have pastoral care. For the sake of these and others who were soon to follow them, a meeting of eighteen clergymen was held at New York, on March 21st, 1783—four days before the Connecticut meeting—from which issued a letter to Sir Guy Carleton, who was charged by the English Government to look after the welfare of the Loyalists, recommending the consecration of Dr. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, who was in England at the time, to be Bishop of Nova Scotia.

The recommendation seems to have been favourably received and to have been approved of by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Chandler was, however, in ill health, suffering from a disease of which he died in 1790, and felt obliged to decline the Bishopric; and when the Archbishop asked him to recommend some other clergyman for the position, he at once named Dr. Charles Inglis.

Charles Inglis was the son of the Rev. Archi-

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bald Inglis, and was born at the Rectory of Glen and Kilcarr, in Ireland, in 1734. It is uncertain whether he graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, or not, but at least he received a good education, for not only was he a master of good English, but he was able, when occasion required, to converse in Latin; his library was fairly well stocked with Greek and Latin fathers, and he had some knowledge of Hebrew. He could not have been more than twenty years of age when he came out to America, and the first we know of him in the New World was that he was master of the Free School in Lancaster, Pa., in 1757, which was a church school for the education of German children, and was under the superintendence of the Rev. Thomas Barlow, rector of the parish, by whose advice Inglis went to England in the autumn of 1758 as a candidate for Holy Orders.

He was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of London (Dr. Sherlock), and was licensed by him to officiate in the "Plantations," and was appointed by the S. P. G. as missionary for Kent County, Delaware. His mission was thirty-three miles long and from ten to thirteen miles in breadth, and had a population of 7,000, of whom about one-third professed allegiance to the Church of England. His home was at Dover, but he served three other churches some miles distant in different directions.

The climate was a trying one, especially in summer, and the work was arduous, but the missionary was young and strong and did not spare himself. The churches were in need of repair

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and lacked their proper furnishings, but a few years of zealous work brought about a great change, and as a result of his pastoral effort, we read in his reports of the building of a fourth church, of "crowds attending the worship of God and other religious ordinances," of "some of other denominations joining," and of "the renewal of a spirit of piety."

"The zeal and faithful ministrations of Mr. Inglis," writes Bishop Perry, "obtained the public commendations of the great Evangelist, Whitfield, then making his progress through the colonies, and at this period of his career free from many of the extravagances of his earlier years. The friendship of the leading clergy of the neighbouring colonies and the confidence and favour of the laity as well, were also secured."

In 1764 the churchwardens of Trinity Church, New York, wrote him, at the request of the rector, asking him to go to that city for two or three Sundays, as the rector, Dr. Barclay, was ill and unable to officiate, and stating that they wanted an assistant minister, and hoped that he and the vestry would come to an agreement, and that he would remain, if he was inclined to leave Dover. Six months before this letter came he had married Mary Vining of Dover, and both he and his wife suffered so from the climate of Delaware, that he was contemplating asking the Society to remove him to a healthier place. In response to this invitation he set out on the somewhat arduous journey to New York on August 11th, but was detained a week at Philadelphia, where the news reached him of Dr. Barclay's

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death. Under the circumstances he was unwilling to go further, but was advised to do so by Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, who promised to accompany him. He took the services at Trinity Church for two Sundays, and in the meantime a vestry was called and Mr. Auchmuty was elected rector, and Inglis assistant and catechist. On his return to Dover he found that his parishioners were greatly exercised at the thought of his leaving and threatened to give up their work for the Church if he did not stay. The sickness and death of Mrs. Inglis, which occurred on October 31st, however, affected him so much that he felt that he must go elsewhere, so, when the Vestry of Trinity again elected him on June 7th, 1765, he accepted on condition of being continued on the list of the S. P. G.

In New York he soon became favourably known as a man of diligence and ability, and a faithful and devoted pastor. It was while he was here that his long and intimate friendship with Dr. Chandler, of Elizabeth Town, began, and together they laboured earnestly for the establishment of the Episcopate in America.

With the assistance of the Rev. Samuel Seabury and Mr. Wilkins, a Judge of Westchester County, they also undertook to reply to the scurrilous pamphlet which was being circulated against the Church of England and the Crown. In this connection Inglis wrote a pamphlet entitled "The True Interests of America Impartially Stated," in reply to Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," which had the distinction of being

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publicly burned in New York by the Sons of Liberty. His interest, too, extended to the Indians of the country, concerning whom he drew up a valuable report. He won the sincere esteem of his rector, Dr. Auchmuty, and in 1774, on the death of Dr. Ogilvie, became senior assistant minister.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the sympathies of Mr. Inglis were strongly on the side of the British, and he made no attempt to conceal the fact. Indeed, as the writer of the "Memoir of Bishop Seabury" says, "It is more than doubtful whether the so-called patriotic opinions were ever held by the majority of the colonists. . . . Certainly in the Province of New York there was very reasonable ground for the feeling of those who stood by the existing order, that the opposition was maintained by a faction which made up in noise what it lacked in numbers."

After the entry of the Continental Army into New York, early in 1776, many fled from the city, including probably the majority of the parishioners of Trinity; and the Mayor, several of the Judges and members of the Council, and a number of others were imprisoned. Dr. Auchmuty, who was in failing health, went with his family to New Brunswick, New Jersey, and the care of the churches devolved upon the senior assistant. Soon after Gen. Washington's arrival, word was brought that he would attend service on Sunday morning, and would be glad if the prayers for the King and Royal Family were omitted; but Inglis was loyal alike to the Prayer Book and

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to the King, and he wrote afterwards to the S. P. G.: "This message was brought to me, but as you may suppose, I paid no regard to it."

His position after this was decidedly uncomfortable. He was called a Tory and a traitor to his country, and was assailed with insults as he went about the streets, and threatened with violence if he should pray for the King again. One Sunday a company of about a hundred marched into church to the sound of fifes and drums, after service had begun, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, and the people thought that, if the collect for the King were said, the soldiers would at once fire as they had threatened, but nothing of the sort happened.

After the Declaration of Independence, at the recommendation of the Vestry, the churches were closed; for they "chose rather to submit to that temporary inconvenience than, by omitting the prayers for the King, give mark of disaffection to their Sovereign. . . . It was declaring in the strongest manner our disapprobation of independency, and that under the eye of Washington and his army." When the army was removed the churches were opened again, and upon the death of Dr. Auchmuty in March, 1777, Charles Inglis was elected rector of Trinity. The church had been burned in September, 1776, but the new rector was duly inducted "by placing his hand upon the wall of the said church, the same being a ruin."

The recommendation written to the Vestry by the Bishop of London (Dr. Lowth), shows the esteem in which Inglis was held in England. "I

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know Mr. Inglis to be a person of most eminent abilities, of great judgment, integrity and piety, of unshaken loyalty and firm perseverance in his duty, as he has fully shown himself by his exemplary behaviour in the severest trials, by which he has merited the highest honours which the country has to bestow upon him."

His rectorship was brief. When the issue of the war was settled, his mind was made up. He would not go contrary to the oaths which he had taken at his ordination. Consequently his goods were confiscated and he was under attainder, and in September, 1783, he sent his resignation to the Vestry, and it was accepted. In the same month he lost his second wife, who was Mary Crooke, of Ulster County, New York, to whom he was married on May 31st, 1773, and to whom he was devotedly attached. A tablet to her memory may still be seen in the chancel of old St. Paul's Chapel.

He preached his farewell sermon at St. George's and St. Paul's Chapels on October 26th, 1783, from the appropriate text, 2 Cor. 13: 11, "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you," and soon after sailed with other Loyalists to Nova Scotia. His stay here, however, was very short, for he was in London in 1784, and there renewed his acquaintance with Chandler and also with Seabury, who was soon to be consecrated at Aberdeen as the first Bishop of the American Church. Dr. Lowndes states that "when Bishop Seabury sailed for America in June, 1785, he en-

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trusted to the care of Dr. Inglis the designing of a mitre, the first to be used by any Anglican Bishop for nearly 250 years."

In 1767 Mr. Inglis received from King's College, New York, the honorary degree of M.A., and afterwards became a Governor of the College, and in 1778 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D.

It was while he was in London, in 1785, that Dr. Inglis pleaded before the S. P. C. K. the claims of the Mohawks, who had given evidence of their loyalty by coming over from New York to Canada, mentioning the translation of St. Mark's Gospel into Mohawk by Joseph Brant, assisted by the Rev. John Stuart, and urging upon the Society the necessity of giving them the prayer book in their own language. His own claims for property confiscated were recognized, and he received from Lord Dorchester, the sum of £1,466 in part compensation for his loss.

It was on May 30th, 1786, that the Bishopric of Nova Scotia was offered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he waited until July 31st before accepting, to be fully assured that his friend Dr. Chandler had relinquished all claim to the office and desired his appointment. It was on August 9th, 1787, that the formal appointment was made, and the consecration took place in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace on Sunday, August 12th, 1787, by the Most Rev. John Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Right Rev. John Thomas, Bishop of Rochester, and the Right Rev. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of Chester. According to the Royal Letters Patent he was

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constituted Bishop of Nova Scotia and its dependencies. This was interpreted to include New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island (then St. John's), Upper and Lower Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. Needless to say, the Bishop was utterly unable to cover all this ground.

This quiet consecration which attracted little attention at the time, marked a new era in the religious development of the Empire, for Charles Inglis was the first over-seas Bishop of the Church of England. It was the realization of a hope that had found a place in the hearts of prominent churchmen for a century or more. In 1702 the American clergy asked for the appointment of a Suffragan Bishop, and Archbishop Sharpe brought the matter before Convocation. A memorial was presented to Queen Anne in 1713 and was favourably received, but the death of the Queen frustrated the design. A scheme for the appointment of two Bishops, one for the continent of America and one for the Islands, was presented to George I., in 1715, but political influences were against it. Some sixty years later Archbishop Seeker wrote to Horace Walpole: "I believe there scarce is or ever was a Bishop of the Church of England, from the Revolution to this day, that hath not desired the establishment of Bishops in our colonies. Archbishop Tenison, who was surely no High Churchman, left by his will £1,000 towards it; and many more of the greatest eminence might be named, who were and are zealous for it. Or if Bishops as such must of course be deemed partial, the S. P. G. consists also partly of inferior clergymen, partly, too, of

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laymen. Now the last cannot be suspected of designing to advance ecclesiastical authority. Yet this whole body of men, almost ever since it was in being, hath been making repeated applications for Bishops in America; nor have the lay part ever refused to concur in them." But this appeal, like others before it, was ineffectual, and ecclesiastical freedom, which the Church was supposed to enjoy under the terms of Magna Charta, was not obtained, until the American colonies had obtained political independence by the War of the Revolution.

It is true that three Bishops had been consecrated for America before Inglis was consecrated—Seabury for Connecticut, and White and Provost for Pennsylvania and New York respectively; but these colonies were no longer under English jurisdiction.

The newly-consecrated Bishop embarked at Gravesend on the ship "Lion," on Sunday, August 26th, and after a somewhat stormy voyage, during which, however, he was able to hold service and preach each Sunday, reached Halifax on Monday, October 15th. "The reception I met with from all ranks of people," he wrote to the Archbishop a few weeks later, "was kind and friendly, and their behaviour to me the same. I took frequent opportunities of quieting any disagreeable apprehensions that might arise about the appointment of a Bishop, by informing people that my office did not interfere with any of the civil departments; that I had no personal favours to ask anyone; that I came solely to do all the good in my power, in which my inclination coin-

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cided with my duty, and not to injure any. This had the desired effect—even Dissenters seem to be satisfied and they frequently come to hear me preach.”

Governor Parr’s coach was waiting to receive him when he landed, to convey him and his family to Major Cortland’s; Dr. Byles, Chaplain of the Garrison and Mr. Weeks, the curate (who, by the way, had quarrelled), called to congratulate him, and as soon as they had gone he paid his respects to the Governor. He preached for the first time at St. Paul’s, on Sunday, October 28th, to a large and attentive congregation.

The condition of affairs which he found in Nova Scotia was by no means encouraging. The only decently finished church in the province was St. Paul’s, Halifax. Two others had been raised and covered in, but not finished inside. Writing to one of his clergy, he says, “The state of religion truly is deplorable in this province—the lamp of true national piety is almost extinguished. Ignorance and lukewarmness on the one hand; fanaticism and irreligion on the other, and the natural consequences of the former have left few traces of genuine Christianity among us.” In a letter to the Archbishop he says: “In the province the Society now has eleven ministers. Of these four are diligent, useful clergymen, three are indifferent, neither doing much good nor harm; as for the remaining four, it would be happy for the Church if they were not in her orders. . . . The evil is more to be lamented, as it scarcely admits of a remedy but from the slow hand of time.”

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A carefully prepared and very comprehensive set of questions was sent out to every clergyman, seeking information concerning the state of their parishes; the number and condition of the inhabitants, the church, other buildings and glebes, and a primary visitation was held at Halifax on June 18th, 1788, at which eleven of the clergy were present. "I have called my brethren the clergy together," he says, "that by their advice and assistance such methods may be adopted and jointly pursued as would establish order, and place the clergy themselves on a more respectable footing and restore the lustre of religion to our church, which is so much tarnished."

During the year 1788 the Bishop made a visitation tour through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, travelling over seven hundred miles and confirming five hundred and twenty-five persons. His first confirmation was at St. Paul's, Halifax, on June 20th, when one hundred and twenty-five candidates were presented by the Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks, who was then in charge of the parish. On August 15th he opened the new church at Fredericton and confirmed fifty-five. A week later he laid the corner-stone of Trinity Church, St. John, and held a Confirmation at St. John's Church, at which ninety-five candidates were presented. Then crossing the bay he confirmed fifty-one at Digby, twenty-five at Annapolis, forty-five at Cornwallis and forty-four at Windsor. "I found the state of the province," he writes to Bishop White of Pennsylvania, "nearly such as I imagine you found in your diocese—in great want of the superintending care

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and inspection of a Bishop; and much need I have of the Divine aid to enable me to discharge the duties of this station—much prudence, judgment, temper and zeal guided by discretion are required.”

His visitation was continued the following year. Sailing in the Frigate “Dido” in May, he first visited the Isle of St. John (afterwards Prince Edward Island), where he found the Rev. Theophilus DesBrisay, who had been appointed rector of Charlotte parish by King George III., in 1775, but as yet had no church.

He reached Quebec on June 9th, and a salute of eleven guns was fired when he landed. On Sunday, the 14th, he preached at the R  collet Church there, and on the following Sunday he had the use of the chapel in the Bishop’s Palace. Some time was spent here (for he did not hurry over his visitation), and he urged the necessity of building an English Church, for which the Governor, Lord Dorchester, promised any lot of ground belonging to the King, and such timber as could be spared. The Bishop promptly selected the site of the present cathedral and had it surveyed and set apart. There were two Anglican priests in Quebec at the time, one a Frenchman, Mr. Montmollin, rather advanced in years, and the Rev. Philip Toosey, who lived two miles out of town. M. Baillie, the Cure of Point aux Trembles and Bishop elect for the Roman Catholics, was very friendly, and entertained the Bishop at his house. Proceeding to Three Rivers, he found a small congregation of church people and a R  collet Church going to

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ruin which was in the hands of the Government, and which the congregation might have if they would put it in repair. Here the Bishop met the Grand Vicar, M. St. Onge, with whom he conversed in Latin. Montreal was reached on July 2nd, and there the Bishop met with a very favourable reception, not only from his own people, but from the Roman Catholic clergy, and an arrangement was made for holding regular Church of England services at the R  collet Church on Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Mr. de Lisle, a French clergyman.

Returning to Quebec, he held a visitation at the R  collet Church there from August 5th to 9th, at which eight clergymen were present, three of whom were French. At the Sunday morning service there were one hundred and ten communicants, and nine were confirmed in the afternoon at the Bishop's Chapel. The Rev. Philip Toosey was appointed Commissary for Quebec, and the Rev. John Stuart, Commissary "from Point Au Bodette to the western limits of the province." The Governor agreed to repair the R  collet Church for the use of the congregation at Three Rivers, and also promised the Bishop that the Jesuits' Church at Montreal would be immediately repaired and granted to the Church of England, and the key given to anyone he might choose. Another matter which was discussed at some length was the establishment of a university for Quebec, the Bishop proposing that the Jesuits' estate, the income of which was then between £1,000 and £2,000 per annum, should be appropriated for this purpose. This scheme, however,

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which was worked out in detail by the Bishop, was doomed to failure. Leaving Quebec by the ship "Weazel," on August 18th, he reached Halifax on the 26th. His oversight of the churches in the Canadas continued, until the appointment of Dr. Jacob Mountain to the See of Quebec in 1793.

His triennial visitations of the clergy of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were held regularly, and his pastoral oversight of these provinces faithfully exercised, until he was restricted by the infirmities of age. His work from this time until his death in 1816, is well summed up in a sermon preached by Bishop Perry of Iowa at Westminster Abbey, on the centenary of the establishment of the Colonial Episcopate. "Gathering his clergy together for counsel and personal knowledge, the Bishop of Nova Scotia proved himself a missionary apostle by the wisdom of his charges and sermons, and the magnetism of his personal interest in each one who had been placed under him in the Lord. In long and wearisome visitations he visited, so far as was within his power, the various portions of his almost illimitable See, and till the close of a long and honoured life, he maintained that character for devotion, that reputation for holiness, that fervour of ministrations, that faithfulness in every good word and work, which should characterize the 'good man,' 'full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith.' Nor was this all. Through his long and earnest labours, ended only when the summons came to depart and be at rest, 'much people were added to the Lord.' A church was organ-

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ized; a college was founded and built up to a measure of efficiency and success. The institutions of religion and learning were thus established and supported. The preaching of the Word and the ministration of the Sacraments were provided for the crowds of exiles who, in their devotion to Church and State, had exchanged their American homes for the bleak shores of Nova Scotia, and for the frontier settlers, in the dense forests of New Brunswick and Quebec. Thus, through unremitting labours, blessed by God, ere the life of the first Colonial Bishop was ended, there had been set on foot measures for the development of the Church of Christ in the northern portion of the American Continent, which shall act and react for good till time shall be no more."

One of the Bishop's first concerns when he entered upon his office, and to which he devoted much care during the whole time of his Episcopate, was the provision of adequate educational facilities for the growing colony. The necessity of this had been recognized some years before, but with no practical result. The establishment of a college was under consideration by the Council of the province as early as 1768, and was laid before the English Board of Trade, and afterwards before the S. P. G., with the suggestion of Windsor as a suitable place for its location. At the meeting of the Loyalist clergymen in New York, 1783, already mentioned, to formulate plans for their future home, the proposal had been made of moving King's College (now Columbia) from New York to Nova Scotia or

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New Brunswick, and at a subsequent meeting a scheme was outlined for a "Religious and literary institution for the Province of Nova Scotia," signed by five clergymen: Inglis, Odell, Moore (afterwards Bishop of New York), Morgan and Addison.

The following extracts from a letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, written in January, 1795, tell the story of the foundation of the college in the Bishop's own words:—

"When I came to this province in 1787, the state of literature was very low. There was not even a good grammar school in the whole province; and many of the inhabitants were proposing to send their sons for education to the seminaries of the revolted colonies, where they could not escape the infection of those levelling principles and that enmity to our happy constitution, which had done so much mischief already, and could not fail to produce still more if once imported into this colony. Anxious to avert so great an evil, I applied to the Legislature of the province then sitting, to make some provision for a seminary of learning, and the Legislature, with a promptness that did them credit, granted in this and the following session, the sum of £500 currency to purchase a tract of land at Windsor, for the use of a college, and £400 sterling a year for a president and assistant, and a request that the future seminary might be called King's College. With this fund we opened an Academy in 1788, and hired a house until a suitable building could be erected. Our Most Gracious Sovereign was pleased to patronize the institution,

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viewing it in its true light. He directed a Charter to be drawn up for it, and provision to be made for a president and professors, and for exhibitions to the universities of England for a certain number of our students. In the meantime, Government, with a liberality that was worthy of a great and generous nation, granted the sum of £3,000 for erecting a college. The embarrassments that arose in prosecuting the design, through want of competent workmen, and from the present war, are specified in the above letter (to the Secretary of the Home Department), and need not be repeated. To the war we attribute the delay in passing the Charter and carrying into effect the other proposed arrangements.

“Although the institution has been thus retarded, yet it has not wholly failed of its end. About one hundred and fifty youths of this province, New Brunswick and Canada, have been admitted from time to time since it began in 1788; most of whom had otherwise gone to seminaries in the American States.”

Windsor, the location chosen for the college, was a small town on the Avon, forty-five miles from Halifax, which, after the expulsion of the Acadians, replaced the old French village of Piziquid. The Academy was opened here on November 1st, 1788, under the principalship of Archibald Peane Inglis, a nephew of the Bishop, and the first name on the roll of the school was that of the Bishop's son, John Inglis, afterwards third Bishop of Nova Scotia, who was then a boy of eleven. The following year the first Anglican ordination in the British colonies took place,

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when Mr. Inglis was ordained to the Diaconate on October 19th, at St. Paul's Church, Halifax. He retired from the Academy soon after and was succeeded by William Cochran, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who had been for five years Professor of Greek and Latin at King's College, New York, but was led by his Loyalist sympathies to seek a home in Nova Scotia.

The site selected for the college was a hill sloping towards the south and west and commanding a view of rich dike-lands, dotted with French willows, stretching for miles, with well-wooded hills behind. The Bishop describes it as "a mile from a small village where there is a market. It is situated in a most healthy, fertile country and in the centre of the province; not liable to interruption or sudden attack from an enemy in time of war; and as the great provincial road lies through Windsor, it has an easy communication with every part of the province."

The work of building was begun in 1791, the foundation stone being laid by Governor Parr. The building was of wood, with stone "nogging," and had no architectural pretensions. It had a frontage of two hundred feet, divided into five bays, each with its own door-way and staircase, and the rooms were large, with great open fire-places, and separate bedrooms for each student. The roof was flat, with a tall octagonal cupola in the middle, and the western bay was set apart for the president's use. The lot in which the college stood comprised an estate of about sixty-nine acres.

The Royal Charter constituting the College

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“the Mother of an University for the education and instruction of youth and students in Arts and Faculties to continue forever and to be called ‘KING’S College’ ” was granted by King George III. in 1802. The Governor of the Province, the Bishop, the Chief-Justice, the Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, the Speaker and the Solicitor-General were appointed Governors, and a Committee of three, consisting of the Bishop, the Chief-Justice (Dr. Blowers) and Dr. Croke, Judge of Vice-Admiralty was appointed to draw up a body of Statutes. There was serious disagreement between the Bishop and the other members of this committee on some points, and the majority prevailed, the Bishop sending in a protest to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as Patron, had to approve of the Statutes. The Bishop would have had not only the President but the professors as well clergymen of the Established Church. The others would not agree to this. But on the other hand, it seems to have been Judge Croke who inserted the requirement, copied from certain Oxford statutes, that all students should sign the thirty-nine Articles at matriculation. This clause, which would have excluded about four-fifths of those for whom the college was intended, was disallowed by the Archbishop, but it created a prejudice against the college which lasted many years. Another clause provided that the President must hold the degree of M. A. from Oxford or Cambridge. Of this the Bishop also disapproved, particularly as it would exclude Mr. Cochran, who was from Dublin. Cochran however continued as acting President until

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1805. On June 30th of that year the Bishop records in his Journal that, preaching at St. Paul's, Halifax, that day: "I first saw Dr. Cox, President of King's College, whose appearance is not very clerical." Dr. Cox died within a year and was succeeded by Dr. Charles Porter, who held the office until he voluntarily retired in 1836. "He appears to be a modest, sensible and worthy young man," the Bishop writes, "and there is every reason to believe that he will fill the station with reputation to himself, and benefit to the Institution." This hope was abundantly justified. Among the distinguished sons of King's College, during those early years were Bishop John Inglis, Major-General J. R. Arnold, Col. de Lancey Barclay, Sir James Cochran (Chief Justice of Gibraltar), Col. Sir W. F. de Lancey, The Hon. C. R. Fairbanks (Master of the Rolls, N. S.), James Stewart (Attorney-General of Lower Canada), the Rev. E. A. Crawley (President of Acadia College), the Rev. B. G. Gray (Rector of Trinity Church, St. John), Judge T. C. Haliburton, the Rev. G. W. McCawley (President of King's College) Chief Justice Parker (of New Brunswick) and Judge W. B. Bliss. The College was also the chief source of supply for clergy for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in most cases they proved themselves devoted and efficient parish priests.

In the administration of discipline the Bishop was strict but merciful and considerate. He had, especially in the first years of his Episcopate, some serious cases to deal with, but his course of action was always prompt, wise and fearless. To

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one, who was a stirrer-up of strife among his people, he wrote: "A clergyman should fly from party as from pestilence. The moment he embarks in it he departs from his duty and destroys his usefulness. Those who employ him as a tool will be among the first to laugh at him and to condemn his conduct. The spirit of party is the direct opposite of the spirit of the Gospel, as darkness is of light—the one is mild, benevolent, peaceable and strives to promote peace and love among mankind; the other is malignant, violent, implacable and rejoices in discord, and, like the firebrand, would kindle animosity all around it."

In the case of another who had been reported to him as intemperate, he writes to his Commissary in New Brunswick: "I must request that you will admonish and exhort him most seriously and solemnly, in the name of God, to whose service he has professed to devote himself, as he regards the honour of that Holy Church which has been severely wounded by his misconduct, and as he values the salvation of his own soul, and the souls of his flock, that he will, by the blessing of God, labour with unbounded assiduity to repair the injury he has occasioned; that he will cautiously abstain from all appearance, and anxiously endeavour to prevent all suspicion of a relapse into his former irregularity and neglect of duty, and that by new zeal and diligence in his ministry and by peculiar purity of life, he will earnestly strive to remove every unfavourable impression of his sacred profession, and of the Holy Church of which he is a minister. It is needless perhaps to suggest that he can hardly do this

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without entire and perpetual abstinence from spirituous liquors which have been so fatal a snare to him; and the abstinence he will now find to be less difficult than temperance; for every violent propensity is more easily removed than regulated." He further charges his Commissary to say that "If he should lapse into his former irregularities he must expect no further indulgence. Considering what has past, if such should be the unhappy event, I shall feel myself bound to request the Society that he may be dismissed for ever from their service. I pray God this may not be necessary."

In business affairs he seems to have been systematic and careful, and to have accomplished as much as was possible with the means placed at his disposal, besides encouraging his people to do what they could to help themselves. Writing in the eighth year of his Episcopate he says: "By a frugal application and calling on the people for their assistance, fourteen decent churches, instead of six, the number first intended, have been built where no church was before with the £3,000 granted by the Government for the purpose; the two churches that were begun have been finished, three new churches have been built by the inhabitants without any assistance from Government." It may be noted here that one of these churches was that at Shelbourne, which was consecrated on July 30th, 1790, a building capable of holding one thousand and "the first church that had been regularly consecrated in British America." The Sunday following the Bishop confirmed two hundred and eighty-four in that church.

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The faults which appear in the character of Charles Inglis as we look back, are for the most part the fault of the age in which he lived. His Churchmanship may perhaps be best described as establishmentarian. He was a man of unswerving loyalty both to Church and King. "My principles and sentiments," he says in a letter to the S. P. G., "are strictly conformable to the Canons and Rubrics of our Church . . . nor do I believe there is a person existing whose principles are more so." Soon after his arrival in Halifax he issued an order that Divine Service should henceforth be regularly celebrated at St. Paul's on Wednesdays and Fridays and Saints' days, "which usage in this case had hitherto been neglected." In Quebec a similar injunction was given and also "that children should be baptised, as the Rubrics direct, in Church or in a place where people assemble for worship, and that Baptism be not administered in private houses except in cases of necessity, where the child is sick or too weak to be carried abroad."

The establishment of the Church in Nova Scotia he recognized was "little more than nominal"; but he thought that "the good of the community, its peace and order, require the establishment to be strengthened. He was equally intolerant of Papists, whom he called an "intolerant sect," and "New Lights," of whom he says "Instantaneous conversion accompanied by strong bodily agitation, divine and immediate inspiration and even prophecy, with the impeccability of those who are once converted are among their favourite doctrines and pretensions." Al-

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though his own Episcopal jurisdiction extended over Upper and Lower Canada, he strongly resented the action of the Roman Bishop of Quebec in shepherding the Roman Catholics in Nova Scotia and appointing Father Bourke, of Halifax, his Vicar General. Bourke's circular letter he speaks of as "evidently democratical as to civil government, and virtually denying the King's supremacy."

When he visited Quebec in 1789 he had a difference of opinion with Lord Dorchester. "His disposition is generous and his principles liberal; these principles are carried to excess so as to make too little distinction between the National Church and other Denominations."

He wrote both to Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova Scotia, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1800 protesting against the issuance of marriage licenses to any other than clergymen of the Church of England, as "an innovation likely to cause incalculable injury."

He was told that one of his clergy had leanings towards the "New Lights," and took liberties with the Prayer Book. The Bishop discussed the matter with the accused and he says: "I finally assured him of my fixed determination that no Missionary in the Society's service should be allowed to deviate a tittle from the Liturgy, Rubrics and Canons of the Church, for if deviations and innovations were once begun there was no saying where they would stop."

Preaching in Fredericton, he said he had observed on the previous Sunday that very few knelt at the time of prayers, but most of the con-

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gregation sat or stood staring about them. He regretted this and urged upon them the necessity of decent and reverential behaviour in church, particularly of kneeling at the time of prayers.

A remonstrance to the people of Kingston, N B., written in August 1809, reads strangely in these days:

“It gave me no small concern,” he says, “to learn that the pews in the Church of Kingston were held in common and none were appropriated to individuals, as is the case in all other churches in our Communion. I never knew an instance before this in Europe or America where the pews were thus held in common, and where men, perhaps of the worst character, might come and sit themselves down by the most religious and respectable characters in the parish. This must ultimately tend to produce disorder and confusion in the Church of God, and to check the spirit of true devotion and charity,” and after stating the advantage of appropriated pews he adds, “I earnestly recommend to your consideration, gentlemen, the removal of this strange arrangement . . . There should be in yours, as in most other churches, a pew or two set apart for strangers, and the poor should not be neglected; due care ought to be taken of them—and as Government contributed to the building of your Church the same order should be observed in it as in other regular established Churches.”

Any weakening of the Church seemed to him to involve weakening in loyalty to the King. There were a number of vacant missions in 1811, which distressed him particularly because ignor-

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ant and fanatical teachers were infecting every district. "Their wild notions are imbibed, which militate against both Church and State. The minds of the people are hereby perverted against our excellent Church For my part I shudder at the probable consequences of such a state of things, if continued. I see in their embryo, the same state which produced the subversion of Church and State in the time of Charles I."

It might appear to anyone reading the Bishop's letters that he was over zealous in the promotion of his son's interests, for, besides applying in vain for a Chaplaincy to the Duke of Kent and making his son his Commissary, he did his utmost to have him appointed Archdeacon, and later to have him made Coadjutor with right of succession. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that the Bishop had the interests of his Diocese at heart, and that he conscientiously thought there was no one who was so well qualified to take up and carry on his work, as his son. And the subsequent career of John Inglis proved that the Bishop was right in this opinion, for the administration of the Diocese devolved upon him very soon after his father's death, during the Episcopate of the absentee-Bishop, Dr. Stanser, and when he succeeded to the Bishopric himself, he filled the office with dignity and great efficiency.

Finding the climate of Halifax rather trying, the Bishop moved in August, 1796, to a farm which he called "Clermont," on Aylesford Plain and under the shelter of the North Mountain, ninety-one miles from Halifax and thirty-nine

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miles from Annapolis. Here in the superintendence of his farm and orchard, and the intercourse of a few congenial friends, he spent many quiet and happy days.

In the summer of 1811, while on his way to New Brunswick from his triennial visitation, he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered. Writing to Sir John Sherbrook in September, 1812, he says: "The infirmities of age have been increasing upon me for some years and prevented those active exertions which were at once my pleasure and my duty at an earlier period of my life. But being ably assisted by my Commissary, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, I had hoped for sufficient strength during the remainder of my time to perform every Episcopal function that was necessary, and was satisfied that every other part of my duty would be well discharged by him. Unhappily, however, an unexpected attack of apoplexy and palsy has so much diminished my little strength and affected my sight, that I am unequal to the performance of those functions. I have been obliged to disappoint the clergy of New Brunswick who expected me a few months ago, nor can I hope to visit them again, although greatly wanted in the Province. Many churches are ready for consecration, but I am unable to travel to them; several hundred young persons in various parts of the Diocese are anxious for confirmation, which I am too feeble to administer."

It was at this time that he sent his son to England with letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Granville and others, hoping that he might

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secure his appointment as Coadjutor; but Dr. Inglis returned in November, 1813, reporting that the Government "for good and sufficient reasons, had determined it was not expedient to appoint a Suffragan."

This decision the Bishop lamented, "not on my own account, as a few months will probably terminate my interview with this world, but on account of my poor Diocese which is likely to suffer much injury."

In May, 1809, he was made a member of His Majesty's Council, ranking next after the Chief Justice. He died on February 24th, 1816, in the eighty-second year of his age and the twenty-ninth of his Episcopate, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, where, upon the wall, is a tablet fittingly inscribed to his memory.

One of his sons in law, Sir Brenton Haliburton, described the Bishop in the following language, with which this sketch may appropriately close:

"In respect of his personal appearance, his countenance was intelligent, his figure light and active, his manners were those of a gentleman of the old school, dignified but not formal. In society he was cheerful and communicative, and, on proper occasion, displayed his conversational powers with energy. But though deeply read, he had no tinge of pedantry. Although he mixed freely and pleasantly in society, his library (and he had an excellent one) was his home in which he spent most of his hours. He was a widower when I first knew him, and his children were then young. When they grew up to a more

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companionable age, it was his delight to associate with and instruct them, and I shall dwell with pleasure upon the recollection of the winter evenings when he gathered us all in his study and read to us, sometimes from Prideaux, and at others from secular but always instructive authors.

“He was a powerful preacher and particularly severe upon lukewarmness and indifference . . . As Dr. Inglis was the first Bishop appointed to a British colony, he had many difficulties to contend with which required both energy and prudence to meet. He, however, showed himself always adequate to any exigency, and has left an enduring impress of his own character upon the Diocese over which he presided.”

JACOB MOUNTAIN

By

Canon Kittson



JACOB MOUNTAIN

JACOB MOUNTAIN

WHEN the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Charles Inglis, reached Quebec on the 10th of June, 1789, to investigate the state of the Church in Canada, he was not a little distressed to find its condition even worse than he had expected.

The Church of England in Canada had been under military and civil authority for twenty years—the results of which are sufficiently expressed in the Journal & Reports of the Bishop sent to the S. P. G. and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. To the latter he writes: “Your Grace can more conceive than I can express my feelings at this state of things: though I was prepared for it, I was much chagrined to find it worse than I had apprehended. The national Church has been in a degraded and depressed state in this part of the Province ever since the Conquest. The state of the Church gave a mean idea of the national Church to the Roman Catholics.”

Until the consecration of Bishop Inglis in 1787, the Canadian Church was supposed to be ruled by the Bishop of London, and maintained by Government grants, to which the S. P. G. added such funds as its scanty resources could afford. For four years the Church was most ac-

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ceptably served by the Army and Navy chaplains, and the first service was held and the sermon preached by Eli Dawson in the Ursulin Chapel in Quebec on September 29th, 1759, or eleven days after the capitulation of the City. The British Museum has in its possession the manuscript of this sermon. The most noted among these chaplains was Hondin, an Ex-Franciscan, a personal friend of Wolfe, and appointed by Amherst as chaplain to the 48th Regiment. His services at the siege of Quebec received special mention in General Murray's reports. He had been ordained in France and formally received into the Church of England at New York on Easter Day 1747. As a missionary of the S. P. G. he did a very good work among the Huguenot refugees at New Rochelle, State of New York.

The Reverend John Brooke was the first resident missionary in the City of Quebec, appointed in 1761 and retiring in 1766. His unfortunate quarrel with General Murray and the members of the garrison rather marred his usefulness, although the faults were not altogether on his side. A keen sense of duty to religion and the Church seemed to have interfered with the pleasure of His Majesty's officers.

The most successful of these chaplains was Dr. John Ogilvie, the one time associate of Charles Inglis in the parish of Trinity Church, New York. He was educated at Harvard University and ordained in England. His first appointment was as missionary to the Mohawk Indians in the State of New York, a remnant of which

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tribe is now at Brantford, Ontario. He served his people for ten years, and followed them in their military expedition with Amherst for the conquest of Canada. After the capture of Quebec he continued his work there as a missionary, and undertook some special work among the French Canadians with considerable success, "even establishing numerous congregations among them and making converts from the Church of Rome." He also served as first incumbent of Montreal, and finally returned to help Inglis in Trinity parish, New York, where he died in 1774.

In 1766 Murray's plan to appoint French speaking missionaries to the three parishes of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, was carried out. The object was to propitiate the majority of the inhabitants in Canada, and so confirm them in their loyalty. This policy proved insufficient to wean the French from their ancient customs and was strongly opposed by the English, upon whom was thrust a ministry whose members were not acceptable by one party and not understood by the other. Three clergymen came from England with the supposed qualifications and holding commissions from the King, to the several rectories of Montreal, Quebec and Three Rivers. Unfortunately, as foreseen by the Governor, Lord Dorchester, the French Canadians were not prepared to accept the services of these new pastors, and their imperfect knowledge of the English language made their services to the English settlers still more objectionable.

This abuse of patronage, not uncommon in

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England at that time, continued for twenty years, and brought the Church of England into such contempt that it has hardly recovered from its effect after all these years.

During the visit of the Bishop much was done to remedy the crying evils of the Canadian Church. The French pastors were induced to retire on promise of pensions. Qualified men were appointed to the several rectories. Churches, or the use of abandoned churches, were secured by the authority of the Governor, Lord Dorchester, and provisions were made for the payment of missionaries and the establishment of colleges and schools. But above all, Bishop Inglis made a strong plea for the appointment of a Bishop for Canada and the regions of the far west. This was in 1789, and Jacob Mountain was appointed and consecrated in 1793. Four long years of waiting tried the patience of the eager Bishop of Nova Scotia and the faith of the scattered children of the Church in the few cities and wilds of the western forests of Canada.

The condition of Canada at this time is briefly but vividly described by Bishop Inglis:

“A new scene presented itself in Quebec. The state of things then was more complicated and greater difficulties were to be surmounted. I found myself here in a French colony with an English garrison. The Canadians were to the English as five to one. The former spoke their own language, retained their own manners and customs, enjoyed every privilege, circumstance and appendage of their religion as fully, and seemed to be as much detached from us as the

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day before the conquest. On the other hand, the English, few in number, had no church appropriated to their worship. Divine service was solemnized in the forenoons only at the church belonging to the Rêcollets. When the Roman Catholics had performed their devotions there, the English had their pews, benches and seats to set up, for all these were movable and were actually removed the moment that service was ended; their books were also to be distributed. It is needless to say that all this must be attended with great inconvenience and confusion, not to mention the degrading situation of the congregation thus circumstanced.

“The officiating clergyman, Mr. Montmollier, who had been stationed here upwards of twenty years, was a foreigner, spoke very bad English, could scarcely be understood; although not deficient in abilities, yet his address and manners disqualified him for the station, and he seemed utterly unacquainted with the constitution, usages and regulations of our Church. No churchwardens or vestry had ever been chosen. The English were a number of detached individuals, wholly unorganized, and without any form or order of government.”

Such were the conditions of the Church in Canada that faced Jacob Mountain when he assumed the responsibilities of his position, and was appointed and consecrated as the first Bishop of Quebec, with jurisdiction over all Canada and the British Dominions in the far west.

A memorial brass in the porch of All Saint's

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Church, Thwaite, in the County of Norfolk, bears the following inscription:

"To the Glory of God, Jacob Mountain, First Bishop of Quebec (1793-1825), was born at Thwaite Hall, and baptized in this Church. This porch was restored by his descendants, A.D. 1893, to commemorate the 100th year of his Consecration."

Jacob Mountain was the second son of Jacob Mountain and Ann Postle, of Stretton, descended from a yeoman family of Calthorpe. The generally accepted statement that the Bishop's grandfather was expatriated from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes rests on no certain foundation of fact, but quite otherwise. Although there is no authentic history of the family, it seems probable that there was some relationship with Archbishop Mountain of York and with Abraham de Montaigne who fled from Flanders and found refuge in Norfolk about 1593.

That the family could have had some connection with Montaigne, the celebrated essayist, is quite out of the question, as there is no evidence of such a claim. After his father's death the family moved to Norwich, where the future Bishop and his brother attended the Cathedral Grammar School. It is said that the famous Admiral Nelson was a school-fellow at this period. At the age of fifteen he was placed in a commercial office. The scholarly tendencies of the boy asserted themselves, however, and instead of adding columns of figures, he would be discovered perusing some Greek or Latin text book, hidden in his desk. He was transferred to a classical

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school, where he made such good progress that he was admitted as a pensioner to Caius College, Cambridge, in October, 1769. Here he became a personal friend of the celebrated Pitt and of Mr. Tomline, the future Bishop of Lincoln. It is said that it was this friendship which secured for him the Bishopric of Quebec. He was ordained to the priesthood at Peterborough Cathedral, December 17th, 1780. His first appointment was to the perpetual curacy of St. Andrew's, Norwich.

In the long vacation of 1781 Jacob Mountain met Elizabeth Wale Kentish, whom he married in 1783. In a few years he became rector of Buckden, prebendary of Lincoln and examining chaplain to his friend Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln. He was now on the high way to important preferment, not only on account of the great influence of his friends, but of his ability as a scholar and a preacher. His fame as an orator had spread over England, and he was already considered second to no preacher in the Kingdom. Bishop Strachan thus refers to him, "As a preacher of the Gospel, our venerable Bishop must have been heard, to form an adequate conception of his superior excellence and commanding eloquence. . . . In England he was considered one of the most impressive and eloquent preachers that the Church could boast."

The Government would have preferred to have kept him at home, where important advancement was certain to have come to him, but he was allowed to go. In his appointment to the See of Quebec, England gave one of her most favoured sons to the work of the Church in Canada.

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The election of Jacob Mountain was a compromise between the claims of Mr. Toosey, rector of Quebec, recommended by Lord Dorchester and Dr. Samuel Peters, of New York, strongly supported by Lord Simcoe. His name, however, being put forward by the Bishop of Lincoln, was at once accepted both by the Bishop of London and the Government, and was heartily concurred in by all who had a voice in the appointment.

The Patent erecting the See of Quebec and appointing Dr. Mountain as its first Bishop was dated June 28th, 1793, and described the See as consisting of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, with their dependencies. This patent also states that the Clergy Reserves of the Constitutional Act constituted the "Provision for a Protestant clergy," decreed by the Quebec act of 1774. Dr. Mountain was consecrated at Lambeth on Sunday, July 7th, 1793, by Archbishop Moore.

It is interesting to know that the whole Mountain family, consisting of the Bishop and his brother, their unmarried sisters, Mary and Sarah, and Mrs. Mountain's sister, decided to make their home across the seas. Though thirteen in number, and their ship, the "Ranger," sailed on the thirteenth of August and was thirteen weeks on the voyage, nevertheless these thirteen Mountains arrived in safety on All Saint's Day.

Although the reception of the Bishop was not too cordial on the part of the governing body, nevertheless the French Bishop saluted Dr. Mountain with a kiss at their first interview, and

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expressed satisfaction at his arrival, as "he was wanted badly to keep his people in order."

From the moment of his arrival the Bishop recognized the difficulties that confronted him. He had been assured before leaving England that the Government intended to establish the Church of England in the colonies on a firm basis, but he found that no definite arrangement had been made, either for the necessary supply of clergymen to minister to the English element in the colony, or even for the support of such a staff of clergymen as was absolutely necessary. If the beginning of the Bishop's thirty years of struggle was ominous, his home in Quebec was always the centre of peace and happiness.

Soon after his arrival in Quebec the Bishop made preparations and sought information for his first journey through Canada. His diocese consisted of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and designated by letters patent as the Diocese of Quebec.

The clergy of the diocese were as follows:— In Quebec, Mr. De Montmollier (retired), and Mr. Toosey; at Three Rivers, Mr. Veyssieres; at Montreal, Mr. Delisle (retired), with Tunstal as assistant rector. Each of these received £200 a year, excepting Mr. Tunstal, who received only £100. At Sorel, Mr. Doty; at Kingston, Mr. Stuart; at Ernestown, Mr. Langhorne; at Newark, Mr. Addison. These received £100, but Mr. Langhorne and Mr. Addison received each £50 additional from the S. P. G. All salaries were grants from the Government.

His first experience in travelling was when the

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winter roads were good and sleighing was an exhilarating pleasure. He thus visited Three Rivers, Montreal and Sorel. Before starting he made his nephew locum tenens for Mr. Toosey, who for two years remained in England, and whose most arduous duty was to draw £200 as rector of Quebec.

The following spring the Bishop made elaborate preparations for his long journey; preparations which revealed the slight conception he had of the roughness of the roads and the poor accommodation offered to the inexperienced traveller. There are two official reports of these journeys, which state the bare facts, one to the Government and the other to the S. P. G. The more interesting information comes from letters written to friends and relatives in England. To these he writes: "On Friday, July 11th, we set off early in the morning, my brother and myself, in our own travelling caleche, and Salter and one of my servants in a post caleche. . . . I had sent off a bateau with five men and another of my servants with all our travelling apparatus, to meet us at Three Rivers and again at Montreal. The travelling apparatus consists of a mattress and little bedstead for each, with gauze curtains to keep off mosquitoes. Trunks of robes and clothes; hampers of wine and porter, ham and tongues; a coop with four dozen chickens; a box fitted to hold, without breaking, tea equipage, glasses, plates, dishes, spoons, knives and forks; a travelling basket for cold meat and other dressed provisions, etc., etc., all of which will be necessary after we leave Montreal, and more es-

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pecially when we enter upon Upper Canada. In our caleches we had some cold meat and tongue, and a few bottles of wine and porter, but unluckily these all broke in the first few miles."

It is interesting to contrast this elaborate arrangement with the later journeys of the Bishop through the forests of Upper Canada, often on foot, sleeping wherever a shelter could be had, and eating and drinking whatever the log huts could provide.

Alas! for the best laid plans of our pioneer Bishop of Quebec, they stopped to dine at the first post-house, where pigshead was offered, and dirt and flies drove the Bishop to the woodshed to dine on cold tongue and water. They intended sleeping at Portneuf, but by early dawn they were actually chased away by millions of mosquitoes. At Three Rivers the party fared better in a hotel with "comfortable accommodations, such as might have made us fancy ourselves again in England."

A pleasant and profitable Sunday was spent in this place and confirmation was administered on the following day. The R  collet Church and monastery had been given to the Church of England by the government, as both buildings were unoccupied. These still remain in the possession of the Church, though many attempts have been made by the Franciscans, by offers of money and threats of law suit, to have them restored to their original owners, for the special reason that the body of a celebrated member of the order lies under the church, and steps for his beatification are being taken by the Roman authorities.

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As a happy contrast to this state of feeling, it is pleasant to relate that Bishop Mountain received a request (as did Bishop Inglis on the occasion of his visit to Quebec), to visit the Ursuline Convent, when, after a pleasant interview, the deepest respect and highest honours were offered to and graciously accepted by the English prelate. An address of welcome was also read to him, and he was treated as a true Bishop of the Catholic Church. The leading men of both nationalities called upon him, and left a most agreeable impression on the mind of the Bishop. His experience in Montreal was much the same as that of Bishop Inglis. A brief summary of his whole visitation is given in the Canadian Archives in these words: "September 15th, 1794—Have completed the visitations of the diocese. Had passed up the river from Montreal to Kingston, crossed to Niagara; returning, proceeded by way of the Bay of Quinte to Fredericksburg. Had held Confirmations wherever there was a minister. The state of Upper Canada was a flourishing one, of which details are given, but the state of religion is everywhere deplorable."

His journey up, though slow and tedious, was interesting from the variety of scenery and freedom from hardship; and nearly all the way by open boats or canoes, with frequent landings or portages; and where settlements were absent, camping in airy tents or in the open. From Kingston to Niagara Falls, they travelled in a government schooner. His impressions of the cataract are given in the following words:—

"I confess I felt an inward trembling from

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anxious and awful expectations. The trees hid the fall till that moment. It breaks upon you at once. I decline making any attempt at describing the falls—they are not to be described, they are not ideas that language can convey. Seen altogether, it is tremendously magnificent, it is infinitely picturesque. Nothing in this world, I believe, can equal its sublimity but its beauty. My mind never was so filled before. Astonishment, awe, delight, chastened by something like horror, were a part of my feelings. I could fancy that Angels would hardly be misemployed, were they to sit where we sat among the trees and contemplate the great work of the Creator—theirs and ours.”

While the journey up was slow, the return trip from Kingston to Montreal by boat and favouring winds was accomplished in two days. After his visitation he does not hesitate to appeal to the Government for the appointment of good men in a dozen places, with necessary grants of not less than £200 for each man, also for the building of churches. He reports that:—

“It is most important to have ministers of the Church of England sent at once, so as to secure the population of Upper Canada, a measure no less desirable in a political than in a religious point of view—and hopes that in the minds of the members of Government the advantages will preponderate over the question of expense.”

Bishop Mountain was zealous and diligent in visiting the various sections of his vast diocese. Neither the distance nor the difficulties of travel deterred him. His visitations are recorded with

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the Bishop's usual care, and even a more vivid impression is given by his letters sent at this time to his old friends of Norwich, England. They were held through the years 1800-1803, 1808-10 and 1813. The last was a short trip before his death. Notwithstanding the difficulties of such a pioneer work and the indifference of the Government, which left him with insufficient funds to carry on his work, much progress was made in both Provinces. In providing for the ministration and extension of the Church in Canada, the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has first claim to the gratitude and thanks of every Canadian churchman. It is within the memory of many in Canada that the S. P. G. yearly grant was the means of saving the country to the Church of the Motherland, when students were aided to pass through a university course, and colleges received grants to pay their professors, and missions were helped to build churches in the forest, and above all, large sums were donated to maintain the Bishops.

The Bishop's immediate attention was devoted to the establishing the Church of England in Canada, with necessary endowments for its maintenance.

Before his appointment large tracts of land had been donated to the Church by the Government as an endowment. Promises had also been made of his recognition by letter as the Bishop of Quebec, with an adequate salary. Certain rectories were also to be established and salaries promised for the rectors. The Bishop was made a member of the Council and was supposed to have a free

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hand, or as far as an Established Church could have, in the management of his large diocese. His salary was assured and promises made by law that there was to be no other Bishop of Quebec.

The Treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, in its 4th article, definitely states, "His Brittanic Majesty, on his side agrees to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada—his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion according to the rites of the Romish Church, *as far as the laws* of Great Britain permit." The limitation of these privileges is evident from the special instructions given to Murray, the Military Governor: "You are not to admit of any ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the See of Rome, or any other foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever, in the province under your government." Also, "To the end that the Church of England may be established, both in principle and practice . . . all possible encouragement shall be given to the erecting of Protestant schools, by settling, appointing and allotting proper quantities of land for that purpose, and also for a glebe and maintenance for a Protestant minister and Protestant schoolmasters. You are to take especial care that God Almighty be devoutly and duly served throughout your government, the Book of Common Prayer, as by law established, read each Sunday and holy day, and the blessed sacrament duly administered according to the rites of the Church of England. You are not to prefer any Protestant minister without a certificate from the Lord Bishop of

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London, of his being conformable to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England." These injunctions, it may be observed, are directed against the irregular ministers from the United States who claimed the recognition of their non-conformist orders, as well as against the claims of the Roman hierarchy. The fact is that Mgr. Briand's position, at the conquest of Canada, had not been defined by Act of Parliament, neither were there any letters patent or warrants giving him legal authority to exercise episcopal functions. The only authority tolerated was through the influence of Burke, so a superintendent of clergy might be appointed, with a small income.

The following petition of Bishop Denant to the King clearly demonstrates the limited authority permitted to the Roman hierarchy, notwithstanding their claims at this present time of a right granted to them at the conquest:

PETITION OF MGR. TO THE KING

"To His Most Excellent Majesty the King.

"The humble petition of Pierre Denant, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church; who takes the liberty of approaching Your Majesty's throne to represent most respectfully,

"That the Roman Catholic religion having been introduced into Canada with the first settlers, under the former Government of France, the Bishopric was erected in 1664, and has been successfully filled by Bishops, of whom the sixth died in 1760, the date of the conquest of this country by Your Majesty's arms.

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“That since that date the Catholics, who form upwards of 19-20th of the population of your Province of Lower Canada, have continued by Your Majesty’s goodness, who after taking the oath of allegiance before Your Majesty’s representatives in this Province in Council, have always exercised their functions with Your Majesty’s permission, and under the protection of different Governors, whom it has pleased Your Majesty to appoint for the administration of this Province, and that your petitioner is the fourth Bishop who directs the Church since Canada happily passed to the Crown of Great Britain.

“That the prodigious extension of this Province and the rapid increase of the population require more than ever that the Catholic Bishop should be invested with such rights and dignity, as Your Majesty may think suitable, to direct and rule the people and to impress more strongly on their minds those principles of attachment and loyalty towards their Sovereign, and of obedience to the laws, which the Bishops of this country have constantly and strongly professed.

“That nevertheless, neither your petitioner, who for eight years has guided the Church, nor his predecessors from the conquest, nor the rectors of parishes, have had from Your Majesty that special authorization, of which they have frequently felt the need, to prevent the doubts which might arise in the courts of justice in respect to the exercise of their civil function.

“Wherefore may it please Your Majesty to permit your petitioner to approach Your Majesty

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and to pray him humbly to give such orders and instructions, as in his royal wisdom he may deem necessary, that your petitioner and his successors be civilly recognized as Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church of Quebec, and only such prerogatives, rights and temporal emoluments as Your Majesty shall graciously attach to that dignity.

“For fuller details your petitioner prays Your Majesty to refer to the information which His Excellency, Sir Robert Shore Milnes, may undertake to give Your Majesty. And your petitioner shall continue to address to Heaven the most ardent prayers for the prosperity of Your Gracious Majesty, of his august family and of his Empire.

“PIERRE DENANT,

“Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church.”

It is interesting to compare the tone of humility that pervades this petition with the haughty demands made by the present bodies of the Roman Church in Canada. We may observe also that Bishop Denant does not sign as Bishop of Quebec, recognized by the State, and acknowledges that he and his predecessors have not had the civil status for which he was then petitioning.

The request, though made with sincere humility, never received an answer conceding to the Roman Catholic the position of an established church.

About the same time a lively interview took place between Sewell, the Attorney-General, and

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Plessis, the Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec. The latter made some claims and demanded certain rights which the Attorney-General was not willing to concede, stating that he knew no Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, further stating the Government could not allow any rights to the Roman Church which were denied to the Established Church of England. Nevertheless, when Plessis succeeded to the Episcopal seat he made a formal application for recognition as Bishop of Quebec. This was not permitted until February 5, 1818, when the Bishop was summoned to the Legislative Council under the title of "Catholic Bishop of Quebec," but "with a clear understanding of the limitations that apply to it." In fact, it was a political move.

It need hardly be said that Bishop Mountain was well aware of the intrigues carried on by the inmates of the Episcopal Palace, and that his protests both to the Governor General and the Home Government were strong and frequent, but with small success. He thus addresses the Society on October 20, 1819:—

"I now beg to lay before the Society a matter of utmost importance to the Diocese—the advancement that the Government has recently given to the Roman Church by raising the salary of the Bishop, by placing him in the Legislative Council, and by authorizing him to assume the title of Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. We are now informed that the Pope has erected Quebec into an Archbishopric and appointed Plessis to be Archbishop.

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“And these things have been done—when the Church (of England) was prosperous—when a large Protestant population was pouring in—when churches were everywhere being built, when the number of clergy is increasing, and when a college founded on liberal principles was about to be established—such has been the period chosen for exalting the Church of Rome and depressing the Church of England. Weighty and dignified interposition will be necessary to check the progress of that most unfortunate policy, which in the mistaken hope of so conciliating the Roman Catholics as to obtain an influence in the House of Assembly, has unhappily lost sight of the interests of the Church of England.”

The Royal instructions to the Governor of Nova Scotia, dated April 29, 1749, reveal similar or even worse conditions in the Maritime Provinces. “Whereas it has been represented unto us that the French Bishop of Quebec has exercised Episcopal jurisdiction within our said Province of Nova Scotia and excommunicated such of the French inhabitants as have intermarried with our Protestant subjects, you are therefore hereby directed and requested to signify to him that however willing we may be to allow a liberty of conscience to our French subjects, as such excommunications will be prejudicial to the welfare and security of our said Province we do expect that such exercise of their Episcopal authority shall cease for the future, and if any missionary priest shall presume to pronounce or declare any such excommunication within our said province, you shall cause such priest to be

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apprehended, and upon legal proof of his crime, punished in such manner as the laws of Great Britain do in that case direct.”

The justice of Bishop Mountain’s contentions are justified by the evidence found in the Canadian Archives, as against the claims even now made by the Church of Rome.

It seemed to be the place of the governing bodies in England to make the Church in Canada a small copy of the Church at home. As tithes were the chief means of supporting the clergy, it was supposed that such collections were also made by the clergy of Canada to supply a maintenance, realizing with difficulty that tithes had not been collected even by the Roman priests from the Conquest to the passing of the Quebec Act in 1774, when authority was given to the parish priests to collect them from their own people. As an offset the Government provided yearly grants for the support of the Church of England, and gave as a permanent endowment one seventh of all the unconceded land in the provinces, commonly known as the Clergy Reserves.

But the magnitude of the work he had undertaken was not realized until his first visitation was completed. Missionaries were needed, especially in the eastern townships of Lower Canada, and in Upper Canada, where a large number of Loyalists from the United States were taking up land and making permanent settlements. The Bishop appealed to the Secretary of State for five men and a yearly grant for each of £150. Receiving no response, he wrote again, and asked

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for four men. It was not until 1796 that the Government consented to send three men and Addison, with grants for each of £100 per annum, "which," the Secretary stated, "was quite sufficient for their needs."

Another difficulty which had to be met by the Bishop was in the building of suitable churches. Even in Quebec from the time of the Conquest the Church of England was given by the Government the right to share with the Franciscans the use of the R  collet Church. This R  collet Church was burnt in 1796, and the Governor offered the use of the chapel attached to his own residence, which had been the property of the Jesuits, notwithstanding the promise of Lord Dorchester, the Governor, to Bishop Inglis, that a grant would be made immediately for the erection of a proper building in the City of Quebec. In Three Rivers the disused Franciscan chapel and monastery were turned over to the English inhabitants by the permission of Lord Dorchester. In Montreal the church people were allowed to use the confiscated church of the Jesuits, and a generous grant given by the Government for necessary repairs. In Upper Canada the first church was built by the Mohawks of Grand River, near Niagara. The next church erected was in Berthier, Lower Canada, originally built as a family chapel by James Cuthbert, who was owner of the Seignory. This chapel still stands, but has not been in use for many years.

Very few in Canada are aware of the conditions under which the cathedral at Quebec, commonly known in Bishop Mountain's day as "the

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Metropolitan Church," was erected, and it is generally understood and often stated that it was the sole gift of King George III. Its erection is due to the energy and persistency of Bishop Mountain, who succeeded in inducing the Government to appoint a commission, consisting of the Bishop, the Chief Justice and the Rev. L. J. Mountain, "for the purpose of erecting a Metropolitan Church at Quebec, for which £400 shall be appropriated annually." The work was begun and the first stone laid August 11, 1800. The building was the second cathedral erected since the Reformation, St. Paul's, London, being the other. In architecture it is a copy, with some modification, of St. Martin-in-the-Field, London, in which the S. P. G. meetings were held, and whose architect was a pupil of Christopher Wren. The usual financial difficulties were encountered, such as the penury of the Government officials, the unwillingness of the local people to contribute as they should, and the cost of material and the need of competent workmen, and the long delays in the work and the payments of the grants from the Government. If the King did not contribute to the cost of its erection, the Chief Commissioner, Bishop Mountain, did not forget to remind His Majesty of the pious custom of English Kings, continued from the days of Queen Anne, to present as a Royal and personal gift to the first Anglican cathedral erected in America, of communion plate and altar cloth, "with a Bible and Book of Common Prayer for the Governor, the Lieut.-Governor, members of the Privy Council and the officiating clergy." A few weeks after

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the Bishop was notified that the King had graciously complied with the request.

A two manual organ was donated by eight citizens of the city, and cost £369.11s.10*d.* The letters patent delivering this property into the Bishop's hands were signed by Lieut.-Governor Milnes, August 25th, 1804, and the consecration of the church took place on the 28th, in the presence of many respectable persons assembled for that purpose, and in the presence of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and immediately upon his entering the church, the hymn of "God Save the King," with an appropriate stanza, was played upon the organ and sung by the choir.

Under the wise guidance and beneficent influence of Bishop Mountain, the Anglican Church seemed now to be slowly emerging from the painful position it had long occupied, and was taking the position to which it was entitled by law. A cathedral had been built for the glory of God and to perpetuate the memory and labours of the first Diocesan of Quebec. Having gained so much from a reluctant Government, the Bishop proceeded to secure every advantage it should possess in the country, and never permit the promises once made to be lost sight of. His long contest with those who were unwilling that the Church should have the lands duly conceded to her by an act of the Imperial Government, will be considered with interest. The promises made by those in authority to establish the Church of England in Canada were on record and could not be denied, and the Bishop was not presuming upon good nature when he demanded as a

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right and proper policy to be pursued, that if the establishment should take place, he would propose that the Bishop and Dean and Chapter, with the addition of a few more of the clergy, should be incorporated for the purpose of taking the future superintendence and management of the land reserved for the Church, the entire disposition of the fund arising therefrom being left with the Governor and Council of the respective provinces.

It must be admitted here that neither the Roman Catholics nor the Protestants had been treated with proper consideration by the Government, but this was not the fault of the Church of England, which in no way interfered with the just claims and rights of the citizens of the two provinces. This is said, as it may be thought that the Bishop was planning a scheme that would exclude the French and the Dissenters from the bounty of the Government. His only desire was to protect and safeguard the rights and privileges of the Church without interfering in any way with the liberty of other denominations. In fact, the first effective movement towards their relief from religious disabilities was the work of Dr. Mountain. Down to 1804 the Government allowed none of the Protestant bodies to solemnize marriages, except the Church of England. In that year the Bishop introduced a bill in the Council to legalize marriages which had been solemnized by Protestant ministers, then illegal. If this did not go through it was not the fault of the Bishop.

The Bishop's usual travelling was not for pleasure, but in the fulfilment of his duties as the

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chief pastor of a widely spread flock. His face in such travels was ever turned towards the setting sun. In 1804, after eleven years of weary travelling, arduous labours, and many anxieties, he considered it his duty to retire from his Canadian work, but Divine Providence ordered that he should turn his thoughts to Canada as the scene of the labours of his remaining life, and the country of his latest posterity. In view of this he arranged for a year's visit to his motherland, so in 1805 he set sail with his family, "with the hope of making arrangements with H. M. Government upon the subject of ecclesiastical affairs in Canada, by means of a personal interview with the ministry."

During the Bishop's visit to England, he first met that remarkable man whose services to the Canadian Church will always be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance—the Honourable Charles James Stewart, who eventually succeeded him as second Bishop of Quebec. The story of Stewart's call and work in Canada is related in the journals of the S. P. G. With the hope of finding more work than his small parish afforded, and bewailing the lack of interest in the welfare of the Church in the colonies, he had gone to the meeting of the S. P. G. with the object of offering his services for work in India. As he waited, a letter was read from a missionary in Canada, whose utter despondency changed the purpose of the young clergyman and gave an entirely different direction to his future life. The utter hopelessness of the work described in that letter seemed to have fascinated him, and un-

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promising as the aspect of the case was, he said, "That is the place for me. If the Board will accept them, my services are at their command." Two months later Mr. Stewart had completed his arrangements. On the 27th September he arrived at Quebec, and a few days after proceeded to his mission of St. Armand in the eastern townships of Lower Canada. It is evident that the zealous missionary could not be easily discouraged, as he writes to the Society in April, 1808, "I consider my mission as a flourishing one."

That the Bishop remained in England for three years was not altogether his fault; he was detained by the usual delays and procrastination. The reports say that when he was permitted to do so he embarked for Quebec May 2, 1808, after months of diligent labour on behalf of his diocese and clergy. Before leaving England he received a letter from the Duke of Kent. His Royal Highness, having spent many pleasant months in Canada, took special interest in the religious conditions of the people, and gave valuable assistance to Bishop Inglis. The following letter from H. R. H. expresses his kindly feeling towards the venerable Bishop:—

"Kensington Palace,
29th April, 1808.

"My Dear Lord:

"It is with extreme concern that I learn from Your Lordship's letter of this day, that owing to the circumstances of Lieut. Colonel Very's absence until this morning and the probability of your being obliged to leave London tomorrow, I

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may be deprived of the happiness of seeing you before your departure for Quebec. I will not, however, give up the hope that I may yet experience it, if your Lordship has not made your arrangements for setting out at break of day; for if your Lordship be willing to devote an hour to the object of your coming down here, I shall be able to receive you from seven, at that hour which will best suit your convenience, until nine. If, however, that should be attended with inconvenience to you, I will with great pleasure ride into town, at the time I have last named, to call upon your Lordship, that I may have the pleasure to take you by the hand before you leave England, and of repeating to you in person those sentiments of friendly regard and sincere esteem with which I shall ever remain, my dear Lord,

Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

“Edward.”

The able oversight of his officials in the Diocese had relieved the Bishop's mind of much responsibility: nevertheless, as the head of the Church in Canada, he was glad to get into harness again. He returned to Canada with brighter prospects before him and a staff of missionaries upon whose zeal he could depend. Their names were: S. J. Mountain, J. Jackson, R. Bradford, C. Cotton, Hon. C. J. Stewart, J. Mountain, R. Q. Short. These were located in Lower Canada. J. Strachan, J. Stewart, G. O'Kill Stuart, J. Langhorne, R. Pollard and R. Addison were in Upper Canada. For the support of these missionaries the Government contributed £1,600, and the So-

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ciety £460 per annum. In consequence of representations made to the Government by the Bishop and the friends of the Church, promises to re-adjust the old scale of stipends were made, as the cost of living had increased threefold. New missions would be opened and the Bishops were to be materially strengthened. The visitations of 1805 and 1810 were interesting, as they included the phenomenal success of Stewart in the eastern townships, when a large and ungodly community was converted into decent churchmen and law abiding people. At Sorel the rector was able to present a class of thirty for confirmation. In Upper Canada the work of Stuart in Kingston was most satisfactory. At York, or Toronto, John Strachan was champion not only of the Church Militant, but of the warring State as well, as the American War of 1812 demanded his services, which were freely given, though not without danger. It is written that his firmness of character saved the Town of York in 1813 from sharing the fate of Niagara some months after.

The eccentric but faithful Langhorne served the Church for many years at Ernestown, when, oppressed by many infirmities, and after twenty-five years of service he resigned his mission and returned to England, where he died soon after his arrival and was buried near Kendal, England, in his 75th year.

The interesting point of the visitation of 1813 was that the Bishop was able to make use of a small steamer, which made occasional voyages between Montreal and Quebec, taking two days to make the trip from one to the other place.

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Most of his travelling outfit was sent to Montreal by a schooner, which took a month to reach its destination. Travellers of those days thought very little of time, and so his Lordship waited patiently for his goods. His journal meanwhile shows that he was occupied in the details of building of the church in Montreal, for which the Government had made a grant of £4,000, one of his difficulties being the refusal of the parochial subscribers to pay their subscriptions when called upon, amounting to £700. Another arose from the mistake made in England in placing Montreal in Upper Canada, and so delaying the payment of the grant. When the Bishop at last started for Upper Canada, notwithstanding the war conditions of the country, he succeeded in reaching Toronto, not without considerable danger and many difficulties. The following will give some idea of his method of travelling over such great distances, and the provision made by the authorities for the homeward journey:—

“Kingston, 28th September, 1813.

“The Canadians that are entrusted to take the Lord Bishop of Quebec to Montreal are directed to obey His Lordship in every respect. They are particularly desired to take him to Williamsburg and to Cornwall and from thence to Chatham up the Ottawa River, there await His Lordship’s orders, and from thence to take him to Lachine.

“D. DANNOCH, *Major General*.

“Allow the route to give every assistance to his Lordship.”

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The Bishop was three months on this journey, reporting favourably of every part of his diocese, but lest some might consider the missionaries were overpaid, thinks well to state, "that the clergy in Upper Canada are subject to a deduction or discount of twenty per cent. on their drafts, which cuts deeply into their little incomes." Space prevents any statement of his trips along the Gaspé and Labrador, where hardy fishermen from the Channel Islands had established themselves. It is hardly necessary to say more than that these good people were not neglected by their Bishop.

The Bishop informed the Society on July 19, 1814, that he had ordained John Bethune, who was appointed to Augusta, and subsequently became rector and dean of Christ Church, Montreal.

The visitation of 1816 was made with greater comfort in a large birch bark canoe and a crew of twelve voyageurs. This was deemed necessary, as the Bishop was near his seventieth year and his constitution by no means robust. This journey of 1,000 miles, from Quebec to Sandwich, may be entitled to rank with the journeys of Apostolic days. "You will be glad to hear," he writes, "that I got through my long visitation in three months and four days, in all respects more satisfactorily than I expected. Travelling in the canoe enabled me to see a great deal more of the country and of the people than I could otherwise have done. . . . I found myself able to walk seven or eight miles at a time through bad roads. My rest was perfect—the coarsest of food was accept-

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able to me. . . . I never took cold, though wet through on the water, sleeping on the shores—sometimes in a tent or a strange house. . . . At my time of life this cannot last long, but it becomes me gratefully to enjoy it while it does.” In these journeys he held frequent services and had confirmation in the settled parishes, records of which still exist in the old missions.

After his long journey in the wilds and the many hardships endured, the Bishop felt the need of a change, so he and Mrs. Mountain proceeded to England, partly on account of the Bishop’s health, and partly with the object of securing a successor in the see, or at least a coadjutor to relieve him of some of the work which he had carried on for twenty years. He was willing to forego £1,000 of his salary to Dr. Stewart if he could be appointed coadjutor. The Government was unwilling to permit the Bishop to retire or give up even a part of his charge to a younger man, but offered to increase his salary by £600 per annum. The Bishop was willing to accept this provided the Government conceded the following:—

“1. That the Church of Engand must be considered to be the Established Church of Canada.

“2. That the arrangements for giving effect to my jurisdiction over my own clergy and people in my diocese which were entered upon and undertaken by the Secretary of State when I last returned to Quebec from England, be completed.

“3. That the granting of marriage licenses, a power vested by Act of Parliament to all Bishops be left to be exercised by the Church of Eng-

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land. . . . as it is exercised by the head of the Church of Rome for the members of that community.”

These conditions were agreed to and his officials were sanctioned by Government and received an additional allowance of £150.

The Bishop returned to Canada in the spring of 1819, after a successful effort to secure capable men for the missions of his diocese, and sufficient funds to maintain them in their work.

In the following spring the veteran Bishop, now at the age of 71, had the courage to pay what was to be his last visitation in Upper Canada. Dr. George Mountain accompanied his father in this visitation, and the interesting details of this trip are due to his remarkable talent as a letter writer. Facilities for travelling had increased; steamers were available between Quebec and Montreal, and Kingston and York, as also in Lake Erie.

The following may be read in the Memoir of Bishop Strachan: “There was a memorable gathering of the clergy of Upper Canada at York in the summer of 1820, at the visitation of the first Bishop of Quebec, Dr. Jacob Mountain. Sixteen were present and they were addressed in an admirable charge, which riveted the attention of every hearer, by his Lordship the Bishop.”

In 1862 in the same limits there were three Bishops and two hundred and forty-three clergymen.

During this visitation an attempt was made to settle the vexed question of the Clergy Reserves, but with little success, as there was but little revenue to be derived from these Church lands.

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In 1840 the Clergy Reserves were settled by an Act of Parliament, which was no less than a confiscation of property that had been given to the Church of England in Canada in lieu of the rights of collecting tithes for the maintenance of the clergy.

With the coming of the spring of 1825 the Bishop realized that he could no longer remain in charge of the diocese, and that at the age of seventy-six he could not undertake the long journeys necessary for the visitation of the whole of Canada. He pleaded personally for this relief, and begged to have a younger man in his place. The Government would not even consider his request on the plea that there were no funds to meet the increased expenses. He returned to Canada to die at his post, and resignedly faced the labours that were wearing him out. Other measures were proposed that would have relieved the situation in Canada, but they met with anything but favour by the English Government—alleging insurmountable difficulties. Nevertheless steps were taken to have Dr. Charles Stewart appointed Coadjutor Bishop, with the right of succession.

While Archdeacon Mountain was in England doing all he could to secure relief for his aged father, a message reached him that death had come to the happy release of the venerable prelate, which took place on the 16th of June. One can imagine the shock the Archdeacon received when the intelligence of his father's death reached him, when he was making his final arrangements for leaving England. "It was a heavy blow to the

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Bishop's sons," we read in the memoirs, "none of whom were permitted to be with him, but especially to the Archdeacon," as he was the only one who could have expected to receive his parting blessing; and it may have naturally added to his grief to reflect that so far as his father was personally concerned, his mission to England had proved of no advantage.

On hearing of the Bishop's death the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel caused the following resolution to be entered in the Society's Journal:—

"St. Martin's Library, London,
November 18, 1825.

"RESOLVED:

"1. That this board, having with feelings of deep regret received the intelligence of the lamented death of the Right Reverend Jacob Mountain, D.D., Lord Bishop of Quebec, are anxious to take the first public opportunity of expressing their sorrow for the serious loss which the Colonial Church has sustained by this event.

"2. That this board, while they cannot but deplore the dissolution of that connection which had subsisted with the late Lord Bishop of Quebec for the long period of two and thirty years, do feel it to be a most consoling reflection, that the value of his Lordship's character and services were duly appreciated in the colonies, as well by the Government as by all ranks of His Majesty's subjects, who have vied with each other in paying every possible tribute of veneration and affection to the memory of their late excellent prelate, whom they justly regard as the founder

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of their Church, and as the apostolical pattern of its doctrine, discipline and duties, and to whose pious zeal, unbounded charity, highly cultivated talents, commanding eloquence and dutiful loyalty they feel indebted for the diffusion of sound religion, and of attachment to the institutions of the Mother Country.

“3. That in order to perpetuate the sense entertained by this board of the high character and rare endowments of the late Lord Bishop of Quebec, these resolutions be published in the next annual report.

“4. That as a mark of the respect and esteem which this board entertains of the virtues of the widow of the late Lord Bishop of Quebec, a copy of the resolution adopted at this meeting be forwarded to Mrs. Mountain by the Secretary.”

To this was added by the Secretary:

“You will allow me on this solemn occasion to add my own tribute of unfeigned esteem and affection for the character of Dr. Mountain, whose valuable and interesting correspondence ever impressed me with a high sense of his Lordship’s qualifications for the arduous duties which were imposed upon him in the exercise of the episcopal jurisdiction over the extensive Diocese of Quebec.”

Dr. Strachan soon after the Bishop’s death wrote as follows:—

“How many pleasing associations will be coupled with the recollections of the first Bishop of the diocese, who gave life and order to that religious establishment which guides them to sal-

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vation; impressing as he did in his different charges on his clergy the duty of preaching redemption, the doctrine of the atonement, the satisfaction made for sinners by the blood of Christ; the corruption of human nature, the insufficiency of man unassisted by Divine Grace; the efficacy of the prayer of faith, and the purifying, directing, sustaining and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. Now that he hath departed, let us have these things in remembrance.

“As a preacher of the Gospel our late Venerable Bishop must have been heard to form an adequate conception of his superior excellence and commanding eloquence. . . . In England he was considered one of the most impressive preachers that the Church could boast, and was earnestly solicited when last in London, notwithstanding his great age, to preach anniversary sermons.”

In his social and domestic intercourse the Bishop's manners were particularly pleasing. All found themselves at ease in his presence.

On Monday, 20th June, the remains of the late Venerable Bishop were interred in the Cathedral Church, in the presence of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, the Chief Justice, the gentlemen of the two Councils, the judges and members of the Bar, the military officers and a long train of respectable citizens in deep mourning.

“Requiescat in Pace.”

The writer is indebted to the work of H. C. Stuart, late Rector of Three Rivers, for the material used in this paper taken from a manuscript now completed and ready for the press.

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By

Dr. R. C. Johnstone



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ONE need not be a violent partisan of the respective claims of either heredity or environment, in order to fully appreciate the manifold influences of both. I think one might even go farther, and take up the position, that personal character, personal temperament, and personal intellectual force are to a great extent the resultant of the spirit of the time, and the movements that spring from it.

The last twenty years of the eighteenth century are an excellent example of this theory, for they gave to the world a class of intellectual and political giants, whose whole outlook upon life was coloured by the spirit of the age in which the formative period of their lives was cast.

Great Britain, who for centuries had ruled herself, both at home and abroad, on conservative and conventional lines, was beginning to awaken to the fact that democracy was raising its head, boldly and defiantly, all over the civilized world. The War of Independence, in British North America, which began in 1774, had brought about the Declaration of Independence in 1776, but the complete victory of American democracy did not come for many years after that.

The climax of the French Revolution, attained

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only after years of bloodshed, was reached in 1790.

The effects of the Evangelical Movement, under the Wesleys and Whitefield, were making themselves felt, even in the moribund Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, as well as in her more dignified sister in England.

The times were critical times, and there were figures who stood out in bold relief, and gave colour and tone to the period.

John Skinner, of Linshart, whose song, "Tullochgorum," was called, by Burns, "the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw," was leading an active, industrious and scholarly life, among the moorlands of Buchan, and was doing not a little to pave the way for the restoration, to some of her old glory, of the disinherited and sorely persecuted Episcopal Church of Scotland.

Caroline Oliphant, the beloved daughter of a famous Non-juring Scottish family, was a girl of twelve, enjoying her young life to the full, at the "Auld Hoose o' Gask," singing Jacobite songs, which she herself had composed, to take the place of the coarse, ribald ballads, then so much in vogue among the masses of the people,—and often of an evening gladdening the hearts of all her home-folks, by the grace and skill with which she danced the reels and strathspeys of her native land,—gladdening also the heart of little Neil Gow, prince of fiddlers, whose music did so much to inspire her song-writing.

Robert Burns, poet of Humanity, was in his twentieth year, but even already he had given evidence of poetic genius, and of an ardent desire for

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the emancipation of his fellows from the thralldom of effete conventionality.

James Macpherson was busily engaged, at least avowedly, in trying to find the original manuscript of Ossian's poems, of which he had given to the world of letters an epic translation, more than twenty years before.

Principal Robertson, of the University of Edinburgh, was still filling a very prominent place in the literary and ecclesiastical life of his time. It was of him that Sir Archibald Allison said: "He was the first to throw over the maze of human events the light of philosophic genius, and the spirit of enlightened reflection."

Dr. Hugh Blair was at the very height of his fame, as the fashionable preacher of fashionable Edinburgh, and his sermons were then, and for many a long day, the models towards which every budding minister aspired.

Samuel Johnson and his satellite, James Boswell, were perambulating Scotland, providing copy for the greatest biography in the English language.

All of these individuals were the products of spiritual forces that were electrifying the atmosphere of the time, and they in their turn were leaving an influence that could not fail to affect for good or evil the generation that was growing up around them. The subject of this sketch was a resultant of the forces of heredity and environment, in so far as his mental and moral make-up was concerned; and he, in his turn, bequeathed a like inheritance, the real value of which we are only now beginning to realize.

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On the 12th of April, 1778, in the Scottish City of Aberdeen, was born John Strachan, destined to become one of the greatest statesmen and ecclesiastical administrators that Canada has ever had.

Of his childhood and boyhood very little has been recorded. He was only sixteen years of age when his father died from the effects of a blasting accident in the quarries of which he was overseer. His mother was left very poorly provided for, with a young family to bring up and fit for the battle of life.

The County of Aberdeen has for centuries been noted for the splendid educational advantages provided for its sons and daughters; and the people themselves, rich and poor alike, hold a good education as of extreme importance. Young Strachan took care to pass by none of the chances that came in his way. He received his early classical and mathematical training in Old Aberdeen Grammar School, from which have come many of Scotland's best scholars. In 1794, when he was only sixteen years of age, he became school-master of Carmylie. Two years afterwards he was appointed to a similar position at Denino, of which he afterwards said: "It was there that I learned to think for myself." The parish minister, the Rev. Dr. Brown, who afterwards became a Professor in the University of Glasgow, took a great deal of interest in the young dominie, and did not a little to correct his false notions of things, and to give him a broader outlook on life. Thomas Duncan, who a little later obtained a professor's chair in St. Andrew's, rendered him

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considerable service along the same lines. While he held these two positions, he was also intermittently putting in attendances at the University of Aberdeen and King's College, from which he, in 1797, received the degree of M.A. In his twentieth year, Strachan was appointed master of the parish school of Kettle, or King's Kettle, in Fife, sufficiently near to the University of St. Andrew's to admit of his enrolling himself as a student of Theology. At Kettle he had a school roll of eighty-two scholars, among whom were some who afterwards rose to distinction. Three of these are worthy of note—Sir David Wilkie, R.A.: J. Barclay, naval commander of Lake Erie, and Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope." It was during this period that he came under the spell of Prof. Thomas Chalmers, afterwards one of the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland.

In Canada, Richard Cartwright and Robert Hamilton were very much interested in the scheme, which was being exploited by Sir John Graves Simcoe, for the establishment of a college or university in Eastern Canada, and had asked Dr. Chalmers to undertake the work of organizer and principal; but Chalmers had a greater task lying right to his hand, and so he passed it on to his friend and pupil, John Strachan. Doubtless the ambition of the young schoolmaster was flattered by the offer, for he at once accepted it, and set out for Canada, which he reached on the last day of the year, and of the century; but only to find that Simcoe had gone to England, and the college plan had fallen through. However,

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Strachan did not allow himself to be daunted by this disappointment. He at once set about procuring private tutorial work, which would provide for his modest wants, while he was laying plans for a more ambitious venture. By-and-bye he opened a proprietary school at Kingston.

The position of the Church of England in Canada at this time, while not that of a church established by law, was in his estimation preferable to that of any other religious body, and so Strachan joined it, and was ordained in 1803. At first he was curate of Cornwall, where he had opened a grammar school. Many who remember him say he was an admirable teacher. The thoroughness and logical method, which he had learned from the scholarly men who were his instructors in Old Aberdeen Grammar School, fitted him well for the educational work which for years he carried on; and the same characteristics are to be seen in the men whom he sent forth to build up the citizenship of Canada. Strachan's advancement, both academical and ecclesiastical, was rapid. In 1807, he took to himself a wife, in the person of Ann, daughter of Dr. Thompson Wood of Cornwall, and widow of Andrew McGill of Montreal. In that year also the University of St. Andrew's conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and, four years later, his own Alma Mater, the University of Aberdeen, gave him the degree of D.D.

In 1812, he became Rector of York, Chaplain to the troops, and Headmaster of York Grammar School. While he was living in York, he did a great deal to alleviate the distress and lessen the

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privations of those who were affected by the war of 1812, between Canada and the United States; and it is generally thought that his self-sacrifice and devotion at that time had not a little to do with his being chosen to be a member of the Executive Council of Upper Canada. Men of affairs in the Province were beginning to realize the wonderful administrative ability of Dr. Strachan, and, as a consequence of this, he was in 1813 nominated to a seat in the Legislative Council. Things were prospering with him; he built for himself a fine residence, and, soon after his first occupancy of it, he had the pleasure of a visit from his brother James, who carried on a bookseller's business in Aberdeen. The visitor was so impressed by all the outward tokens of prosperity in the life of the brother whom he had not seen for twenty years, that he could not help saying, as he passed through the stately gateway leading to the house, "I hope it's a' come by honestly, John."

In 1825, Dr. Strachan became Archdeacon of York, and, as the "*oculus Episcopi*" he was able to render the most important service to his diocesan. He continued, all the time, to develop his scheme for the higher education of his adopted country, and this brings us to one of the successes of his life, although in after years it might have been reckoned a failure. In 1827, after years of earnest struggle, much depression, wearying disappointment, and all the toil that in these days attended a voyage from Canada to England, Dr. Strachan saw the realization of the day-dreams of his youth and mature manhood. A Royal

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Charter by Letters Patent, under the Great Seal, was granted, authorizing the establishment at or near the town of York, in the Province of Upper Canada, of a college, with the style and privileges of a university, and it was to be called King's College. No religious test was to be applied to any of its students, excepting only to graduates in divinity, who were to be subject to the conditions enjoined for divinity degrees at Oxford. The seven professors in Arts were to be members of the Church of England, and the Bishop of the Diocese for the time being was to be Visitor. The President was to be a clergyman in Holy Orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Archdeacon of York, for the time being, was to be at all times President of the College.

His visitation, as Archdeacon, in 1828, is recorded in Hawkins' "Annals of the Church in Toronto," and gives one an excellent idea of the church life of the time.

About this time we have, in a series of letters from the pen of Dr. Strachan, a very excellent account of his travels in the East and in Europe, of the kind friends he had met, and the hospitality that had been extended to him. His old friends in Great Britain were one and all delighted to know of the wonderful success that had attended his self-denying and wisely directed labours.

The sermon preached by him on the death of Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, caused a great deal of controversy, and not a little rancour; but the doughty Archdeacon was too determined and strong minded to allow such a thing to overwhelm

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him. It is an old story now, and to re-open the discussion as to the merits of the case would serve no good purpose. Many subjects, which had no connection with the original question, were dragged in, and much personal spleen was vented on the unfortunate Dr. Strachan. On the 6th of March, 1828, he delivered a speech in the Legislative Council, which he claimed was a complete refutation of the allegations made against him. It made a favourable impression all over the country, and did much to entirely change public opinion on this matter.

It having been decided, in 1839, to form Upper Canada into a separate Diocese. Archdeacon Strachan was nominated the first Bishop, under the title of Bishop of Toronto, and the same year received Consecration. He ruled over the diocese for twenty-eight years, and by his business-like qualities did much to place Toronto in the very forefront of Canadian dioceses.

There would have been no cause for delaying the foundation of the new university, for which provision had been made by the King in Council, had Sir Peregrine Maitland remained Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; but he was succeeded by Major-General Sir John Colborne, who maintained that steps should be taken to raise the standard of secondary education, and so ensure qualified pupils for the curriculum of a university. This brought about the foundation of Upper Canada College, which settled down to work in a wonderfully short time after its inception. Many people were of opinion that Colborne wanted to abolish the District Grammar

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Schools, which Dr. Strachan had established after much thought and labour.

In 1850 the University, which had been the object of the Bishop's care for some years, changed its character, and was no longer to be regarded as an Anglican, but as an unsectarian institution. Against this change Bishop Strachan fought valiantly, for he could not but look upon it as a distinct violation of the rights and privileges granted to King's College, in 1842. However, his indomitable pluck and persistence had not forsaken him. He made a powerful and effective appeal to the laity of the Province, and succeeded in obtaining a charter for another university, to be dedicated to the Undivided Trinity. This second Royal Charter, issued in 1852, created the University of Trinity College, Toronto, with which was incorporated the Diocesan School of Theology at Cobourg, which had been in existence for several years under the Ven. Archdeacon Bethune, who subsequently became the second Bishop of Toronto. The many struggles of Trinity University are part of the nation's history.

Bishop Strachan gave the best energies of his life to forward the educational interests of Upper Canada and to establish a University in which secular education should be built up on the foundation of a religious faith; and it was hard to have such opposition, emanating, as it did, from a wave of liberalism, the effects of which are to-day the cause of much bitter and unavailing regret. The deep sincerity of the Bishop is nowhere better expressed than in the stately words

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used by him when he laid the foundation stone of Trinity:—"I lay this corner stone of an edifice to be here erected by the name of Trinity College, to be a place of sound learning and religious education in accordance with the principles and usages of the United Church of England and Ireland. Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ, who is God over all, blessed for evermore; and in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

As an academic centre, Trinity has ever stood in the front rank of Canadian colleges. In a powerful address which the Bishop gave at the inauguration of the College in January, 1852, he set forth, with no uncertain sound, the ideals he had set before himself in the establishment of a Church College. He said: "When we speak of education based on religion, we mean by religion the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that instruction on this, the most important of all knowledge, shall not be confined to public worship, but shall enter largely into the studies and training of every department of the College."

There is no exaggeration in asserting that, during the first half of the nineteenth century, John Strachan was Canada's apostle of higher education. The fine type of professional men in Eastern Canada, who in the latter part of last century did so much for the progress and stability of the Dominion, came almost entirely from the educational institutions that owed their inception to Dr. Strachan. Largely owing to his energetic labours, common schools were established

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throughout the Eastern Province. He it was also who founded the first series of Grammar Schools, twenty in number, where preparation for the University could be had.

John Strachan, in spite of his early Presbyterian training (or, was it because of it?), was a stern, uncompromising churchman. He believed in the union of Church and State, and considered that all education, from the primary school to the university, should be in close connection with the church of the nation.

McGill fully intended that Bishop Strachan should be the first President of his University at Montreal; but, from various causes, this was never carried into effect. From 1827, when the first charter was granted, to 1848, Dr. Strachan was the President of King's College, which in after years assumed the name and standing of "The University of Toronto."

In his educational work, as in the work of his diocese, he was a firm administrator, and he was possessed of much sound common sense.

His association with St. James' Church, Toronto, was for many years one of the most cherished things in his life. He succeeded Dr. Stuart as rector of the church, in 1813, and from that time till his death in 1867, he was really the central figure of the church and its people. In his last sermon preached in St. James', he chose a text which, in view of the circumstances, seemed almost of the nature of premonition: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth,

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nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Bishop's work in the early days had been almost entirely of an academic character; and yet, when he began his first visitation of his diocese, in 1841, he was not content to visit only the towns and villages and fully settled districts, but at much personal inconvenience and self sacrifice, he made his way by the Southern Missions and Niagara, westward through what was then a new country, holding services in log houses or in the open air. In succeeding years these journeys were constantly repeated. In five years the number of churches had more than doubled.

In a biographical sketch, short as this must necessarily be, it is impossible to do more than touch the very outstanding features, that left their impress on future generations.

There are several well known portraitures of the Bishop, but I cannot say that any of these give a fair representation of the man, as he appeared to those who really knew him well. The sternness and brusquerie, which he inherited from his ancestors, and which possibly were accentuated by his strenuous life in boyhood and young manhood, are all clearly visible in the pictures of him that are most familiar to us; but they do not give him justice. In stature, he was under middle height; and it has been said that his head and face were of the type of Milton's in middle age.

He had no gifts of eloquence to speak of, and it could not be said that he was possessed of great

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originality of mind; but he succeeded in holding together his great congregation in St. James' by the wonderful strength and moral force of his personal character. He was greatly aided in his administrative and executive work by a distinctly Scottish trait, which gave him quick insight into men and things. He often found himself suffering from great strain and stress, mainly brought about by the weighty character of the enterprises he had in hand, and which he generally grappled with singlehanded; but, in every case, it was noted that he, by reason of the fertility of his resources, rose to the occasion, developed along with it, and expanded with it. Very few even really great men could have pursued the even tenor of their way, as he did, in respect of the long and strenuous fight, which he carried on in the establishment and endowment of the two universities, that owed their existence to his creative genius and indomitable perseverance.

In the conduct of public worship, and in the performance of distinctly episcopal rites, he had a manner and style distinctly his own. There was no posing, no imitation of other men; he was always his own natural self. He played many parts in the life of the city, and the diocese, and the country at large, and he played them all with great prudence, tact and foresight.

In 1815, Dr. Strachan wrote an open letter to the Earl of Selkirk, in which he made a violent attack upon the statements made, the principles involved, and the methods proposed, by the Earl in regard to his settlement on the Red River. Many think it was the most illogical thing he

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ever gave forth to the world. He admitted lack of knowledge, which was rather a good thing for him, when we remember that he tells us that the settlement on Red River was near Hudson's Bay. His condemnation of the Selkirk scheme was based upon the most inaccurate information; he gives us no data to support the charges which he makes; and the subsequent history of the settlement has abundantly proved the falsity of his prognostications. There is a smack of conceit, perhaps unconscious, in the passage in which he says: "I was delighted to find a Scotch peer writing with so much intelligence and felicity of style." Evidently the Doctor had altogether overlooked the literary giants of the Augustan age of Scottish literature, many of whom had been born in the purple. What of Lord Monboddo, whom Prof. McCosh calls "the most erudite scholar, as regards higher Greek philosophy, that Scotland has produced"; Lord Brougham, born in the same year as the Doctor himself; Lord Jeffrey, then at the zenith of his power, as literary man and critic? Surely the good Doctor's judgment was biassed, and—we all know the truth of Kane O'Hara's saying—"When the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong."

In any case, his diatribe against Lord Selkirk did no real permanent harm to the cause which the noble Earl had so much at heart, for the Selkirk Settlement on the Red River was the pioneer of the progressive metropolitan city of the West; it was the Iona which sent forth the men who have planted the cross all over the Prairie Provinces; it is to-day, commercially, the distributing

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centre of the vast territory lying between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains.

Bishop Strachan, like most converts from Presbyterianism, had a great affection for the church of his choice. We see this in much that he said, and certainly in every page that he wrote. The Church of England in Canada was the object of his many activities,—no trouble was too great, no sacrifice too exacting, if only the church benefited by it.

He believed in the Union of Church and State, not “for political, but for the purpose of making the State religious.” The ideal which he held ever before his mind, for Canada, was a veritable utopia. Towards its realization he bent all his great powers. In his vision, the school, the college, the university, represented the approaches to the church, and the church was the vestibule of Heaven. Over and over again, his schemes were doomed to disappointment; but, he never allowed himself to despair. He regarded what many took to be failure as a salutary discipline,—he “kissed the rod,” and went on with the work in hand.

His opinions were the result of much study, and thought, and concentration,—and, once formed, they were as adamant. They were serious convictions, impervious to ephemeral influences. John Strachan went to school all his life, and the lessons which he learnt, after he was in the “sere and yellow leaf,” were the most valuable of all. One has only to read over some of the Confirmation addresses prepared by him in his later years, to realize the wonderful softening process which had operated upon the heart and mind of the hardy Scot, who, in earlier days, gave

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to many the impression that he was almost devoid of natural affection.

Towards his clergy he was ready to recognize the latitude which by many is considered the crowning glory of Anglicanism. The Bishop himself might fairly be characterized as one who had in high esteem the sacraments and ordinances and the historic Episcopate, but who laid very little stress upon outward forms and ceremonies, unless where they were the undoubted tokens of spirit and life.

Because of his excellent business qualities, and his wonderful executive ability, some thought him careful even to cupidity; but he was no lover of wealth for its own sake; to him it was of value, only in so far as it enabled him to give to those who were in need, and to carry out the educational and church schemes that were so dear to him. He lived comfortably, but simply; and he died poor.

During the awful cholera time of 1832-4, he set an example of fearless devotion and absolute trust in God, which ought forever to have protected him from the cynical criticism of those who, in after years, did not see eye to eye with him in public matters. In those terrible days, he was unceasing in his care of the sick and dying; no office was too menial or unpleasant for him to perform; he made the dead ready for burial, in many cases he dug the grave, and he always read over them the words of resurrection hope.

He had a wonderful affection for little children, and, as is generally the case, the children returned the love. No one was more capable than he of

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adapting himself to the young folks; they never failed to understand him.

His keen sense of duty constrained him to ask his diocese for assistance in his Episcopal work, when he felt himself unable any longer to "bear the burden and heat of the day." In his 88th year, the Ven. A. N. Bethune, D.D., Archdeacon of Toronto, who had been a favourite pupil, and was afterwards a very dear and trusted friend, became coadjutor and successor. For only ten months were the two friends permitted to be fellow labourers in the Episcopate, Dr. Strachan having been called to his rest in November, 1867. It was a great joy and comfort to the elder to be thus supported, while the younger realized the great privilege that was his in being thus associated with his old friend and master.

Dr. Strachan's home life was in many respects an ideal one. He and his were all the time dispensing kindness and hospitality. No father could have been more solicitous about the best welfare of his children.

He never forgot the pupils of his early days in Canada. They were to him almost as his own, and he never failed to exercise a father's prerogative, whether of commendation or rebuke, as occasion demanded.

In many ways he was a really great man, and, like many another, he was often misunderstood, and his motives were misinterpreted by the men whose mental calibre circumscribed their outlook upon life. These had not the power to see beyond their own little, restricted area; but, in after years, when they could see things in the perspec-

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tive, they realized to some extent their own limitations, and the true greatness of the man who had gone.

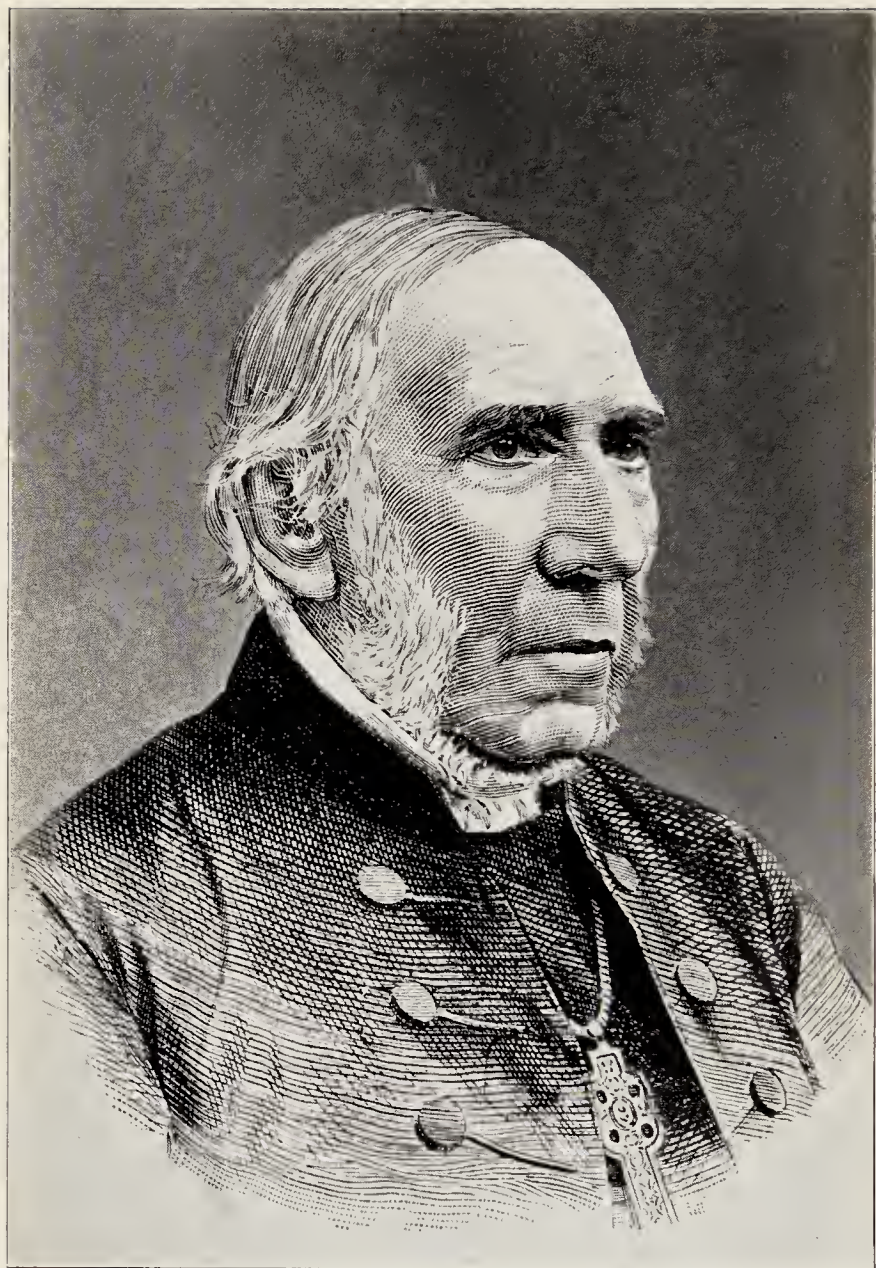
The Canadian Church had in Dr. Strachan a leader of superlative worth; an educationist who laid the foundations deep, and broad, and strong, upon which a church of living men has been raised to carry on the divine ideals of the historic faith; a Bishop who was in the truest sense a father in God to his diocese; a statesman, whose counsels were of inestimable value to the nation at a very critical and formative period in her history.

He came from a race of strong men; heredity and environment united to develop in him the very qualities that were needed to carry on pioneer work in both church and state; his ideals were of the loftiest kind; he was a man of faith and prayer; and God blessed his efforts, and crowned them with such wonderful success as seldom comes to any one man. It will be a sorry day for Canada when she ceases to keep green the memory of John Strachan, First Bishop of Toronto.

JOHN MEDLEY

By

Archdeacon Raymond



JOHN MEDLEY

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IN every human life there are certain events which stand out, in the light of memory, with a clearness that time cannot dim. To the writer of this sketch it seems but yesterday when we were gathered, as children much bereaved, around the bier of our loved first Bishop—sorrowing most of all that we should see his face no more. But time passes quickly, and it is now more than a score of years since the day, in the early autumn, when all of him that could die was laid at rest by loving hands beneath the shadow of his cathedral in the little burial spot he himself had consecrated many years before.

How well we who were present recall that day! There was a hush in the air, and a shadow over the Diocese, and men were saying to each other: "That was a great career which found its earthly close last Friday. That was a great heart which beats no more; and a great brain which has been bright and clear, and busy for many a long year with the grandest themes and interests; and a great will-power, which pressed right on, right through, right over the most real hindrances and difficulties; and a great wisdom, which knew how to deal with knotty problems and perplexing facts; and a great courage which never quailed or failed; and a great patience which could wait, and wait, until the storm should pass and the

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turmoil should cease; and a great firmness which could not and would not yield one inch of holy ground or catholic truth, or lofty principle, or steadfast conviction; and a great perseverance, which could renew, in the fitting time and way, some kindred purpose, or baffled effort; and a great energy, which kept vigorous nerves in an old manhood, until its work was done!"

To understand a man rightly we must understand his generation, its passions and aspirations. We cannot yet judge our own age. Our viewpoint is too near and lacking in perspective, and our ephemeral verdicts will many a time be refuted by the logic of later experience. But we can judge with greater fairness the generation of a hundred years ago.

The childhood of John Medley was coincident with the Napoleonic wars, and the stirring events of the period appealed very strongly to his lively imagination. He followed every incident of Wellington's memorable campaign in Belgium, and when Britain emerged from the contest victorious his enthusiasm was boundless. Although then only in his eleventh year the events of this critical period made a deep impression upon his mind. He read with avidity every account of the campaign that found its culmination on the field of Waterloo and became familiar with all its details. The memory of childhood is tenacious, and to the end of his life the Bishop was an excellent authority upon all disputed points in connection with the memorable battle.

Love of his native land was one of his characteristics and was as much in evidence at the age

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of eighty years as it was at ten, although he had learned, ere then, to love the land of his adoption even better than the land of his nativity.

The early manhood of John Medley was passed at an epoch which must be regarded as one of transition. Men longed for a liberty heretofore denied to them—a liberty which in our modern eyes may appear meagre and inadequate, but which then meant almost a legal and social revolution. It was the generation of Brougham and Romilly, of Russell and Grey. Carlyle and Tennyson were but hopeful youths. Jeremy Bentham was the political prophet of the new generation and Wordsworth its poet. Corbett's pen was still keen and dreaded, although Channing's silvery eloquence had recently been silenced in the grave. Fifty years before, the evangelical revival had lifted up the Church of England from sloth and indifference. But the tide was now turning. Another aspect of religion began to occupy the minds of the leaders and to arouse the enthusiasm of their followers. Around these leaders there gathered men of great ability and singular personal force—John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, William Palmer and John Keble, and recruits began to flock from every quarter. Fifty years before, the faithful preaching of the Gospel had been the cry. Now it was the Church and her services.

Whatever be the verdict upon the aberrations of later successors, there was in the Oxford or High Church movement no exception to the invariable rule that every great and durable movement is noble in its beginnings. How else could

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it have attracted the sympathy of all that was best of young England? Even many who afterwards became hostile fell in the beginning under its charm. Eminent lawyers like Phillimore and Coleridge; statesmen like Sydney Herbert and Gladstone; scholars like Mark Pattison; brilliant literary men like the younger Froude (afterwards to pass to a position of antagonism), all swelled the movement for the revival of Church life.

The age that moulded the character of John Medley was an age of aspiration and hope and action. The Church of England in the Diocese of Fredericton learned to know the spirit of the original Oxford movement, better than any history could teach it, in one who reflected what was best in it.

Our references to the early years of Bishop Medley must necessarily be brief. His father, George Medley, Esquire, gentleman, of Grosvenor Place, London, was a man of culture, if we may judge by the class of books that were to be found in his library.

John Medley was born on the 19th December, 1804. His father died while he was very young and the widowed mother's care and affection were thenceforth centred in her only child. He was always of delicate physique, but manifested from the first unusual intellectual power. His mother wisely cultivated in him the habits that promote longevity. Throughout his life he rose and retired at an early hour, was methodical in the apportionment of his time, rarely allowed himself to be hurried, was exceedingly punctual in all his appointments (and expected others to be so too),

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loved fresh air and moderate exercise, being especially fond of walking, and was temperate in all things. To his own surprise he outlived all his contemporaries and attained the ripe age of eighty-seven years. He died in the sixty-fifth year of his ministry and the forty-eighth of his Episcopate.

The Bishop always spoke of his mother with the deepest affection and gratitude. It was her hope and prayer that he might find his vocation in the ministry of the Church. Like Hannah of old she devoted him to the service of the Lord from his infancy, and he himself seems to have regarded the ministry as his vocation from the very first. Almost his earliest recollection was that of "preaching the Revelation" from an up-turned chair, with his pinafore turned back to front as a surplice. His mother was a woman of much strength of character, benevolent, devout and a firm disciplinarian. She was his first instructor. When he was three years old she taught him to repeat verses from the Psalms. At four years he was able to repeat the first and twenty-third Psalms. A little later we find an entry in the mother's Bible,—"John can say the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, aged six years." The difficulty of memorizing this Psalm arises in part from its great length, but is chiefly due to the fact that each verse is complete in itself and there is (in the English translation) nothing to indicate the sequence of the verses. Who among our busy clergy to-day would like to undertake the task of reciting with absolute correctness the Psalm which the little Medley could say by heart at the age of six years?

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It was largely to his mother's early training that the Bishop attributed his familiarity with Holy Scripture. Those of the clergy whom he assisted in their preparation for Holy Orders, were always impressed with his knowledge of the Bible. He never seemed to need a concordance, and could direct the enquirer at once to the book and often to the chapter in which the required text or passage was to be found.

Throughout his long life he was a student. He began the study of Latin at the age of six, of Greek at ten and of Hebrew at twelve. He was sent early to school, as his mother felt that he needed the companionship of other boys. Her care for the development of a sound mind in a sound body appears in an entry in her journal, when her son was in his ninth year: "Brown, a soldier of the East Middlesex Militia, came to teach John his exercises." The wholesome discipline of the English public schools did much to strengthen his delicate constitution. His reminiscences of school days at Bristol, Bewdley, Hammersmith and Chobham were very interesting, and in some cases very amusing. He liked to talk of them and there is no doubt that his contact with his school fellows helped to develop in him a manly and courageous spirit. Although of very small stature he was wiry and active and possessed good powers of endurance, which in after years stood him in good stead in many a long drive over rough roads when traversing the remote portions of his Diocese.

At the age of fourteen young Medley was confirmed by the Bishop of Lincoln, and about this

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time his decision to enter the ministry became fixed. His first attempt at a sermon was soon afterwards submitted to his mother. The manuscript is still in existence. In the sermon he imagines himself as speaking to "very rustic auditors." This incident foreshadows the general character of his preaching, which was always so simple, so direct and so impressive as to command the close attention of those who listened to him. Congregations at his Cathedral included many of the most highly educated men of a University town, whose seats were never empty when it was known that the Bishop was to preach, but at the same time it might be said of him, as it was of his Master—"the common people heard him gladly."

John Medley entered Wadham College, Oxford, at the age of eighteen and graduated with honours in 1826. He was ordained deacon in 1828 and priest the next year.

His early home life did little to prepare him for the Oxford movement, in which he afterwards became so deeply interested, but it did much to cultivate in him the spirit of personal piety and humility, which he never lost. At Wadham College, doubtless, there came into his life many an influence hitherto unknown, although at the time the sober school of Copelstone and Hawkins was still in the ascendant—essentially Protestant, though not illiberal in its tone.

From the University the transition was wide to the retired fishing village of Beer, just on the border of the Devonshire coast. But the young curate brought that sturdy individuality and

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genial smile, which the people of New Brunswick learned in after years to know so well, to bear upon the descendants of smugglers and wreckers, and Parson Medley was long talked of by the village grandsires as they looked out upon the matchless prospect across Seaton Bay.

In Devonshire he found the very characteristics which suited him, the simplicity, humour, force and a certain almost Caledonian clannishness of country folk, helped by a local accent, which, once heard, is ever loved and never forgotten. So, after a seven years' sojourn in Cornwall as incumbent of St. John's Church in Truro, it is no wonder that he returned to take the rectory of St. Thomas in Exeter, the ever-faithful city, where he laboured until his call across the Atlantic, there to spend the strength and maturity of his life.

To those who know the new world, it is hard to describe the beauties of an old world city like Exeter; the Cathedral, solid and almost lowly in its unassuming strength and beauty; the old wood-carved houses in the High Street; the Guildhall, where Charles I. was welcomed by the burgesses in the course of his daring western march in 1644 to intercept Essex; the market day, when the quiet streets are filled with the country farmers, and re-echo with the cheerful Devonshire tones until the evening, when by each devious and hilly road return the belated visitors, after a jovial dinner at the "ordinary," the day not having been entirely passed in total abstinence, but whose safety is well ensured by the steady progress of the "old mare," ambling along

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the well-known road, the reins hanging loose on her neck, and the driver usually fast asleep.

The Bishop never forgot the years of his ministry in Cornwall and Devon. While he was the incumbent of St. John's Church in Truro, he prepared, at the desire of Rural Dean Trist, a paper on the Episcopal form of Church Government, its antiquity, its expediency and its conformity to the Word of God. The paper is a strong and well considered presentation of the subject. It was published by request in 1835 and reprinted in 1846. Rural Dean Trist was so greatly pleased with it that he playfully observed, "If you ever should be made a Bishop remember that it was my doing."

Although Mr. Medley had already achieved a reputation as a man of letters, little of what he wrote appeared in print up to the time of his consecration as Bishop. In 1841 he published an excellent little pamphlet on Church Architecture, which he dedicated to his friend, James Wentworth Buller, Esquire, of Downes. To the same gentleman he dedicated a volume of sermons preached in the parish church of St. Thomas, Exeter.

A striking sermon on "The Harvest Field of the World," preached at Exeter Cathedral in 1843, was published by desire of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and at the request of the general meeting held in behalf of the S. P. G. and the S. P. C. K. It is impossible to read this eloquent and impressive sermon without coming to the conclusion that the soul of John Medley had been deeply stirred by the splendid missionary

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spirit in which the great George Augustus Selwyn had gone forth to his work in New Zealand. In one of the closing paragraphs of the sermon he speaks of Selwyn as "that truly apostolic prelate, who in the full vigour of youth, with the highest temporal prospects before him, left all to follow Christ"; and continuing, he says:—

"When we were, many of us, permitted to see him on the eve of his departure from England, when in this very Cathedral, and in another hallowed spot not far distant, he drew a tear from many an eye by his affecting remembrance of all the blessed home privileges and holy associations which he was about to leave behind, when our prayers and our blessings 'accompanied him' as of old, 'unto the ship,' the most sanguine of us could hardly have anticipated all that we should shortly hear of him; but his active mind and God's blessing have outstripped even the wings of our expectations. Already he has gone up into the land and divided it into ecclesiastical districts, and 'meted out the valley of Succoth;' already, in the royal spirit of Arannah, he has purchased sites for three churches, two of which are in progress, and a site for a cathedral (where is the wild enthusiast who ten years ago would have dreamed of a cathedral in New Zealand?); already he has arranged his cathedral library, 'the gift chiefly of dear friends in England.' Having mastered the native language during the voyage, he preached in it as soon as he landed. He has since performed his visitation tour of a diocese like half England in extent, chiefly on foot, or in open boats, sleeping in the bush, with the Angel

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of the Covenant for his protector, and the canopy of heaven for his curtain, amidst savage or friendly tribes, himself the common friend of all, returning after a three months' journey with his clothes worn off his back, and his shoes from his feet, laden only with blessings.

"All glory be to God, who has taught that apostolic husbandman how to 'sing the Lord's song in a strange land'; and the song is this,— 'though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' "

Missionaries of the S. P. G., driven from their homes in the old colonies, came to New Brunswick at the close of the American Revolution. Ere long they began to feel keenly the need of a resident Bishop. Indeed it was only four years after the arrival in Nova Scotia of Dr. Charles Inglis, the first colonial Bishop, that the Rectors of practically all the parishes in New Brunswick assembled in convocation at Mangerville, and addressed a memorial to Governor Thomas Carleton, in which they state they think it their duty, with His Excellency's approbation, to represent to His Grace of Canterbury that it is impossible for any Bishop at such a remote distance as Halifax to minister to the real necessities of the Church in New Brunswick. This was in 1791, and from that time forward the subdivision of the Diocese of Nova Scotia was advocated by the clergy and laity (and also by Bishop Inglis and his successors) for more than fifty years, with no result so far as New Brunswick was concerned.

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The leading newspaper of the province stated, in 1824, that for nearly twenty years New Brunswick had not been visited by a Bishop. And so late as 1830, Bishop John Inglis lamented that in consequence of the immense distances to be traversed and failing health on the part of his predecessor, many of the remote parts of the Diocese had never been visited by a Bishop, more than sixty churches, scattered over an immense area were unconsecrated, and nearly seven thousand persons were awaiting confirmation.

It was not until 1841 that there was any definite action toward making New Brunswick a separate diocese. About this time, however, steps were taken for raising an endowment for the proposed See of Fredericton. The province was poor, and had it not been for the kind and generous aid of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund the endowment would have taken a much longer time to complete.

The years that preceded the appointment of John Medley to the See of Fredericton were marked by unusual domestic sorrow and trial. His second son, Thomas Fisher, died in 1839. Two years later his young and beautiful wife faded away at his side in consumption, leaving six children, one an infant of a year old. Her memorial in the Chancel of St. Thomas' Church is the work of her father, John Bacon, Junior, the well known and gifted sculptor. It is a beautiful work of art, and we see in it the love of a father for his only child.

In 1843 the eldest daughter, Emma Medley, who had filled her mother's place in the home,

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died suddenly of scarlet fever. The Bishop's mother then came to the Vicarage to take charge of the family, but in the autumn of the following year (September, 1844), she was killed in a carriage accident at his side. The Bishop was himself stunned, badly cut and bruised. As soon as consciousness returned, his first thought was for his mother. The doctor said, "She is in no pain," and he did not then enquire further. The Bishop's left arm was so seriously injured that amputation was proposed. To this, however, he offered such strong objection that other means were tried and in time the circulation was restored and it became useful, though it always remained weak.

On the 31st October, 1844, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to inform Mr. Medley that it had been decided to separate the Province of New Brunswick from the Bishopric of Nova Scotia and to constitute it an independent Diocese. "It is most desirable," he wrote, "that this important station should be filled by a clergyman well qualified by learning and ability, by temper and judgment, by piety and soundness of doctrine to discharge its arduous duties. I have been informed by competent judges that you possess these qualifications in no ordinary degree. I therefore request your permission to mention your name to Lord Stanley as Bishop. The office is not to be coveted on account of its emoluments. That which will recommend it to you will be the consideration of the benefit which the Church and the cause of religion in general will derive from the superintendence of a zealous and judicious

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Bishop, which in the present state of the colony is much needed. There are few situations in which a good man could be more useful."

The position was entirely unsought; indeed the Bishop never knew the names of those who first recommended him to the Archbishop. We should perhaps not be far astray in surmising that among them were the treasurers of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, the Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge, the Ven. Archdeacon Hale and W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who were his personal friends. Mr. Gladstone, it may be noted, always had a very high opinion of the judgment and ability of Bishop Medley, and he is said, on one occasion, to have observed that "few wiser heads had ever worn a mitre."

Amidst all his domestic sorrows and with a large and helpless family to care for, he did not shrink from the task to which he had been so unexpectedly called. He had all the ability and enthusiasm of his friend, Selwyn, although in regard to physical strength and vigour they had little in common. Bishop Selwyn's prowess is well known. In his college days he rowed in the Oxford-Cambridge boat race and was considered an athlete. John Medley, on the other hand, had very little of the robust constitution and physique of his contemporary. His body was almost too frail and too delicately organized for the mental power within. He came out to his work, nevertheless, not only with willingness, but with enthusiasm, and from the first identified himself heart and soul with the people of his charge. With characteristic energy he defended the cli-

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mate of his Diocese. "I consider it," he says, "beyond all question a finer climate than that of England. It is undoubtedly hotter and colder, inasmuch as in July and August our thermometer ranges from 75° to 100° , and in December, January and February from a few degrees above freezing to 30° below zero. But neither the cold nor the heat are so trying as they would be in England. The cold is generally dry, so is the heat. I was out this summer with the thermometer at 98° without suffering more than in England at 80° , and zero here feels about as cold at 20° above zero in England. I do not hesitate to say that the chilly, starving feeling of cold and wet together is almost unknown here. Our sunshine in winter is at least three to one compared with England, the bright sun giving a cheerful look to the snowy landscape. As to the notion about wild beasts, etc., it is too ridiculous to talk of seriously. There are wolves, and bears, and wild cats in the thick parts of the forests; but one must go to look for them, generally speaking. The roads of general communication from town to town are very good. In the unsettled places they are, what roads in woods and bye-places in England are, very bad. But if men's hearts could be mended as fast as their roads, no one could complain of New Brunswick."

But while the Bishop stoutly contended for the country of his adoption, he must have realized to the full the change that his coming to New Brunswick involved. This only those can measure who know what the state of the province then was and can contrast therewith the old-

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fashioned home life of Devonshire and the cultivated society of Coleridges and Bullers.

John Medley was consecrated first Bishop of Fredericton on May 4th, 1845, at the Chapel of Lambeth Palace. The Bishops taking part in the consecration were the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley), and the Bishops of London (Blomfield), Lincoln (Kaye), Lichfield, Rochester, Hereford and Bishop Coleridge (late of Barbadoes). Before he left England Bishop Medley had determined to build a cathedral for his diocese. He chanced to visit some friends in Norfolk, and there heard of a church at Suettisham, which he visited, and with which he was so pleased that he sent Mr. Wills, a young draughtsman living in Exeter, to take the measurements requisite for his purpose. The first impulse was given to the Cathedral scheme by two old and zealous friends, the Reverends Messrs. Cornish and Lampen, prebendaries like himself of Exeter Cathedral. Through their efforts the sum of £1,500 sterling was raised and presented to Dr. Medley, by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, on the eve of his departure for New Brunswick. A local paper of the day speaks of the notable assemblage on the occasion. All ranks and classes were represented. In his address of farewell the Bishop observed: "If any of those personal testimonials, which are now so common and so cheap, had been presented to a Bishop of the English Church, going out to perform a spiritual duty in an important Diocese, I should have felt that the tone of this meeting had been lowered by it. In accepting this valuable tribute I do it as the servant

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of the Church, as your trustee for the fulfilment of a high and holy trust." . . . "I will only remind you that though absent in body we may still be present in spirit, and in the cathedral which we shall build the same strains will be sung as we have been wont to listen to here with so much delight, and those who worship there will use the same liturgy, will have the same Church to embrace them, the same spirit to animate them and the same God to love, to bless and to reward them." . . . "In taking leave of these kind friends who are with me here to-day, I cannot but recollect that human life is short and uncertain, and that chequered as my life has been with sickness and with sorrow, I may be taking leave of you for the last time, but whether it be so or not I shall never forget this day, I shall remember it with thankfulness to God, and I shall never cease to hope that I may continue to enjoy the prayers of those of whom I now take leave with so much affection, blessing you in the name of the Lord."

The Bishop in the course of a strikingly able address showed that he had already acquired a knowledge both of the history and the needs of his diocese. His allusion to the possibility of never revisiting his native land was quite in harmony with the whole-hearted consecration of his life to the work of the Church in New Brunswick. He did, nevertheless, on eight different occasions, revisit England, but always with some well-defined purpose in mind for the advantage of his Diocese.

There came a time when not a few Missionary Bishops, by reason of advancing years, or health

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impaired by arduous toil, or lack of steadfastness, sought retirement and rest in some of the sheltered nooks in England. But John Medley chose rather to forget his own country and his father's house, and with the passing years it became more and more the desire of his heart to be found at the close of his life still at his post and to lay down his burden amid the scenes of his labours and to rest at last beneath the shadow of the Cathedral his hands had reared. We may anticipate the course of events sufficiently to relate an incident in this connection.

On the eve of his sailing for England to attend the Lambeth Conference, in May, 1878, the clergy of the diocese presented him with a handsome Episcopal ring, on which his arms and those of the See of Fredericton were engraven. The Bishop was visibly touched and spoke with much feeling in his address of thanks, closing with these words: "It is my earnest desire and determination to spend my remaining days, so long as God shall give me strength to be of any use at all, among you, and the happiest day of my journey will be when I set my foot on board the steamer which will bring me back to your shores."

During his stay in England he preached a striking sermon in behalf of the S. P. G. in one of the churches of Oxford, in which he affirmed his determination to die at his post, quoting the words of Ruth, as he concluded: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be

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buried: the Lord do so to me and more also if ought but death part thee and me."

Shortly after the farewell meeting at Exeter in 1845, Bishop Medley sailed from Liverpool in the "Cambria," and after a passage of eleven days arrived in Halifax on the 31st of May. The next day he preached in St. Paul's Church and received the Holy Communion with the Bishop of Nova Scotia, whom he seems to have met for the first time, and with whom he always maintained the most cordial relations. His anxiety to reach his Diocese did not admit of delay and on Wednesday he embarked in the yacht *Columbia*, Captain Owen, for St. John, where he arrived on Saturday. The following day he preached three times in different churches. Next day, accompanied by a party of the clergy and others, he embarked in a steamer and proceeded up the River St. John eighty-five miles to Fredericton, where he arrived at sunset and met with a very cordial reception. Sir Wm. Colebrook, the Governor, was the first to greet him as he landed. He was accompanied by his chaplain and five of his little children, with their governess.

On the day following, being the festival of St. Barnabas, the Bishop was duly installed in his See and Her Majesty's Letters Patent were read by his Chaplain. By the Letters Patent the town of Fredericton was made a Cathedral City. This was several years before the town was incorporated by act of the Provincial Legislature.

A few days after the Bishop's arrival the magistrates and citizens of the "City" presented him with an address expressive of their good-

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will, signed by one thousand persons, including Roman Catholics and Nonconformists.

A meeting was almost immediately called of all persons friendly to the erection of a cathedral, and the sum of £3,000 was promised, and upwards of £1,000 additional subscribed a few days later. The corner stone of the proposed edifice was laid by Sir William Colebrook on the 15th of October, in the presence of a very large concourse.

Meanwhile the Bishop had not been idle, but engaged in the task of becoming acquainted with his diocese. During the summer he visited all the missions on the St. John River as far north as the Grand Falls, two hundred and thirty miles from the sea. At the expiration of six months he had traversed three-fourths of the diocese, holding about thirty confirmations in as many places. He also consecrated six churches, ordained eight clergymen and confirmed seven hundred and ninety-four persons. In the performance of this duty he travelled eighteen hundred miles, mostly by wagon over rough roads.

All through his life the Bishop was helped by a cheerful optimism. He writes on August 29th, "Everything bids fair to open a glorious harvest. I have application from ten young men for the ministry, a thing never heard of before; and I rejoice to find that everywhere the people are anxious for the ministrations of the clergy."

So far all seemed promising, but it was not long before he encountered strong opposition. The Bishop had a strong will, in common with nearly all men of high purpose and lofty zeal.

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But for such a will his Episcopate would not have been so fruitful of results as it proved. His character was of the truest and best English type, manly, honest and courageous, fearless of consequences when doing what he felt to be right. To those who were not intimate with him he might often have seemed to be austere, but to those who knew him well there was evident a kindness, almost playfulness of disposition which was very attractive. Simplicity of manner and plainness of speech testified to his guilelessness, and there was in him at all times a shrinking from anything like pretence or hypocrisy. He was the friend of the poor and the bereaved, nor was there ever a good work brought to his attention, for which money was needed but there was an offer on his part to help it.

Much of the opposition with which he had to contend centred in St. John. This city regarded with disapproval the selection of Fredericton as the Diocesan centre. Party spirit, too, was strong, and the Low Church party decidedly in the ascendant. Anything savouring of sacerdotal claims, even of the mild pre-Tractarian type, was gall and wormwood, Rome and the Scarlet Lady personified. Nor had the idea of the Church of England as a comprehensive body rather than an established and endowed sect entered the minds of any but a scanty minority. The services of the Church at this time were neither hearty nor attractive. Even in the parish church at Fredericton, which (after the Bishop's arrival) served as the pro-cathedral, there was so late as the year 1843 no responding on the part of the

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congregation. A young divinity student of this period informs us that in a congregation which included the Governor of the Province, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Council, the officers and soldiers of an Imperial Regiment, and a large number of the first people of the town, he was one of the three among all the men who were present who knelt in the prayers, and he scarcely ventured to raise his voice with that of the aged clerk in the responses. Little attention was paid to church music; in some instances objections were made to chanting the canticles. The so-called hymns in use consisted of a meagre selection from the metrical version of the Psalms by Tate and Brady. The trills and flourishes indulged in by the organists were of a most extraordinary kind, serving to draw forth an occasional admonition from the wardens and vestry. Church buildings and church services were alike dull and dreary. In most cases the Holy Communion was celebrated quarterly. The black gown was always used in the pulpit and free-will offering and free pews were almost unknown.

At the time of the Bishop's arrival there was not a single church in the Diocese which would at the present day be thought properly arranged and furnished, and the churches that were in building were after a style of architecture long since discarded.

A few years after his arrival the Bishop was called upon to consecrate an edifice more than usually repulsive to his cultivated eye. Upon being asked by a leading parishioner to give his opinion of the building he replied, with true

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Devonshire bluntness: "Mr. R., when you build a church, build a church, and when you build a barn, build a barn." The furnishings of all the churches were very meagre. In the case of a country church, consecrated in the early days of the province, the Rector wrote to a friend in St. John: "At a meeting of our wardens and vestry, it was agreed that Mr. Daniels should be employed to make a ball and Mr. Clarke to make a spindle and weathercock for our steeple, to be put up before the Right Reverend's visitation here. We are likewise in want of a two-quart pewter christening basin, two plates and a pint cup for our communion table, as they will be required by the Bishop. If the cup could be had of block tin I should prefer it."

This letter was written in days when the poverty of the community admitted of nothing better, but the time had surely come for an advance in such things, and this the Bishop strove to promote. Unfortunately a strong and bitter feeling prevailed in many minds against anything that savoured of innovation. At the present day we can hardly understand the bitter antagonism between the Georgian ideas of the old school and the newer school of Bishop Medley. One of his critics, looking at the cathedral walls when rising slowly from the foundation, was heard to say, with solemn voice, "And so we went towards Rome."

The Bishop spent the summer of 1848 in England endeavouring to procure funds for his cathedral, candidates for holy orders and assistance for the Church in the rural parts of his dio-

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cese. He succeeded in some measure in all these objects. At the time of his return a very eminent statesman, Sir Edmund Walker Head, was Governor of the Province. He was a man of scholarly attainments and had been a contemporary of Bishop Medley at Oxford. He was also scrupulously attentive to his religious duties, although by no means in accord with the Oxford movement. When he was told of the Bishop's return and of the success of his mission he said, with a characteristic shrug of his shoulder, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" (I fear the Greeks though bearing gifts).

With prejudices such as these to contend with a man of less courage and resolution might have been dispirited. But Bishop Medley was sufficiently militant for the time. Those who know the history of the Church in New Brunswick will not wonder that a man of his strong individuality and positive teachings should have drawn upon himself the contumely and even the slander of his antagonists. But, throughout this trying period he never proved bitter or resentful or unforgiving, and always respected an honest man, no matter how different his view-point might be from his own.

The erection of the cathedral was not a popular enterprise with the majority of the church folk of New Brunswick. Even in Fredericton there were not a few who regarded it with disfavour. Some considered it to be wasteful and extravagant to spend so much money in such an undertaking. Others were very much opposed to free seats, which the Bishop regarded as a *sine qua*

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non in the cathedral. Nothing could have carried the project to a successful completion save the Bishop's unequalled zeal and determination. At one time the building committee decided that the work of construction must be stopped until better times and new contributions should enable them to resume it. The Bishop returned from the meeting much distressed. He spent the night in anxious prayer that some way might be found for going on with the work. The next day there came by "the English mail" a letter in an unknown hand enclosing a donation of £500 sterling. The letter was signed F. S. M. Work was at once resumed, nor was it again stopped for lack of funds. The Bishop never tried to ascertain the name of the unknown donor but, by his direction, the initials F. S. M. were cut in the next stone laid in the south-west pier of the central tower, and they are there to this day.

As the acknowledged friend of Keble and Pusey, Dr. Medley was viewed with distrust by the Evangelical School. Many of its members, clerical and lay, could not conceive that real vital religion could exist in connection with "High Church" views. The Bishop made no attempt to disguise his sentiments, and indeed he really was not a man of extreme views. He tried to treat with fairness those who differed from him in their standards of churchmanship, and manifested great self-control under strong provocation.

The Rev. Dr. Gray, rector of Trinity Church in St. John, was a man of marked ability and personal attraction and had a large and influential

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following. Many of his friends had hoped that he might have been selected as the first Bishop of the Diocese. He was regarded as the leader of the Evangelical party and was himself stoutly opposed to the Oxford movement. Nevertheless it is but just to Dr. Gray to say that while he did not always see eye to eye with the Bishop, and was, moreover, a strong polemical writer, he was a fair-minded man and avoided personalities in any controversy he had with his Diocesan. He opposed his policy in some matters, but as years passed on asperities were softened until mutual respect gave place to friendly regard, and in the end Dr. Gray had no hesitation in accepting the position of an honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. His followers, however, were not so considerate, and some of them were rancorous in their attacks. Usually the Bishop ignored the diatribes which from time to time appeared in the newspapers, but whenever he made reply he showed that he was far from helpless in the field of controversy. He was never known to reply to the numerous attacks made upon him by anonymous writers.

But while the Bishop was generally silent, his friends were not. One of them, writing in his defence, says: "There is something ludicrous to me in the idea of Bishop Medley being a Jesuit, as has been affirmed. He is so anti-Italian, so thoroughly Saxon, so John Bullish. To my mind he is the genuine representative of his County of Devonshire, whose soil and products are too entirely English to produce genuine disciples of Ignatius Loyola. The main question is, does he

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say what he means, and does he mean what he says? And as I am convinced that he does, I feel naught else than pity and indignation at the cuckoo cry I have mentioned. The fact is his very plainness is one of those constitutional idiosyncrasies which he can no more help than the colour of his skin—plain language, plain manners, simple habits, and sermons that are plain and unornamented to a fault. But it is charged that he is a lover of ecclesiastical architecture, and has built a chapel, on the gable of which he has affixed a cross. Church and chapel building by church dignitaries has been, I think, rather a rare occurrence anywhere; therefore it seems an instance of liberality quite unusual that a Bishop presiding over a poor Diocese, with a comparatively small professional income, should not only live plainly and simply, and be distinguished for unostentatious personal habits, but that he should, though having a considerable family of children, devote largely of his means to the erection of a chapel absolutely consecrated to the service of the Most High, and that this chapel should be absolutely free to all comers as long as the fabric shall last. . . . Dr. Medley is a man of like passions with ourselves, and a warm, energetic and confiding nature exposes him to hasty action; but let us not love those who delight to irritate, depress and deceive him.”

Nevertheless the “Low Church” party, with the aid of its organ, “The Church Witness,” continued strongly to oppose him. He was viewed with distrust—the more so when accounts were received of terrible secessions to the Church of

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Rome on the part of some of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. He found it difficult to bring about the most desirable and harmless changes in the mode of conducting divine service. Changes that were often desired by the clergy were opposed by their congregations, which pinned their faith to the utterances of the "Church Witness." Any proposed alteration was called the "entering wedge," or the "step by step system." The temper of the leaders of the opposing party appears in the records of a certain parish, from which we cull the following extract:

"Living as we do in days when there is a manifest disposition on the part of many who are clothed with episcopal authority to lord it over the people, therefore every successful movement on the part of the parishes in asserting their rights should be proclaimed throughout the land."

But let the dead controversies bury themselves and let us rather think of the cathedral placed by the river side, forever afterwards his memorial and his work; of that moment when it seemed as if it never would be finished, and how prayer was raised and the unknown gift made all things possible once more. The cathedral was consecrated in 1853, and the day was to its founder one of joy and thanksgiving. Though not large, the Fredericton Cathedral is justly regarded as a veritable gem, more like the old world churches than any other in Canada. Standing amid the tall elms and the green sward of the close, with the noble river flowing by and shady alluring streets stretching out into the pleasant little city,

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it seems, like Salisbury, a type of the "Church at Rest."

With the lapse of years the antagonism which had hampered Bishop Medley gradually subsided and appreciation of his sterling qualities became more and more general, until at length he received from the pen of the Rector of perhaps the most staunchly evangelical church in the diocese the following remarkable tribute:

"His countrymen of this Province know now, if they knew it not at first, and learned it but tardily, that they have had among them one who in any country and in any environment, could have stood in the foremost rank; not as a scholar, although his knowledge far outstrips many possessors of showy academical diplomas; not as an orator, though to listen to his preaching is the supreme luxury to a trained literary taste, and not one of his clergy even distantly approaches him; not even as an organizer, for the business faculty does not thrive perhaps in Devonshire, but in that mysterious result which men call character, which transcends all that men can *do* in what they *are*."

Bishop Medley could not play the part of courtier or modern politician. He was not infrequently wanting in tact and discernment. He was sometimes brusque to the verge of rudeness. But he was always honest and sincere. His second wife, Margaret Hudson, of Devonshire, whom he married in 1863, was a woman of ready wit as well as of great ability and tact. She proved a true and devoted help-mate in his later years. Great as was her influence with the

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Bishop there were many times when he could not be moved one iota by all her tact and cleverness in his fixed determination, and the writer remembers her observation on one of these occasions: "My dear, there are just three kinds of people in the world, men, women and Medleys." She afterwards frankly admitted that on these occasions the Bishop was usually right.

Many a time did some unlucky divinity student who had incurred his Lordship's displeasure, confide his grievance to good Mrs. Medley, who was always tactful and sympathetic, although she rarely ventured any further criticism of her liege lord than to observe, "You know it's his way."

On one occasion the Bishop, who was then well past his three score and ten, spoke with some asperity to a lady of the Cathedral congregation. She felt that the words were unjust, but knowing his really kindly heart, said to her family, "Well, it's just his way." Early next morning a foot-fall was heard on her verandah and coming to the door she found herself confronted by the Bishop. He had walked a mile and more to her residence and on seeing her observed in his blunt fashion, "Good morning, Mrs. B. I was rude to you yesterday, I have come to tell you how sorry I am." Needless to say he was promptly forgiven. He would not enter the house to rest, but having fulfilled his mission, turned and walked back to morning prayer in his loved Cathedral.

He possessed a keen sense of humour which often came to his aid in embarrassing situations. It is related of him that on a certain occasion an

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ambitious woman asked him to write his name in her book of autographs. He complied, and on his returning the book she said petulantly: "But you haven't put down what you *are*." He took the book again and with a twinkle in his eye added the words, "A miserable sinner."

While visiting Campbell's he chanced to cross the channel separating the island from the mainland, and landed at the little American town of Eastport. The episcopal habit, gaiters, apron and hat at once attracted general attention, and the lady who accompanied him was filled with consternation at the comments of the juveniles who followed at his heels. "What is it?" said one. "Look at its legs," said another. So far from being indignant the Bishop laughed heartily, asked the boys if they thought he would do for Barnum's show, and in the end came off with flying colours.

The genial stories told by the Bishop were not seldom at his own expense. On one occasion in Albert county, where he hoped to establish a resident missionary, he found a hospitable welcome in the home of a Baptist family. In the course of conversation he asked the good woman of the house whether there were any "Episcopalians" in the neighbourhood. She replied hesitatingly: "I don't really know; the boys killed *something* under the barn yesterday."

Although small in person there was a quiet, unconscious dignity about Bishop Medley, which at all times commanded respect. This was the case with strangers quite as much as with those who knew him intimately. The writer very well

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recalls the remarkable way in which the Bishop when travelling on a steamer on the River St. John once took to task an actress, a member of a travelling theatrical troupe. The person in question had indulged in unbecoming language. The rebuke administered was so trenchant and yet so kindly that it won the admiration of a very miscellaneous audience. The offender subsided and the atmosphere at once became wholesome.

Although the Bishop had many controversial matters to vex him during his Episcopate he never cherished resentment. In his friendship he was constant and unwavering. Of this we have a remarkable example in the friendship which for years subsisted between the Bishop and Dr. Brooke, the old Presbyterian minister of Fredericton. Dr. Brooke was a scholarly man, of gentle demeanour, universally and deservedly esteemed. Failing health at length confined him to his house, where the Bishop was a frequent visitor. When in Fredericton it was the custom of the Bishop to visit the Cathedral Sunday School in the afternoon, after which he almost always called on Dr. Brooke, reading a Psalm and offering prayer. A rumour got into circulation at one time that the Bishop had lost all his private means by reason of a disastrous commercial failure in England. The loss eventually proved not to have been so great as had been supposed. Dr. Brooke, however, upon hearing the first rumour was greatly distressed. Accompanied by his admirable wife, he waited upon the Bishop and placed at his disposal the whole of the savings which they had

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stored up for themselves against a time of need. This generous action the Bishop never forgot. He did not avail himself of the offer, but he ministered to his old friend while he lived and followed his remains to the grave as a mourner when he died.

Bishop Medley was a many sided man. We have already referred to his knowledge of architecture. It is not too much to say that the revolution which he effected in the style of the Church edifices in the diocese during his life time was marvellous, and as a consequence it is doubtful if any diocese in Canada to-day has so many tasteful country churches. He was also a lover of church music and a composer of no mean attainment. For forty-five years he was the musical conductor as well as head and director of his Cathedral choir. Those who had the privilege of belonging to that choir will retain a vivid recollection of the pleasant weekly meetings for practice in the drawing-room at Bishops-cote and the kindly welcome extended to each member. Next to his cathedral perhaps the Bishop loved his choir, though he is said to have confided to intimate friends that its management gave him more trouble than that of his diocese. It was in the days of the great Samuel Wesley, under whose care and direction the Cathedral Choir of Exeter assumed an importance and efficiency second to none at that time in England, that the Bishop received the most valuable musical impressions of his life. The training of his choir was always a labour of love and none will forget how, when met together, all cares of office

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put aside, the often harassed look upon his face would vanish, and his features shine with a happiness beautiful to witness. Not less striking was the zeal and enthusiasm with which he would throw himself into his work; the active mind alert to notice the least indecision or mistake, while a vigorous movement of hand or foot, oftentimes of both, would testify to the importance he attached to time.

The Bishop's ready wit was always in evidence at his annual birthday party, when his choir and other intimate friends were invited. On such occasions Mrs. Medley, whose dress at other times was plain almost to a fault, appeared in her best, her face radiant with delight, while her charming and gracious manner won all hearts. The Bishop liked to have her name linked with his when the birthday honours were proposed. An elderly clergyman on a certain occasion, in proposing his Lordship's health, observed that he rarely officiated as a toast maker without having an uncomfortable feeling afterwards of having forgotten something that he particularly desired to say. "In this case," the Bishop interjected, "it seems to me you are forgetting the better half!" The clergyman promptly apologized and asked leave to couple the name of Mrs. Medley with that of the Bishop in proposing his health.

Blunt and outspoken as he was the Bishop had a warm place in his heart for little children. In the Sunday School he was a constant visitor, and the children were always delighted at his coming. He sang among them as though he were a child

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himself, standing in the centre of the group. He was indeed the great lode of the school.

He lived in days when strong leadership was essential and those who were in touch with the struggles through which he passed will admit that he was sufficiently militant. Throughout his long Episcopate of nearly forty-eight years, his activity continued nearly to the end, and it was not until he reached his 75th year that he requested the appointment of a coadjutor, lest the diocese should suffer by reason of his declining strength. He then divided his stipend, giving one-half of it to his coadjutor. His energy was amazing, and when in his eighty-fifth year his right hand was temporarily disabled by a severe strain, he learned to write with his left.

With all his zeal and energy and plainness of speech, the Bishop had a poetical soul and was a lover of nature. Some of the similies in his sermons and addresses are very beautiful. Two examples are selected.

“What can be more beautiful in colour than the full moon on the sea, as the waters laugh and dance and play with its beams; or than the sunsets on our own river, with ever-changing hues of orange, green, and purple, as if the whole depth of the water were coloured; or than the indigo mist that rises from the little mountain stream, which thread-like winds its way among the hills, and is gradually lost to sight; even as the silent prayer from a poor man’s heart finds its way into the ocean of God’s love.” Or again: “On my visitations I have sometimes travelled through rain all the morning, and just before sunset have

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reached the borders of the River St. John. Then suddenly the storm would break away to the eastward, and on the western side of the river the sun bursting forth would clothe the hills and trees and plants and even the grass with a mist of burnished molten gold, so that each object stood out distinctly, and seemed to come close to the eye, glorious as the streets of the New Jerusalem, which is said to be 'all gold transparent as glass.' Meanwhile the river, darker than ever, from the clouds which overcast its waters, murmured sullenly along, like that dark stream which we must all cross to pass to those golden streets and regions of unclouded sunshine, sullied by no impurity, never overcast by clouds of doubt and sin and sorrow."

JOHN HORDEN

By

Dr. E. J. Peck



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A QUIET cathedral city was the natal place of the late John Horden. He was born at Exeter in 1828. When quite young he attended St. John's School in the same city. Here he was brought under strong Christian influences, and finally, through the Holy Spirit's convicting and enlightening power, was led to a saving knowledge of Christ.

Having become a member of the congregation of St. Thomas's, Exeter, he joined a class of young men in connection with this church. The Vicar organized monthly meetings and tried in every possible way to create and foster a missionary spirit amongst his people. God blessed these efforts, and the result was that Mr. Horden and others consecrated their lives for God's work amongst the heathen. Mr. Horden offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and although his thoughts were first directed to India, yet he was willing to go wherever God might send him. He was then in his twentieth year, but already God had been preparing His servant for his future work, for he had, after his very early school days, been apprenticed to a trade. He had, however, by patient plodding work, freed himself from the necessity of manual labour

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and became the master of two schools successively. Thus, at least, two great and essential qualifications were acquired which proved of priceless value in the late Bishop's life, *viz*: great ability for practical work and wonderful teaching powers.

May 10, 1851, was a golden day in Mr. Horden's life, for on this date he received a letter from the Rev. H. Fenn, Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. This communication contained the important news that he had been appointed a missionary to Moose Factory, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's stations situated on the southern shores of Hudson's Bay. Previous to this momentous call he had been engaged to a young lady, Miss Oke, who like-minded with himself, had offered her life for missionary work. Mr. Fenn, who knew of this engagement, advised him to marry before sailing. But only a few weeks remained before the ship started on her annual voyage. Miss Oke was consulted and she bravely consented to go. Mr. Horden left his school, they were married, and on May the 25th started for London. Here they remained till June 8th, from whence they sailed for the scene of their many and successful labours.

A few extracts taken from Mr. Horden's diary will, I think, best illustrate the spirit in which he went forth to his noble work. They will also give some idea of the difficulties which confront missionaries and others who voyage through those "ice-choked" seas to the lonely lands beyond.

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"We roam," Mr. Horden said, "to an unknown land, but it is the call of God May He give us those qualities so necessary for the performance of His work—meekness, humility, patience, perseverance—and may Divine love so pervade our hearts that we may be enabled to draw those around us by the cords of His love."

Having crossed the vast Atlantic the ship entered Hudson Strait, and Mr. Horden writes of this in the following graphic manner: "Yes, we had entered Hudson Strait, Resolution Island being on our right (*i.e* northern side), while on our left lay an immense field of ice which extended many miles. The captain and mate became very anxious. An ice stage raised eight or nine feet above the deck was erected, giving a more elevated position for observing the many and scattered floes, and on this continually walked up and down one or two of the ship's officers. A man too was constantly at the bow on the lookout, and yet the blows we received were very heavy, setting the bells a ringing, and causing a sensation of fear.

"The ice becoming more open we again hoisted our sails, and in two or three days we cleared Hudson Strait and entered the Bay itself. But danger is not over, difficulties had scarcely commenced. Ahead, stretching as far as the eye can reach, is ice, ice; now we are in it. More and more difficult becomes the navigation. We are at a standstill. We go to the masthead—ice! rugged ice in every direction. One day passes by—two, three, four; a week passes. For nearly three weeks we are imprisoned. Then

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there is a movement in the ice. It is opening. The ship is clear. Every man is on deck. Up go the sails with all speed. No prisoner ever left his cell with greater joy than we left ours." After these thrilling experiences they sailed south, and finally anchored in the "Moore Roads" on August 23rd. Three days later Mr. and Mrs. Horden passed on in a smaller vessel to their destination, Moose Factory. Here they were cordially welcomed by Mr. Miles, who was then in charge of this station. This gentleman and his wife proved true friends to the missionaries; the latter especially, who possessed a thorough knowledge of the Cree language, became a great help to Mr. Horden in reference to the spiritual side of the work. A Wesleyan missionary had also spent some five years at this post, and Mr. Horden found in some hearts the fruit of seed sown by this servant of God, whose labours the late Bishop ever held in grateful remembrance.

With characteristic energy Mr. Horden commenced the study of the Cree Indian, and after eight months could preach to the people. The work at Moose gave much encouragement and Mr. Horden rejoiced to see the evident tokens of God's blessing which rested on his efforts. But there were many Indians and Eskimos who lived along the vast shores of Hudson's Bay who were sunk in the very depths of heathen depravity. Conjuring, murder, thieving and other evil deeds were quite common, and greatly did Mr. Horden desire to reach these depraved people. With the kind help of the Hudson's Bay Company's

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officials he travelled from place to place, and was often away from Moose Factory for a considerable time. We shall see how steadily he kept in view the spiritual welfare of every soul in that extensive region, and how, especially during his closing years, he reached some of the most northerly positions in Hudson's Bay. Bearing these facts in mind we may justly call him "the Apostle of Hudson's Bay."

In 1852 Bishop Anderson, who at that time had the whole of Rupert's Land for his diocese, travelled by canoe and land to Moose. Finding the work prospering so remarkably, through God's blessing on Mr. Horden's efforts, he ordained him to the sacred office of the ministry. This was one of three visits which this saintly Bishop paid to Moose, all of which were greatly enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Horden.

On account of the roving life of the people Mr. Horden early realized the absolute necessity of giving to them God's Word and other spiritual food which they could use at their hunting grounds. But the Indians, like the Eskimos, had no native literature. How then could they be taught to read and write? Fortunately a Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. A. Evans, the pioneer to the Indians who lived to the north of Lake Winnipeg, had invented a system called the Syllabic. It is so named because a single character can express a syllable instead of a letter, and as the signs are simple and the sounds regular, untutored people like the Eskimos and Indians soon acquire the art of reading through the means of this wonderful invention. Mr. Horden soon

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utilized this Syllabic scheme, and bent his energies to translation work. He commenced by translating the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, etc. The Indians soon acquired the art of reading and writing, and some were able to teach their own people whom they met on their hunting expeditions. Finding this branch of the work of such wide influence, Mr. Horden translated most of the Prayer Book. The manuscript was sent to England with the request that a thousand copies might be printed. The ship which was expected to bring these out "arrived at last, but instead of bringing the much desired books it brought every requisite for a printing office, except the printer." The printer, however, was found in our zealous missionary, who set up the syllabic type, and with the help of a sharp little boy, not only printed the Prayer Book, but also translated and printed copies of the Gospels, together with a Cree hymn book. A stupendous undertaking, but one which ever gave God's servant deep joy on account of its far-reaching and wonderful spiritual power.

Time would fail one to tell of all the labours which filled in the first fourteen years of Mr. Horden's missionary career. Enough for me to say that, according to the oft repeated statement of Mr. and Mrs. Horden, they were years of much blessing. During this time six dear children were born in their isolated home; one, however, was called to rest, and greatly did the parents' hearts yearn over the little one, although they, as God's servants, knew that their Lord and Master could do nothing unkind.

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Having placed one of his pupils (Mr. Vincent), in charge of the mission at Moose, Mr. and Mrs. Horden, with their family, sailed for England, where they arrived in the autumn of 1865. From this time till the summer of 1867 they remained in England. But this was by no means a season of rest for Mr. Horden, for he fully realized the importance of getting in living touch with friends who had been led to follow his arduous labours with interest and practical help. Frequent journeys as deputation for the C. M. S. were therefore cheerfully undertaken and many new friends were raised up to help on the good work. After his return Mr. Horden thus wrote, his message rings with the true missionary spirit: "Far from regretting the comfort with which I was then surrounded (in England), I rejoice in being able to report myself as occupying my old sphere of labour, and working for those who otherwise would know nothing of the Lord who bought them."

The next five years following his return proved a period of most encouraging and arduous labour. He resumed his work of translating and also tried, in every possible way, to teach promising pupils who attended his school at Moose. Some of these were children of the Hudson's Bay Company's officials or employees, and, through God's blessing on Mr. Horden's efforts, two at least were led to devote their lives to the sacred office of the ministry in Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Horden also extended the area of his missionary journeys and made visits to Little Whale River, where the Eskimos received him gladly.

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Here, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mrs. McLaren, the wife of an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, who could speak the Eskimo language fluently, he taught some of these isolated people of the Saviour's love.

Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, who took such a deep and sympathetic interest in the work of Mr. Horden, was succeeded by Mr. Machray, who, early in his Episcopate, visited Mr. Horden at Moose. It was this great ecclesiastical statesman who subsequently proposed that Moose, together with the vast regions bordering the shore of James and Hudson's Bay, should become a diocese. Mr. Horden was chosen as its first Bishop. He was summoned to England in the autumn of 1872, whither he travelled *via* Canada. It was late in the year, so he went without wife or children.

Great had been God's blessing during these two periods of missionary work. For the gospel light was now shining at five stations; twelve native teachers had been raised up, and the professing Christians numbered no less than sixteen hundred and twenty-five souls.

Mr. Horden was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on December 15th, 1872, at the same time that Bishops Russell and Royston were set apart for China and Mauritius. He remained in England till May 24th, 1873. This proved a most strenuous time. Full of zeal the Bishop moved swiftly from place to place. Large audiences listened to his manly, lucid and inspiring addresses. Hearts being touched, offerings were freely given to God. Many and sometimes large

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contributions helped thus to augment the funds of the C. M. S. But this was not all, for through the free-will offerings of many friends the Bishop was able to lay the foundation of two most important funds, *viz*: an Endowment and an Extension Fund, both of which, through the generous help of the C. M. S. and friends in England and Canada, were practically completed before the Bishop's death, and have proved of untold value to the Bishop's successors.

Moose was reached again on the 22nd of July, 1873, and most cordially was the Bishop welcomed by his waiting people. With, if possible, greater zeal he set to work, and like that great missionary, Carey, he "planned great things for God, and expected great things from God." These plans were, first, to divide his vast diocese into various districts, and, second, to place in each an ordained missionary who, with the help of native teachers, could thoroughly grapple with the work committed to his charge. The Bishop, keeping these important objects steadily in view, and ever looking to God for men and means, soon had the joy of seeing some important positions occupied. The Albany district was placed under the charge of one of his old pupils, the Rev. J. Vincent, who afterwards was appointed Archdeacon of Moose. He had longed much to place a missionary in the southern part of Moosonee where a considerable number of Ojibway Indians lived. He was now able to send to them a native clergyman, the Rev. J. Saunders, who had been partly educated by himself. Another of the Bishop's pupils

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(the Rev. E. Richards), whom the writer knows well and loves for his devoted life and work, was first stationed at Mattawagama. He was afterwards sent to Little Whale River to help with the Eskimo Indians at Rupert's House and Port Hope.

But the Bishop's heart also yearned over the Eskimos. His former visits had ever been to him a source of encouragement, and his love for them grew deeper and deeper. He knew, however, by trying experience the difficulty of reaching them even in the summer time as a journey of six hundred miles had to be undertaken by canoe or boat along a dangerous coast. Under the circumstances he wrote to the committee of the C. M. S. , urging them to send out a man. The Rev. Henry Wright, then the Hon. Secy. of the Society, felt keenly, like the Bishop, the spiritual needs of this brave people, and the writer was appointed especially for Eskimo work in 1876.

In September of this year I reached, after a tedious voyage, Moose Factory. When I landed the first one to welcome me was the Bishop, who with a hearty handshake said in cheery tones: "Welcome to the shores of Rupert's Land, Mr. Peck." One could not help being impressed with the good Bishop's striking personality. Intense energy, great determination, linked with a genial spirit and a tender heart were the characteristics which stamped themselves upon his strong and loving face. As we walked towards his home he conversed freely about the voyage and other matters, and I soon felt that

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I had in him a friend who was ever ready to give helpful advice and information from his ripe experience.

Before starting on the long journey to Little Whale River I spent a few days with the Bishop and Mrs. Horden. Some members of their family were with them, and I enjoyed much the kindness of all who lived in that hospitable dwelling. Mrs. Horden, especially, was the essence of kindness, and being endowed with not a few strong and helpful characteristics, was truly a helpmeet to the Bishop in his good work.

On the Sunday after my arrival I had the pleasure of attending both the English and Indian services in the Bishop's modest cathedral. Speaking of the service, it was both a surprise and a joy to see over two hundred Indians joining in an intelligent, reverent manner in the worship of God. Nearly every member of this striking congregation possessed portions, at least, of God's Word, also other books which they used with evident interest. So here one could see the result of many years of patient, prayerful work which, through the power of the Holy Spirit, had wrought much wonders amongst this people.

After spending a winter amongst the Eskimos I received a most kind letter from the Bishop in which he desired me to go to Moose. I arrived there in August 1877, and I now give some further recollections, which, I trust will enable our readers to see other aspects of the Bishop's remarkable work, character, and influence. When I reached Moose I found the Bishop surrounded

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by his Indian flock. They had arrived from their hunting grounds and the Bishop was busy from morning till night ministering to their spiritual needs. "Ship time" was also close, and many of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers had travelled to the Company's headquarters, so there was also much to do for their spiritual benefit. Everyone seemed in a fever of expectation. The "white-winged messenger"—the annual ship—and the probable day of her arrival, were ever the chief topics of conversation. At last the glad news sounded forth: "The ship has arrived! the ship has arrived!" The reading of letters and unpacking of boxes now became matters of primary interest. But amongst the consignments that year there was one, especially, which gave intense delight to the good Bishop—the whole New Testament in Cree. We have seen how years before he had with his own hands printed the Cree Gospels. But later on the noble Bible Society undertook to print in England, Syllabic versions of the Scriptures for missionaries labouring amongst the Indians and Eskimos. For many years the Bishop had been translating the remainder of the New Testament, and now a large box filled with copies of the "incorruptible Word" was in his possession. And never shall I forget the look of joy which rested on the Bishop's face as he shewed me a neatly bound copy of this wonderful Book, and spoke of the consummation of his many hopes and years of toil.

After all the year's supplies had been landed the ship sailed, carrying many loving messages

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for friends and relations far away. Everything was then, under our Bishop's direction, made snug for the winter, after which both English and Indian day schools for children were regularly held. The Bishop, especially during the early days of the Mission, undertook the whole of this work himself. He was what one might truly call "a born teacher," and nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to impart knowledge to others. And in this connection never shall I forget what I owe to him. During my stay at Moose I was kindly entertained by the Bishop and Mrs. Horden at their own table. But as there was scarcity of room I studied and slept in a little house some distance from the Bishop's residence.

The winter soon set in, but no matter what the weather might be, the Bishop would be seen regularly at 9 a.m. approaching my dwelling place, sometimes wading through deep snow, or forcing his way through wind or drift. A hearty "good morning" followed his entrance. Then the previous day's work was carefully examined, questions asked, or information given, as the case might be. The Greek Testament, various other theological subjects, together with the study of both the Cree and Eskimo languages formed a fairly full course. The Bishop, to my dismay, also told me that he expected me to write a sermon in the Cree Indian as one of the examination subjects for Deacon's Orders. My ordination, which took place on the 3rd of February, 1878, was a solemn season. "Preach the Word" (2 Tim. IV : 2), was the Bishop's text.

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Space forbids our giving his sermon in full, but the following extracts will show how deeply the Bishop realized the inner spirit of Christ's teaching. They also speak to God's workers with no uncertain sound. After calling attention to the character in which St. Paul would have Timothy to go forth, *viz*: as a "herald," he dwelt upon the significance of "The Word," and the manner in which it should be ministered. "The missionary," he said, "should not look so much to his surroundings as to his prospects in his ministerial work." Speaking of the absolute necessity of faithfulness in dealing with souls, he remarked: "A numerous body of Indians, and a few Europeans and half castes are likewise entrusted to your care. The soul of each one is equally precious in the sight of Christ, and must be so in yours. Neglect no opportunity of speaking a word for Christ. Think it no less important to speak to one than to five hundred. The deep spiritual sermons in St. John III and IV were preached in each case to but one person. Preach the Word to hundreds when you have opportunity. Preach to the single individual as occasion arises. In the house, in the iglo (snow-house), in the tent, in the Church, preach the Word."

Still helped and instructed by the good Bishop I remained at Moose till July 1878, when I went forward again to Little Whale River.

In 1878 the Bishop was summoned to the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land, which was held in Winnipeg. He preached the sermon at this important gathering, and was thus able to

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tell many honoured servants of God the wonderful story of his work in his almost boundless diocese.

In the winter of 1878-1879 we find the Bishop in the northwesterly portion of Moosonee, where after spending some months with the Rev. G. S. Winter at York Factory, he proceeded in February 1879 to Fort Churchill. This remarkable journey was accomplished with sledge and dogs, during which the thermometer registered an average of 30 degrees below zero. The Bishop's full account of this thrills with interest, but I can only give a few extracts here: "Feb. 4th—Bitterly cold with cutting wind blowing in our faces; our way lay over plains interspersed with belts of trees; encamped between one and two o'clock at Partridge Creek." "Feb. 5th—Cold still more severe; wind as yesterday, right in our teeth; could not travel after eleven o'clock, when we encamped at the edge of Stoney River Plain. With the exception of myself, all were frozen; the guide and James Isaac, my special attendant, very severely." "Feb. 6th—No change for the better but obliged to proceed, as food for both men and dogs is limited." "Feb. 7th—Wind very high and cold with a little snow and much drift; could not proceed after eleven o'clock, when we encamped on the edge of Big Plain." "Feb. 8th—We started . . . and faced the plain. In looking over it one could fancy himself beholding the frozen surface of the sea; no trees or bushes break the uniform level of white . . . at eleven o'clock we reached Bwaak, and proceeded no farther; it was terribly cold. Tem-

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perature 46 below zero." After eleven days of what the Bishop truly called "unmitigated misery" he arrived at Churchill House, where he was most hospitably received by Mr. Spencer, the Hudson's Bay Company's agent and his wife.

After remaining at this Arctic outpost for two months he travelled south to York Factory from which place he sailed with the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel for England, where he arrived in the autumn of 1879. Over seven years had thus passed away during this third period of his apostolic career. This last, however, to use his own expression, had been "the most intense of his life."

Till the summer of 1882 the Bishop remained in England where again his interesting and forcible accounts touched many hearts and won many new supporters for the work. He then returned to Moose *via* Canada, and calling as he did at many places, came in touch with friends whom he had met on former visits. He also preached in various Churches so that his wonderful experiences also became widely known in Canada.

During the year 1882 the Bishop wrote to me saying that he expected two new workers, the Rev. H. Nevitt and Mr. J. Lofthouse (now Bishop of Keewatin), to arrive by the annual ship. He desired me to go to Moose to meet Mr. Lofthouse, as our Bishop wished our brother to spend a winter at Little Whale River before commencing his important work amongst the Eskimos at Fort Churchill. On arrival at Moose I found the Bishop hale and hearty and

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working, as ever, with all his might. After a brief waiting time the ship arrived. The safe arrival of the brethren mentioned was a fresh spring of joy to Bishop Horden. His plans for the organization of the diocese were progressing, and he thanked God for sending him these devoted workers to strengthen his hands in God. A brief, happy and profitable season was spent at Moose, then Mr. Lofthouse, myself, with a crew of Indians, an Eskimo lad, and sundry items packed in a large canoe started on our long journey; the Bishop sending us on our way with his blessing and his prayers.

At the close of this year he travelled to Albany with sledge and dogs, a distance of one hundred miles, to hold a confirmation. But when he and his companions returned the snow on the frozen sea had become so deep, and the weather so bad, that the journey lasted six days, during which time they neither saw a house nor met a human being.

The year 1883 was a period of intense trial and anxiety. Whooping-cough broke out at Moose and at Albany. At the latter station no less than forty-four died out of the small community, and at Moose the disease was scarcely less fatal. In August of this year a heavy storm did much damage at Moose, and as the yearly ship was expected about this time much anxiety was felt regarding its safety. September arrived, still no ship, and the prospect of spending a year without the expected supplies filled everyone with alarm. At last, on September 21st, the ship was seen, and many hearts were filled with thanksgiving to God.

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The year 1884 was also one of much sickness and distress. Influenza raged at Albany and at Rupert's House. The Bishop managed to travel to Albany where his coming gave new hope to the stricken people. In this year the writer went to England by crossing from Little Whale River to Ungava Bay in a canoe manned by Cree Indians, from which place he travelled along the Labrador coast to St. John's, Newfoundland, and from there reached home. This is only alluded to here to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude I owe to the Bishop especially during this first period of our missionary course. For it was he who encouraged one to press forward to Ungava Bay, even when driven back on two former occasions. And it was he whose life-giving words proved a stimulus and inspiration to one's soul, and helped one to persevere in the good work.

Our next picture of the devoted Bishop is taken from his home life. After our marriage Mrs. Peck and myself arrived at Moose in July 1885. Mrs. Horden, who had so bravely and perseveringly remained at Moose for so many years, had, chiefly on account of the great duty of seeing to her children's education, gone to England. We had expected to go forward to our northern home (Fort George), in 1885, but God ordered otherwise. For on medical grounds Mrs. Peck had to remain at Moose till the following year. The Bishop, however, with his un-failing kindness, received us into his home, and made us a part of his family. The Bishop's log-house, strong and durable, but certainly not

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palatial, contained five rooms on the upper floor, while a large kitchen with pantry and two other small rooms were situated on the ground floor. The Rev. H. Nevitt and Mr. Richards were also then at Moose, so altogether we formed a rather large and, I may truly say, a happy band. An old Indian woman, named Mary, who was assisted by an Indian boy, performed the offices of cook and general servant. Great regularity and simplicity of life reigned in this humble abode. Breakfast, which in the winter often consisted of boiled salt fish, bread and butter with coffee, was served after morning devotions. At 9 a.m. the Bishop went on with his translation work, teaching, etc., till about noon when, if the weather was fine, he went out for a walk. Dinner followed at 1 p.m. The afternoon was again filled in with translational and other work. Tea, which meal was of a simple and wholesome nature, took place at 6 p.m. On some evenings, especially on Saturday evenings, the Bishop had little social gatherings during which he read aloud, or invited one of the company to read some entertaining and instructive book. Should Indians arrive at Moose during the winter from their hunting grounds they invariably went to see the "great praying chief," and, needless to say, the Bishop did everything possible for their spiritual and temporal needs. Sunday, both summer and winter, was always a very full day. Service for Indians, some of whom were always employed by the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose, was held at 7 a.m. English service followed at 11. Sunday school for both English-speaking and

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Indian children was held at 3 p.m. This was followed by an Indian service, and the day closed with another service in English at 7 p.m.

Touching again on the Bishop's home life, he certainly was a wonder as regards the food problem. There was always a supply of flour, oatmeal, biscuits and other necessities in his store. These, of course, had to be ordered a long time in advance, and much care had to be exercised in making out lists intended to cover, not only the needs of one year, but also to leave a good margin in case of the non-arrival of the ship. It is true that, through the kindness of the Hudson's Bay Company, he could obtain provisions from their store, but he took care to have reserve stores on hand so as to meet any possible emergency. He also obtained from the Indian converts supplies of fish, rabbits, geese and ducks to supply his missionary family. But although the Bishop thought much of the needs of others, I have seldom met anyone who thought less of his own personal wants. The simpler and plainer the food the more he seemed to enjoy it. Indeed, I have seen him eat with evident relish dry deer's meat, called rather suggestively "dead Indian," and certainly tough enough to try the masticatory powers of those blessed with the strongest dental forces.

The Bishop's home was by no means dull. He possessed a genial hearty spirit which exercised a happy influence upon others. Although he had a strong will and could, when necessary, speak plainly to others, yet I have never known him to really lose his temper. His home was,

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therefore, a home of peace. Speaking more fully of this happy spirit, doubtless the noble work which God had committed to his trust was to him a continual, spiritual and, may we not say, a physical tonic? And he kept on working. He was always doing something directly or indirectly for the people he loved so much. Even in the depth of winter, when weather conditions and thoughts of loved ones far away might tend to make him depressed, he would then gather up the fragments of time and utilize such by writing letters to his many friends in England and Canada. Placed near his desk was a box, something like a small travelling trunk, and there day after day he would drop letters into this capacious receptacle until at last it became almost full. True, he had to wait a long time before he could send his large mail on its homeward way, but eventually his messages were received, and hearts were moved by his most interesting and graphic records. The reflex power of the sympathetic answers he received together with the ready help of not a few supporters was well known to the writer. And so wisely and regularly did he keep in touch with his host of correspondents that we can well understand the meaning of a statement which I heard from himself, *i.e.*, he had "never lost a friend."

Busy as one was with the study of the Cree and Eskimo languages, etc., and enjoying the Bishop's genial presence and help, the worst of the winter soon passed away, so in February, 1886, I travelled to Little Whale River to minister to the Eskimos, while Mrs. Peck remained

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under our kind Bishop's care at Moose till I returned in June. The spring of this year was one of alarm and danger, for the ice in the Moose River broke up earlier than ever had been known before. The danger of such a "break up" is that the ice near the coast is often stronger than that which is formed farther up the river, while in ordinary years there is a more gradual wasting away of the whole expanse. This weaker ice naturally gives way first, and being borne along by the ever increasing flow of water behind it, rushes with terrific force against the barrier which confronts it. The result baffles description. The water rises rapidly and vast piles of ice are literally hurled one on top of the other in the most chaotic forms imaginable. So dreadful was the impact and so high did the water rise this season, that vast floes were driven close to the Bishop's house, and the flood threatened to destroy the building altogether. Mrs. Peck owes much to the Bishop's forethought and care during this time of peril. He, realizing the danger in time, took her from his house to a higher position, and after a night of intense anxiety, was able on the following morning, with the help of some of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, to finally convey her in a canoe to a place of safety.

The next year, 1887, was one of comparative quiet, which, considering the strain of many of the previous years, was a merciful change and doubtless saved the devoted Bishop from what might have been a physical breakdown. After this recruiting time we find the Bishop travelling

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again. The needs of his vast charge required his presence in England. So in May 1888 he left Moose in a birch-bark canoe, and after at least one startling adventure he reached the more southerly parts of Canada, from whence he proceeded to England. Here he had the joy of meeting Mrs. Horden and his family again. He was also warmly welcomed by the many friends who had learned to love and appreciate his work and labours. The demands upon his time and strength, however, became greater than ever. Invitations literally poured in upon him to speak almost everywhere. He did what he could. But the strain became almost unbearable. In 1889 the Bishop presided at the C. M. S. evening meeting in Exeter Hall. This vast annual gathering gave the Bishop a most heart-moving reception, and as the Bishop looked upon that "sea of faces" he must have realized how real are God's compensations. He had given up much for Christ. True, but the Saviour had given him much in return; yea, thousands of spiritual sisters and brothers who compassed him with love, prayer and unfailing help.

In May of 1889 the Bishop returned to Canada, and while in Montreal met, in a most providential manner, the Rev. J. A. Newham, the son of an old friend. Mr. Newnham desired to be a missionary. God's guidance was earnestly sought in prayer. The links in God's providential chain then became connected and clear. Mr. Newnham joined the mission at Moose and, as friends know, eventually became Bishop Horden's successor.

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Passing west from Montreal the Bishop with wonderful energy travelled north again to the lonely stations, York Factory and Fort Churchill. In the autumn of this year we find him at Moose once more to which place he had taken passage in a small schooner sent with supplies from Moose to York Factory.

The winter of 1889-90 was very severe at Moose. Rabbits, partridges and fish failed. True, the mission party never felt the want of food, but they had many a dinner in which there was no animal food.

Our next glimpse, so to speak, of the Bishop, was when he visited us at Fort George in July 1890. After holding confirmations here we went on together to Great Whale River in a canoe. Such a journey was no light undertaking for one of the Bishop's age and physique. We tried to make him as comfortable as possible, but naturally the limited space in this frail craft did not give much room for the free use of any of our legs. We camped every night, but often we were forced to land on barren stoney spots. We tried to remove the heavy stones and level as much as possible the rugged ground, but with all our efforts such sleeping quarters were anything but restful. Stage after stage of our journey simply meant "roughing it," but yet the Bishop bore all with a brave spirit. Moving on we arrived one day at a barren point to the north of Cape Jones. Here a number of Eskimos were living in common seal-skin tents. We landed at once, and in the midst of large stones, a brief, informal but inspiring little meeting was held. The Bishop

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was delighted, and he eagerly inquired concerning their knowledge of spiritual things.

The night we reached Great Whale River was one never to be forgotten. Towards evening as we paddled along a dangerous coast a heavy swell began to roll in from seaward. This was the sign of a coming storm. We might have then found a place to land, but tired as the Bishop was he desired us to press on. He realized, as indeed we all did, the probability of our being delayed for days on this rocky shore should the storm in its fury burst upon us. So onward we went. The evening came on. Point after point was passed in the gloom. Then we moved into what seemed total darkness. But our guide seemed to know just where to steer. At last amidst the mighty swells we passed into the mouth of Great Whale River. Soon welcome lights were seen. These shone from the windows of the Hudson's Bay Company's officer's house, D. Gillies, Esquire, who gave us on landing a right hearty welcome. It was a little after midnight when we arrived and shortly after a mighty gale arose. Thus did God lead us in safety to the place we wished to visit for His sake.

Work at most of the out-stations was by no means easy. There was no church at Great Whale River. But Mr. Gillies kindly placed at the Bishop's disposal the loft of a large store. Here amidst sundry items connected with the company's business the Bishop ministered to his unique congregations. The Indians were called first, and a motley group they looked, as some seated on rough seats, and some in other posi-

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tions, they gathered in this strange church. A service of a simple nature was first held, after which they were divided into classes. Some were catechised, and some of the backward taught to read. Closely following the Indian came the Eskimo service, after which they were, like the Indians, divided into classes. Before the Bishop left for Moose he confirmed six of the Eskimos and three of them partook with us of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In 1891 the Bishop had, at least for a portion of the year, the pleasure of the company of Mr. Newnham. He was also, as was his invariable practice, busy with translating work whenever he could find an open and quiet time for this all important thing.

In June 1892 we had to travel from Fort George to Moose on account of Mrs. Peck's health. The medical gentleman who was stationed at Moose was consulted. It was his opinion that Mrs. Peck must have a thorough change, so it was arranged that we should return to England by the annual ship. I saw much of the Bishop during the time we waited for the vessel's arrival, and I now pass on to speak of our last recollections of this truly apostolic Bishop. The wear, strain and anxiety of forty years of incessant toil were evidently leaving their mark on his strong constitution. There was not the bodily vigour, although there was the same devoted spirit of the past, indeed his love for the people and work seemed to grow, if possible, deeper as years advanced.

The ship duly arrived, bringing a new worker,

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the Rev. W. G. Walton, for Eskimo work. The Bishop had desired for years to send a man to Ungava Bay for this people, but the way being eventually closed Mr. Walton went to Fort George. Here he has laboured for many years with many tokens of God's blessing. As the Rev. J. and Mrs. Newnham were also at Moose, little social gatherings were held from time to time. At such hymns were sometimes sung—each member of the company choosing a favourite. One hymn of the Bishop's choice, which was sung by us all with much feeling, I shall never forget:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul:
Guilty, lost and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me," etc.

Indeed at this time especially, it seemed as if the Holy Spirit was moulding and refining His chosen vessel and causing Christ's image to shine out from him with a bright and burning light.

At last the ship was ready to sail, and the time of parting had arrived. We, early in the morning, went on board the Hudson's Bay Company's coasting schooner the "Miak." This vessel was used to convey passengers to the ship, which on account of the shallow state of the Moose River, had to anchor some eight miles from the station. But, early as it was, the Bishop was with us. Many kindly words were spoken, and messages sent through us to his loved ones. The anchor was soon "lifted," and with a firm grasp of the hand the beloved Bishop wished us "God speed." As he moved towards the shore in the morning light we watched, as

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far as we could, his receding and kindly face, but little did we think that we would not see that face again. Life, however, is in a great measure made up of surprises. God's ways are not our ways, neither His thoughts our thoughts, but wisdom and love are the substance of them all. For God knew that in calling His servant home from the scene of his labours, his death, rather his call into life, would speak in trumpet tones to thousands in Canada and England, and would engender prayer and increased interest in the work and so bring more glory to God.

The following touching accounts of the Bishop's illness and death are taken chiefly from the story of the late Bishop's career which was published by the C. M. S. "The Christmas of 1892 was spent in his sick room amid much suffering. Looking back to November we learn that having taken full duty on Sunday, 20th November, he got up on the following day before dawn, as was his wont. He commenced his revision work at 7.15. He worked for a quarter of an hour when he was attacked with rheumatic pain. He tried to keep at work, but after prayers and breakfast was obliged to go to bed. In a letter to a friend the Bishop thus speaks of his sufferings at this time:

"Almost directly an automatic torture machine of the finest temper and the most exquisite sensitiveness established itself near my left hip, and, at every movement, set to work with horrible intensity and regularity. What I suffered it is impossible to describe and, even if I could describe it, it would not be understood by those who have not passed through a similar ordeal.

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“ ‘Rheumatism and myself had been companions for many years, as was to be expected from the great exposure to which I had been subjected, in my summer and winter journeys through the mighty diocese of Moosonee, with the thermometer varying from 100 degrees in the shade to 50 degrees below zero. I have suffered in back, legs, feet; I have been so bad occasionally that I could not walk down over the stairs, and when assaulted by my unpleasant companion out of doors I have been often obliged to exercise my strongest force of will to prevent myself from being thrown down in the snowy road.

“ ‘All these things I did not mind much; I could bear pain, and they did not interfere materially with my work, and as long as that could go on I was content. But it was a different thing now. With increased pain came inability to work, and for a week I lay almost unfit for anything. I seemed for a while to make progress towards recovery, and three weeks after the attack, was able to walk from my bedroom to my study with a little assistance; then a relapse occurred, and I scarcely have been out of bed since, and when I shall again God alone knows.

“ ‘But He has been very, very good; He has kept me in peace . . . and endued me with as much cheerfulness as I ever possessed.’

“The medical gentleman at Moose did his utmost. The Bishop had also the company and most. The Bishop had also the company and daughter, who was married to the gentleman in charge of Moose Factory. He talked about the work to Mr. Newnham, and of his plans for next

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summer. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Newnham and their kindly help and sympathy, together with the knowledge that God had given him one like-minded with himself to carry forward the good work, was undoubtedly another means of comfort in these times of pain and weakness.

"The Bishop was, after Christmas Day, removed to Mrs. Broughton's house. The Hudson's Bay Company's officers and servants drew him there on a sledge. Ten days passed, and he seemed brighter and better, after which signs of weakness began to show themselves, and the doctor grew anxious. On the night of 11th January, all save the doctor went to bed, hoping to find the patient better in the morning. The doctor sat up till 1 a.m., and returned at five. By 8 o'clock the Bishop was so weak that his daughter and son-in-law were called into the room; but almost before they reached him he had passed away from failure of the heart's action.

"He was buried on January 21st, four of his clergy being present. The body was clad in episcopal robes, and placed in the simple sanctuary where, for so many years, the Bishop had proclaimed 'the Gospel of God.' The sorrowing Indians came to take a last look at the face they loved so much. One gazed and then drew near and kissed the cold brow, and went away sobbing bitterly; and his example was followed by all the rest. He was laid to rest by the side of a daughter and grandson. So ended a work of forty-two years in a land of many hardships, yet

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also of many triumphs. Bishop Horden's successor found the diocese well organized, one native clergyman, and twenty-six native lay teachers at work, and nearly 3600 baptized native Christians; most of the Bible in the hands of the people, and other literature also."

As we now sum up our sketch of the Bishop's life, so full, so overflowing in blessing, we naturally inquire what were the forces which controlled and inspired it. The first great force was love—the love of Christ constrained him. He realized, in a very true sense, that he had been "loved into life that he might love others into life." There was a continual enjoyment of Christ's pardon, love, grace and peace. He was, therefore, one of the happiest of men. His face was the index of his soul. He looked unto Jesus and was "radiant." And as there was the inflow of love, so was there the continual outflow. He longed to bring others to the fountain of love—Christ. The Gospel of Jesus' love, in all its wonderful range and power was the message which appealed to his soul and which he preached. No wonder, therefore, that God blessed such a testimony to the salvation of many souls.

As regards his views, the Bishop was in many respects what might be called a strong Churchman with deep evangelical convictions. He loved Christ and His appointed ordinances. Christ Himself in all His love, power and glory stood first, and other truths circled, as it were, in their due order around the great spiritual luminary—Jesus, "the Light of the world." But

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though holding his opinions with a firm grasp, he was by no means bigoted. He read various papers which reached him from England, bearing on Church life and work, etc., with keen interest. He was, therefore, in some respects better able to take a comprehensive and correct view of problems affecting the Church than some living in England and in southern Canada who did not study, like himself, these sometimes burning questions. He gained thus clear and correct views of the opinions of others who might differ from him; and it was this knowledge, linked to a loving and genial spirit, which made the late Bishop such a welcome guest in many homes in England and Canada.

The second great force which moulded the Bishop's life was the ever-abiding conviction that God had given him a special work to do. That work was to spend and be spent for an isolated and poor people. Few in numbers though they were, he loved them deeply, and cast his whole life upon the altar of God for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He had heard the call, he had seen the vision, and he held nothing back. He kept God's will and glory ever before him, and toiled on for the Indians and Eskimos to the end. Such was the object of his life. And yet the Bishop had offers which would have led him—using an expressive though somewhat common phrase—into “soft places,” had he not looked and worked steadily on to the end. Writing as I could freely to our Bishop regarding the Eskimo work, and having heard of an opening for such work in Baffin Land, I mentioned this and asked

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of course his opinion on such an important subject. In reply he wrote in the most sympathetic spirit, and threw himself fully into the project. And there is one clause in his letter which has lived in my heart for years, and which forcibly illustrates his earnestness and singleness of purpose—"Ever onward," said the Bishop, "in the name of our God."

The other force which saturated, as it were, the Bishop's being, was his passion for work. We have seen in this brief account illustrations of his wonderful working powers, but here I may fitly gather up our impressions. The words of the apostle: "In labours more abundant" might surely be applied to the late Bishop. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which found a deep place in the Bishop's heart. For when we think of him in "travels oft"; or when we think of his patient persevering ministrations by which many a soul was illuminated and filled with peace from on high; or of his wonderful linguistic work through which the life-giving Word was brought within the reach of practically every Indian in his diocese; or when we think of him pleading so earnestly and successfully, during his visits to Canada and England, for the people he loved so much: in all these things we see a life filled with Divine energy. "He worked terribly." He not only "endured," but he laboured, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

And now as I close I seem to see the face of the beloved Bishop before me. His influence has passed, and will continue to pass into my life and

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the lives of others. "He being dead, yet speaketh." May we, like him, "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life." (Rev. XI. 10 R. V.)

WILLIAM BENNETT BOND

By

Dr. Tucker



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THE life of Archbishop Bond, was, in many ways, an ideal one. He rose, by his unaided exertions, from a humble position in a business firm in Newfoundland, through all the stages of clerical life,—Travelling Missionary, Rector, Canon, Archdeacon, Dean, Bishop, Metropolitan, to the Primacy of all Canada. And when he died, at the advanced age of 91, he was beloved and revered by the entire community in which he had lived, and the whole Canadian people exclaimed “there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.”

The outward steps of his remarkable career may be traced in a few words. He was born in Truro, Cornwall, September 15, 1815; the day, it is said, on which the news of the battle of Waterloo, fought June 18th, reached his native town. His father was John Bond, an officer in His Majesty’s army; a solemn, austere man, from whose character many of the virtues of the future Bishop were inherited. His mother was Nanny Bennett, a sweet pious woman, whose main purpose in life was to bring up her family in the paths of righteousness. William Bennett was the eldest of twelve children, and while he was still young his family removed to Hay Lake in

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Cheshire, from which place he attended the Calday Grammar School, at West Kirby, conducted by a certain Mr. Price. At the age of seventeen he left his home and sailed for Newfoundland where he entered a place of business and soon came under the influence of Mr. Mark Willoughby, who subsequently became rector of Trinity Church, Montreal. Through the influence of another good man whom he met about this time, Mr. Bridge, he decided to enter the sacred ministry. In 1840 he was ordained deacon by Bishop G. J. Mountain, in the cathedral at Quebec; and in 1841 he was elevated to the priesthood by the same Bishop, in the cathedral at Montreal. He now returned to St. Johns, where he married Eliza Langley, who was his faithful companion and fellow-labourer for nearly forty years.

He began his ministry as travelling missionary on the borders of the Eastern Townships, with headquarters at Napierville, where, in those rude early days, he bravely faced the toils and hardships of pioneer life. To that period may be traced the awakening of his interest in primary education, and he was the means of establishing many schools where none had existed before. It was no uncommon thing for him, in the space of four weeks, to travel as many hundred miles and to conduct between thirty and forty services in as many different places. Most of his travelling was done on horseback, over roads that at times were well nigh impassable. His first fixed charge was the rectorship of St. Stephen's, La-machine, where his memory is cherished even at the

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present day. There his conspicuous ability and zeal came into greater prominence and, in 1848, he was chosen to assist Rev. Canon Leach in the fast growing work of St. George's Church, Montreal. It was in connection with this church that he did perhaps his most enduring work. For fourteen years he laboured faithfully in this subordinate position, till, in 1862, he became rector of the church, when he invited Rev. Edward Sullivan to become his assistant. In 1863 he was appointed Rural Dean of Hochelaga, and, under his fostering care, the interests of the Church in the city and neighbourhood, advanced by leaps and bounds. In 1866 he became Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, and in 1868, on the removal of Dr. Sullivan to Chicago, he chose as his successor Rev. James Carmichael. In 1869, to meet the demands of an ever-expanding work, the old church on St. Joseph Street was sold and a larger and more beautiful building erected on Dominion Square. In 1866 and 1870, in connection with the Fenian raids into the Eastern Townships, he went to the front as chaplain to the 1st Prince of Wales Regiment. In 1870 he became Archdeacon of Hochelaga, and, on the death of Dean Bethune in 1872, he was made Dean of Montreal. In 1877 he received the degree of M.A. from Bishop's College, Lennoxville and that of LL.D. from McGill University. On the resignation of Bishop Oxenden in 1878 he was elected to the See of Montreal by the Synod alone, the House of Bishops having declined to nominate, and he was consecrated in St. George's Church on St. Paul's Day, January 25, 1879.

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On the resignation of Archbishop Lewis in 1901, he was elevated to the dignity of Metropolitan of the Province of Canada, and, on the death of Archbishop Machray, in 1903, he received the highest honour in the gift of the Canadian Church when he became Primate of all Canada. And at 6.30 a.m. Tuesday, October 9, 1906, in the See House, Montreal, surrounded by the members of his family, he peacefully breathed his last. It will be observed that his promotion was very gradual and somewhat tardy throughout the course of his life. He was twenty-five years of age when he was ordained to the diaconate, two years after the canonical age. He remained in an obscure or subordinate position for twenty-two years and only became rector of St. George's at the age of forty-seven. He was sixty-three when he was elevated to the Episcopate, and only became Primate at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

His personality, as far as imperfect human nature will allow, was, like his life history, ideal. He was cast in almost heroic mould. Well over six feet in height and of proportionate size, his appearance was eminently imposing. His eye was of a singularly piercing character, "an eye like Mars to threaten and command," and when its glance fell upon you, you felt as though it read you through and through. And his voice was in a category by itself. It was like the lion's roar or the sound of many waters. It has been my privilege to hear some of the greatest orators, both in Europe and America—Father Hyacinthe, Canon Liddon, C. H. Spurgeon, Henry Ward

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Beecher and Phillips Brooks; but for volume, fulness, bigness, I have never heard such a voice as his. And when he stood in the pulpit his imposing form, his eagle eye and his majestic voice made you realize what Elijah the Tishbite, or John the Baptist must have been.

His character was perfectly reflected in his person. He was eminently a manly man. He had a natural affinity with the heroic and the noble. Nothing mean or small could, by the remotest suggestion, be imputed to him. Sincerity stamped every word of his mouth and every act of his life. Men came involuntarily under the spell of his powerful personality. Some of the most distinguished clergy of our Church gladly acknowledged his leadership. Bishop Baldwin, Bishop Carmichael, Bishop Sullivan, Bishop DuMoulin willingly called themselves his followers. Under the guise of apparent severity his sympathy was warm and deep, though it often showed itself only by a glance of the eye or a pressure of the hand. So that strong men and diffident women did not hesitate to come to him when they stood in need of counsel or of sympathy.

It is only right to acknowledge that a most kind Providence favoured him in the time and place of his ministerial labours. Montreal is marked out by its geographical position to be one of the greatest cities of the Dominion of Canada and of the continent of America. Its site is one of the most beautiful in the world, with its undulating surface, with Mount Royal as an imposing background, and the majestic St. Law-

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rence flowing at its gates. Its far-stretching docks, its noble mansions and public buildings, raised aloft by their commanding sites, and the variety of its architecture, expressive of the genius of both the French and English peoples, make it perhaps the most beautiful city on the continent. Seated at the head of ocean navigation it must ever remain the chief distributing centre of the trade of the Dominion and the headquarters of wealthy financial industrial institutions. Like a great heart, its pulsations are felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. His lot was cast in the midst of this great city.

He came to Montreal at the formative period in its history. Its population could not have been more than 50,000—less than that of London at the present time, and less by one-half than that of Hamilton or Ottawa—and of this population probably not more than 15,000 to 20,000 were English. But those organizations and institutions were then in process of formation, that have played so large a part in the growth of the city and of the country since. In 1841, the date of his ordination to the Priesthood, the Board of Trade was established, Upper and Lower Canada were united and the first parliament of Canada met in Kingston; in 1844 parliament was removed from Kingston to Montreal; in 1845 the Mechanics' Institute was organized, *The Montreal Witness* was founded and Bishops' College, Lennoxville, was opened; in 1847 the railway to Lachine was finished, a telegraph line from Quebec to London was completed, and 9,643 immigrants died of

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ship fever; in 1849 the Beauharnois Canal was opened; in 1851 the Grand Trunk Railway Company was formed; in 1852 the Mount Royal Cemetery was purchased; in 1853 the Molson's Bank was opened; in 1854 the decimal currency was introduced and reciprocity with the United States was adopted; in 1855 the general post office was completed; the Redpath sugar refinery was started and the Allan Line of steamers was established; in 1856 the Grand Trunk Railway was opened to Toronto and Christ Church Cathedral was burned to the ground; in 1858 Ottawa was named as the seat of Government, and delegates were sent to England to promote Confederation; in 1859 the Victoria Bridge was opened, and the first service held in the new Christ Church Cathedral; in 1859 the Art Association was formed; in 1861 the Street Railway was opened; in 1862 the Waterworks were begun and the Corn Exchange organized; in 1863 the House of Industry and Refuge was incorporated; in 1866 the first Fenian Raid took place; in 1867 Confederation was established, and in 1869 the Intercolonial Railway was begun. It was in the midst of such undertakings as these that this earnest and active young priest began to carve out a career for himself in Montreal.

With the growth of the city there was a corresponding expansion in the Church. In 1836 there were only three resident clergy in the City of Montreal, and only one church, Christ Church Cathedral; and there were only fourteen clergy in the district now covered by the Diocese of

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Montreal. In 1840, the year of his ordination to the diaconate, Trinity Church was built by Mayor Christie. In 1842 the foundation of St. George's Church was laid, as a chapel of ease to the cathedral. In 1843 St. Ann's Chapel was erected in Griffintown, which in 1851 became St. Stephen's Church; and a small chapel was built in the east end of the city which, in 1854, became St. Luke's. In 1861 the first Church of St. John the Evangelist was built, and in 1864 the Church of St. James the Apostle was opened, which might have been called St. James in the Fields. And the growth of the Church in the country advanced *pari passu* with the growth of the Church in the city. It is not too much to say that the foundations of the Diocese of Montreal were being laid at this time. A bird's eye view of the district at the time of Bishop Bond's ordination would reveal the following picture: a church newly built of wood and roughly fitted up at Kildare; a good church at Rawdon; a small, wooden, unpainted building with square-topped windows at Kilkenny; a little church and parsonage at Mascouche built by the Hon. John Pangman; a newly consecrated church at New Glasgow; a small building fitted up for a church at Coteau Du Lac; churches at Huntingdon and Ormstown; a church begun but at a standstill at Hemmingford; a stone church far from finished and roughly fitted for present use at Sher-
rington; a small, wooden church recently finished at Laprairie; a church room to be completed at Longueuil; an ordinary building fitted out as a church at L'Acadie; commodious

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churches at Sorel, St. Johns, Christieville and Chambly; a stone church not yet completed at Lacolle; a church in progress of erection at Henryville; churches at Phillipsburgh, Bedford, Stanbridge East and Frelighsburg; a church in prospect at Sutton; a church and parsonage in contemplation at Knowlton; the beginnings of things at Frost Village, Granby and Waterloo; at West Shefford so rude were the conditions that at religious meetings the people sat on sap pails with pieces of board laid from one to the other. Most of the clergy were leading lives of toil with their families in unpainted rooms and uncarpeted floors; yet, under the providence of God, they were dispensers of present, and the founders of future, blessings of the diocese.

And internal consolidation was keeping pace with external expansion and development. It had been the aim of the British Government to assimilate the status of the Church in Canada to that of the Church in the Motherland in the matters of establishment and endowment. In some respects the Church enjoyed exclusive privileges and large tracts of land were set apart for its support. In a new country like this where the Church embraced only a small minority of the population, such a state of things must have been very objectionable to the majority of the people. An agitation in consequence arose throughout the country to overturn this ecclesiastical order, and in 1854 the Clergy Reserves were finally secularized. Though in the nature of things the old order could not continue, the change, when it came, could not fail to work great injury and

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hardship to the Church, for its members had not been adequately trained in self-support and self-government.

In view of the great changes which they saw to be inevitable, the Bishops of Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Fredericton and Newfoundland met in Quebec in 1851 and drew plans that would enable the Church to meet the new order of things. Accordingly they recommended the adoption of a complete system of Synods, Diocesan, Provincial and General, by means of which the Bishops might enjoy the counsel and help of the clergy and laity of their diocese. Montreal had been erected into a separate diocese in 1850; and a Church Society had been formed which provided a simple organization for the attainment of the essential objects of the Church. In 1859 the first Diocesan Synod was held in Montreal, and in 1861 the first Synod of the Province of Canada was held in the same city. The movement spread gradually over all the Canadian dioceses, and the Synod of the Province of Rupert's Land was formed in 1872. The first steps in organized missionary effort were taken by the creation of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society in 1883, and of the Woman's Auxiliary in 1885; and the movement found a natural conclusion in the formation of the General Synod in 1900; of the Missionary Society in 1902; of the Sunday School Commission in 1908, and of the Social Service Council in 1915.

Needless to say that every step in this remarkable development was accompanied by animated

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and exhaustive discussion in which the men were called forth, both clerical and lay, who have been the ornaments and the masterbuilders of the Church as it exists to-day.

And the movement was not confined to Canada, though the Church in Canada was the first to yield to its influence. It spread to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, where it resulted in self-governing churches, and it had a marked influence on every part of the Anglican Communion. In the motherland it brought about the inauguration in 1867, and the successful working in subsequent years of the Lambeth Conference; the Pan Anglican Congress in 1908; and a consultative body of Bishops to advise the Primate of all England on the most difficult questions submitted to him for decision, which has so far had its most striking experience in the judgment of the Archbishop on the Kikuyu Controversy.

It was into the midst of such scenes as these, so full of intense life and activity, so full of great opportunities in the present and of infinite possibilities for the future, that the young and ardent clergyman was thrown. Needless to say he plunged with the utmost vigour into the centre of the movements and became a prominent figure in all the discussions of the time. In 1855 he paid a fruitful visit to the Eastern Townships in the interest of the newly-formed Church Society. Under the fostering care of the Colonial and Continental Church Society he took a leading part in the establishment of the new Normal School in Montreal, whose object was to

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train teachers for the English schools of the diocese, and in the planting of elementary schools in remote and struggling country missions. The S. P. G., which then gave \$15,000 a year to the diocese, began to withdraw its grants; he was among the foremost in urging greater liberality on the part of church members with a view to eventual complete self support. He was a member of the first Synod held in the Diocese of Montreal in 1859, when he was asked to preach the Synod sermon; and he was one of the delegates of his diocese to the first Provincial Synod held in the city of Montreal in 1861. Always an advocate of democracy and spiritual religion in the Church he opposed the veto of the Bishops in Diocesan Synods and the nomination of the Bishop of Montreal by the House of Bishops. But he was a convinced believer in and an uncompromising supporter of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England and what might be called his motto was inscribed in large letters over the portals of his Church, "Evangelical truth and Apostolic order."

These were also the days that ushered into the world the Oxford movement with its mingled legacy of bitter controversy and renewed life. In 1883 John Keble preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, his famous assize sermon, "National Apostasy," and immediately after the issuing of the famous "Tracts for the Times" began. Dr. Pusey, Mr. Gladstone and other distinguished men soon joined the movement; and in 1845 John Henry Newman seceded to the Church of Rome. Those were days of deep searchings of

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heart, not in England alone but throughout the Anglican world. It was inevitable that the influence of the movement should spread to Canada. With characteristic ardour Mr. Bond threw himself into the conflict. Those who knew him in his mellow old age could hardly realize that he had been in his youth what Bishop Carmichael called a great war horse. He soon became recognized as one of the uncompromising champions of the Evangelical School, and it was his influence mainly that succeeded in stamping for a generation the character of the theology and policy of the Church in Montreal. But even in the heat of the conflict he never yielded to the purely controversial spirit. His convictions were profound and his language outspoken, but his deep spirituality and his love for Christ, of truth and of the souls of men led him to recognize as kindred spirits all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. And though he never departed from the faith of his early days, his episcopate was marked by a wise impartiality and he succeeded in winning the confidence and love of all sections of the Church.

He was not what is generally called a scholar. As we have seen, he had not enjoyed the advantages of a college education, and in his extremely busy life he had not had much time for deep and extensive reading. I once heard him say at a public meeting, "Books! I have not time to read books." But it would be a mistake to suppose that he was not an extremely well-informed man. He was very methodical by nature and had learned to improve every moment of his time.

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His library was made up of the best books on their respective subjects and he had a complete mastery of the questions with which he was called to deal. The cast of his mind led him to take a common sense view of things and enabled him to present that view with irresistible force to the mind of the ordinary man, and with unerring instinct he never went beyond his depth. Rich in saving common sense, his own robust judgment and fine spiritual instinct were often more to be trusted than the wider reading of scholars and theologians.

But there was one kind of literature in which he had but few rivals, and that was the Word of God. He knew the English Bible, as we say, from cover to cover. To him it was, in very truth, the revealed will of God. At a meeting of the Bible Society I heard him say, "The Bible does not merely *contain*, it *is* the Word of God." He was a convinced believer in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Every word of the sacred volume was precious to him. Knowing that spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned he studied the Bible on his knees, relying on the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit. As a consequence he not only knew its contents but had grasped its inner meaning. With a master hand he could bring out of its treasures things new and old. He let none of its words fall to the ground. I have heard him expound what might be considered a dry passage of the Old Testament in such a way as to make it a mine of wisdom and truth. For years he conducted a Bible class for his Sunday school teachers, and so great was

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his power in elucidating the Scriptures that his hearers were eager to meet their classes so as to impart to them the lessons they had learned.

Another department of knowledge of which he was a master was the domain of Christian experience. This he had explored by lifelong study, meditation and prayer. The existence of God was not to him a mere matter of faith; it was a matter of positive knowledge. In preaching on the text, "If ye be led by the Spirit," I once heard him say, "I have no more doubt of the presence of the Spirit of God than I have of my own existence." Like his Master he could say, "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen." The invisible world was more real to him than the visible. All his preaching and teaching was charged with this note of personal conviction and personal experience. Atonement through the cross, forgiveness through the shedding of blood, sanctification through the indwelling Spirit, reconciliation and peace with God, these were not only theological doctrines but also life-giving truths. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that his ministry was clothed with power. Men listened to him as they would have listened to a man who came back from the other world. His life was hid with Christ in God. He seemed to move amid divine influences. This is the continuous miracle, the irresistible apologetic of Christianity. Like Israel of old he had power with God and with man and prevailed.

Out of this secret and unfailing source of inspiration he derived an extraordinary power of

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creating enthusiasm. His abundant physical vitality may have had something to do with it, but the spirit that burned within him became contagious. As a consequence he gathered round him a most devoted body of workers and among them leading members of the community. Such men as James Hutton, A. F. Gault, G. F. C. Smith, T. H. Schneider, Thomas White, Alexander Johnson, Dr. Howard, Dr. Godfrey and R. W. Sheppard were proud to range themselves under his banner. Under their combined influence St. George's congregation became one of the most powerful organizations in the land.

By this means also he was enabled to take a leading part in the important movements that spread over the land at this time. The Sunday school was fast rising to a position of great importance, as the day schools were found to be unable to give adequate religious instruction. While the Sunday school commission was as yet undreamt of, individual clergymen had to work out their own problems with very little outside aid. He soon gathered around him a devoted body of Sunday school helpers, who met weekly under his direction to prepare for their Sunday duties. As a result St. George's Sunday school became one of the largest and most efficient in the city. In a rapidly growing community, with a saloon at almost every street corner, the evils of intemperance began to arouse the conscience of earnest minded people. He at once placed himself at the head of the movement to combat the evil. Prohibition was not then within the range of practical politics. Relying on the force

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of example and of moral suasion he signed the pledge himself and induced as many as he could influence to do the same. These banded themselves into an organization known as St. George's Temperance Society, which soon became a power in the land. He also formed a Band of Hope to train up the young in habits of total abstinence. A Temperance Home was established at Verdun, in the outskirts of the city, for the care and cure of inebriates. To promote these objects, an earnest propaganda was set on foot. I have a vivid recollection of the fortnightly meetings held in St. George's school room, which, by means of an attractive musical and literary programme and the eloquent advocacy of James Carmichael, Dr. Carpenter, and many of the leading orators of Montreal, was one of the features of the life of the city at that time.

Young men naturally flocked to his standard. His keen eye was quick to see how much they could do to help one another, the community and the Church. He banded them together into St. George's Young Men's Christian Association and set them to work in various lines of usefulness. They visited the General Hospital and distributed books among the patients. They hired rooms and conducted Sunday schools and services in the outskirts of the city. And when the need arose they raised money in St. George's congregation to erect small and simple places of worship. This is the origin of some of the present flourishing churches in Montreal—St. Jude's, St. Matthias', St. Simon's, St. Cyprian's

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and St. Barnabas' at St. Lamberts. And thus St. George's Church, under its enterprising rector, became an active missionary agency for the extension of the Church in the city and neighbourhood, and helped to solve one of the most difficult problems connected with the growth and expansion of our modern cities.

In principle there is no distinction between the extension of the Church at our doors and farther afield. In each case it proceeds from the love of Christ and of His gospel, and it means the carrying out of His command in an effort to save the souls for whom He died. The motive that prompted him to strive to organize congregations and build churches in the suburbs of Montreal moved him with equal force to send the gospel and the Church to the regions beyond. In the Diocese of Montreal the needs of the pioneer settlements were greatly intensified by the proximity of an overwhelming French population. Without aid from outside these small and oftentimes isolated communities could not have succeeded in establishing the Church in their midst. St. George's Church became one of the main pillars of the Diocesan Mission Fund. When the French Canadians themselves were led to seek admission into the Church of England, Dr. Bond was one of the first to strive to make provision for their spiritual needs, and for half a century he was the mainstay of the Sabrevois Mission. In the early days he gave his support to distant missions through the English Missionary Societies. When the Diocese of Algoma was set apart as the special mission field of

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the Church in Eastern Canada, the Bishops of Algoma found no more generous supporters than the members of St. George's Church. Missionaries from the North West always found a ready welcome to his parish or his diocese. He threw himself heart and soul into the work of the M. S. C. C. and the difficulties and dangers that beset it in its early days pressed so heavily upon him that, in a letter to the then Primate, Archbishop Machray, after alluding to those difficulties and dangers, he said "Let us pray, pray, pray."

He was of an eminently practical turn of mind and sought to meet the needs of the hour by suitable action. No sooner had he become travelling missionary than he became impressed with the need of popular education and religious instruction in the public schools. With the aid of the Colonial and Continental Church Society he was enabled to establish elementary schools in many country places and to secure the appointment in them of Church teachers who might instruct at least the children of the Church in the Catechism and in the essential doctrines of the Christian faith. For many years he conducted a church school in connection with his congregation in Montreal. To provide qualified teachers for the common schools he took an active part in the establishment of the Normal School. To provide qualified clergy for the churches in his diocese he became one of the most active promoters and supporters of the Diocesan Theological College. And it was mainly through his influence that his devoted friend, A. F. Gault,

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built and in part endowed one of the best equipped theological colleges in the land.

In his dealings with others, and especially with his colleagues, he was the soul of generosity. As rector of St. George's he had had the wisdom or the good fortune to secure as his assistants two of the most highly gifted men that ever served and adorned the Canadian Church, Edward Sullivan and James Carmichael.

It is, perhaps, one of the severest tests of true manhood to be called to say, like John the Baptist, "He must increase but I must decrease." On this rock many of the most promising careers have suffered shipwreck. It was not so in his case. It was a notorious fact that when his assistants preached the church was crowded to the doors, and when he was the preacher there were vacant seats not a few. But never a ripple disturbed the happy relations that existed between him and his colleagues. On the contrary, he tried to give fuller scope to their special gifts, while he devoted himself all the more assiduously to the routine work of the parish. On one occasion a deputation of ladies came to ask him to give a lecture for the benefit of some object in which they were interested. "If you want to make money," he said to them in reply, "you must go to Carmichael." And wisdom was abundantly justified of her children. It was no doubt in some measure due to the help of his assistants that his church enjoyed such overflowing prosperity and became recognized as one of the chief pillars of the Church in the diocese,

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and that, rising on this tide of success, he was himself in due course elevated to the Episcopate.

In manner he was somewhat abrupt, and sometimes almost gave the impression of being inconsiderate. He was so deeply conscious of the value of time that he wasted no words either in correspondence or in interview. It may safely be said that he never wrote a long letter in his life; he had the supreme gift of compressing into a few sentences the gist of all he had to say on any given subject. His sermons, though full of matter, always leaned to the side of brevity. I once called to see him on a matter of business while he sat writing at his desk. Merely looking round, with pen in hand, he said, "Sit you down." I sat down. "What can I do for you?" I briefly told him my errand. When he had answered my questions in fewest words he turned to his desk and said, "You will be good enough to excuse me now. I must go on with my work." Before the formation of the Missionary Society, the Church in the east was the happy hunting ground of needy missions in the west. Not that the game was ever found to be over-abundant, but sometimes a persistent advocate or an appealing cause succeeded in securing considerable sums of money, and not a few men, for service in the west, to manifest inconvenience of the Bishops in the east. On one occasion a well known western dignitary came to Montreal on personal business, and while in the city he called at the See House to pay his respects to the Bishop. After the usual salutations a big deep voice was heard to say, "Have you come to rob my diocese?"

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"No, my lord, I have simply called to pay my respects to your lordship." Again the big deep voice was heard to say, "Have you come to steal my men?" But underneath this stern and somewhat forbidding manner beat a heart so warm and generous that no good man and no good cause ever appealed to him in vain.

The outstanding feature of his ministry was that he was a shepherd of souls. As a parish priest he always sought, in his relations with his people, to minister to them in holy things. His pastoral visits were not mere social calls. He had tasted in his own experience that the Lord is gracious. The Word of God was living bread to his own soul. The gospel of Christ was, to his certain knowledge, the power of God unto salvation. He had not the shadow of a doubt that a divine mission had been entrusted to him; as a consequence he always spoke as an ambassador of God and acted as a shepherd of the flock of Christ. You would not be many moments in his company without learning this. He sought out the lonely, the sorrowful, the bereaved, the tempted, the fallen, and tried to be their friend, their helper, their comforter. All the members of his flock instinctively turned to him in their hour of need. To the sick chamber and the death bed he came as a veritable angel from heaven.

And this pastoral spirit he carried with him into the work of the Episcopate. He performed indeed all the duties of his high office with great dignity and impressiveness. His charges to his Synod were full of ripe wisdom and statesmanship. His addresses to confirmation candidates

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were the earnest words of a father in God. The elders he exhorted as being a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. Reverence marked all his behaviour in the house of God. He carried a sense of the divine presence with him wherever he went. But this was only one side of his episcopal character. As Bishop he was as diligent in visiting the parishes of his diocese as he had been in visiting the homes of his people when a parish priest. His episcopal visitations were always methodical and leisurely. He loved to meet the clergy in their homes and the people at social gatherings. And in so doing he always had his Master's business in view. He sought to reconcile differences, to smooth down asperities, to rally the laity to the support of the Church and to renew the courage of the sometimes downhearted clergy. The children of the parsonage looked forward with eagerness to the Bishop's coming and the wives of the clergy found in him a father and a friend. To the clergy under his charge he was consideration and kindness itself and he studied to avoid everything that would place any unnecessary burden on them.

Even in the matter of length of days he was favoured beyond the common lot of man. Born in the early years of the nineteenth century his span of life extended well into the twentieth. He outlived nearly all his contemporaries, and in his closing years, having survived the conflicts and controversies of the past, he seemed to belong to all the Churches. He was on the friendliest terms with Father Dowd, the noted Irish priest, who had ministered by his side to the victims of the deadly ship fever; and representatives of the various

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Protestant communions looked up to him as to a patriarch whose charity and whose services transcended all ecclesiastical bounds. The Hon. Honore Mercier, the distinguished Premier of Quebec, said, "I look upon him as my Bishop as far as the English speaking people of the province are concerned." In his long life he had baptized so many whom he subsequently married, whose children he also baptized and at whose bedside he was called to minister, that he was looked up to with an affection and a reverence that were touching to behold. In his ninetieth year he preached in connection with the meeting of the General Synod, in Trinity Cathedral, Quebec, the church in which he had been ordained to the diaconate sixty-five years before, with a vigour that seemed to have suffered no diminution from age, and with his incomparable voice that filled every portion of the sacred building. As his birthday occurred during the session of the Synod, those who lovingly called themselves his children in the faith, presented him, at an early morning hour, with a bouquet of ninety roses; and his reply, which seemed to breathe the air of the other world, may be summed up in the words: "God bless you, my beloved children. Do not cease to pray for me."

But length of days, which men so ardently covet as a crowning blessing, is not always unmixed happiness. He saw indeed his children's children and peace upon Israel. He still ministered in his sacred office with eye undimmed and natural force unabated. But he had outlived the whole generation to which he properly belonged.

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I have heard him say facetiously to Canon Ellegood, George Hague and others, whom we younger men had long classed among the ancients, "You are mere youths." Time made most cruel gaps in the ranks of those nearest and dearest to him, sometimes under the most pathetic circumstances. His wife, the partner of his hopes and toils for more than a generation, died just as they had entered the See House, at the moment when, as the world would say, he had reached the height of his ambition. His son, E. L. Bond, perished in a fire that consumed his residence in the dead of night. At the funeral of his daughter, Mrs. Robertson, who had been very much to him since the death of his wife, the hearts of all were touched with grief at the sight of the aged father, who, though under the greatest strain, struggled to overcome his personal feelings. Rev. Dr. Henderson, principal of the Theological College, for whom he had the highest regard, died at the moment when he had attained the object of many years of patient toil, and his remains lay at rest in an adjoining room while the solemn celebrations were being held at the opening of the magnificent buildings of the new college. And when, as years rolled by, he became more and more solitary, as he was called to follow to the grave one by one his oldest and best tried friends, he became almost impervious to human sorrow. On the occasion of the death of A. F. Gault, who for years had been one of his most generous helpers, I ventured to express my sympathy for him to one of his most intimate friends, and he replied, "The Archbishop has reached the

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stage when he no longer feels these human losses. He now lives in heaven, to which so many of his loved ones have gone before. He is *in* the world but no longer *of* it." This is surely the consummation, the transfiguration, the glorification of human life. It is the high water mark of Christian experience. It is an anticipation of the triumph of mortality over death and the grave. It is an actual realization of the words, "we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us." There can be no more fitting moment at which to part from this long and saintly life.

It is needless to say that, when his death became known, all classes and creeds and conditions of men in Montreal were bowed in a common sorrow. The funeral service was held in Christ Church Cathedral, and no circumstance was omitted that could add to the solemnity of the occasion. All the benevolent and religious institutions of the city vied with one another in honouring his memory. And, as was fitting, his remains were committed to the earth, in Mount Royal Cemetery, by his coadjutor, Bishop Carmichael, who had been his faithful fellow-labourer for nearly forty years.

The Church of England in Canada is a perfect illustration of the gradual and complete development of an institution from its humblest beginnings, in accordance with its fundamental principles and in adaptation of its outward circumstances. It stands before the world to-day as the most completely organized branch of the Anglican Communion. Blessed with an open Bible, an historic ministry and inspiring traditions, it

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has been doubly blessed in the men who have consecrated their lives to its service. No church, in as brief a period, can boast of a greater array of devoted and even distinguished Bishops, not to speak of a large number of equally distinguished priests and laymen. And there is no name on the bede roll of its distinguished worthies that should be held in more loving, grateful and lasting remembrance than that of the Most Reverend William Bennett Bond, Archbishop of Montreal and Primate of all Canada.

EDWARD SULLIVAN

By

Dr. Renison



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THE tragedy and pathos of Ireland's story has been one of the remarkable enigmas of modern history. Perhaps it is only since the beginning of the world war that we have been able to understand the passionate devotion of the son of a miniature country for the land that gave him birth. Judaea and Belgium have a new significance for mankind. It is possible now to appreciate the soul of Ancient Greece, since we have been made to understand that millions of square miles alone do not make a country great. The Irishman loves his country with a devotion and romantic affection which few moderns can understand. Her very misery has made him more tenderly attached than if she did not need his thought and recollection. And yet it is a strange paradox that no country in modern Europe has sent such a proportion of her sons away from her shores never to return. The very dispersion of so much patriotism has in itself a reflex action on the exile and his home. It may be that the destiny of Ireland was to be broken like the Alabaster Box, for the good of the British Empire,—for the Irishman is a true citizen of the world, the conditions at home have made him a universal solvent of the unity of the races.

There has been a certain Cromwellian aroma about Irish Protestantism which makes it an ex-

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cellent brand for export to all countries. It stands sea-travel and all climates and has a characteristic power for self-propagation which has influenced the church in many of the British Dominions.

Ontario owes a great deal to the Irish Church. There is no doubt that in the middle of the nineteenth century the great central part of Ontario was indelibly stamped with the die of Trinity College, Dublin.

Edward Sullivan was born in Lurgan, Ireland, August the 18th, 1832. His mother died when he was very young and he never knew her loving care. He had a brother George and a younger sister to whom the two brothers were tenderly devoted, but she died in early life. He used to say that he never remembered being kissed by his step-mother, and perhaps the remembrance of his own childhood's void was partly responsible for his love and understanding of all children to the very end of his life. The first real home love that he knew was in the home of Dr. Hutchinson, whose son Abraham was his boyhood friend, and whose daughter Mary, his childhood's playmate, was destined to become his wife in Canada in after years.

Young Sullivan was educated in Bandon, and at Dr. Kettlewell's Grammar School in Clonmel. In that romantic cradle of Irish history within a walk of the Rock of Cashel his mind was saturated with the mystery, the pathos and humour which only come to those who have heard in childhood the wail of the Tipperary Banshee.

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In due course he went to Trinity College, Dublin. He developed at once a deep love for classics and philosophy. His mind showed the bent which has made the school of Bentley natural to so many Trinity men. One need not admit the libel of Mr. Quinn that at Oxford you crawl to the reredos and at Cambridge to Darwin, while at Trinity you crawl to no one but your God and do very little of that; to confess that Trinity has a character of its own. He might have taken a much higher degree than he did, but for the fact that he gave much of his time to tutoring in order to enable his brother to follow him to College. He graduated in 1857, the third of the respondents for that year. Among his pupils was Lord Minto, who afterwards became Governor-General of Canada.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a certain Dr. Fleury was a most outstanding influence in the church life of Dublin. He had a wonderful Bible-Class, which was attended by hundreds of the most brilliant young men in the city. He had a most remarkable power of causing his disciples to catch his own vision of service. In every part of the Empire men were labouring who had first heard the call through Fleury's influence. Benjamin Cronyn, First Bishop of Huron, John McLean, First Bishop of Saskatchewan, were his boys, and later, Archdeacon Brough of London. After Cronyn had become a Bishop, the Irish Church sent out Dr. Fleury to Western Ontario to see the field. He came home more enthusiastic than ever, bearing a message from Cronyn which appealed to the love of the

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heroic in three of the most remarkable men who ever came to Canada in response to one call. Edward Sullivan was ready for ordination and sailed in 1858. He was ordained deacon at once by the Bishop of Huron and made priest the following year. Philip Dumoulin was the next to come, and shortly afterwards James Carmichael. They all settled in the vicinity of London, where the majority of the people were Irish, many of them from County Tipperary.

Sullivan's first work was as curate to Archdeacon Brough, who divided his parish and gave him charge of St. George's in London township. Later, he had charge of several other little churches in the district. Dumoulin succeeded him as curate to Brough at St. John's and married the Archdeacon's daughter. Stearne Tighe was at St. James' Church, Biddulph, a few miles north, in county of Middlesex. Carmichael was in Clinton, 25 miles still further north. The people were their own Doric Argonauts and many are the stories which are told even yet concerning the Golden Days of the Three Musketeers.

Tighe was never quite the same as the others. Carmichael was once driving from Clinton to London, and met Tighe at Flannagan's Corners, a well known stopping place, now bearing the distinguished name of Clandeboye. Tighe was in a full dress suit, in broad daylight. He was about to insist on the prerogatives of the clergy and, encouraged by Carmichael, he went to where a number of stalwart men were digging a grave in St. James' Churchyard and forbade them, de-

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claring that they were infringing on the parson's freehold. He reckoned without his host, however, for the men, who bore the name of Hodgins, were members of the famous Tipperary family, almost a clan in Biddulph. Suddenly their leader, who was the bereaved husband, jumped out of the grave and said to his sons and relatives : "Boys, put him in the grave and cover him up." Tighe started across country and they say that he took the fences like a Grand National winner until he was out of sight.

In Sullivan's first year, he was preaching in St. John's Church when a baby began to cry. He was greatly worried, and said: "Please take that baby out of the church." The troubled mother rose up, gathered her things together and went out. Soon her husband arose, beckoned to his children and took his whole family out. Then in a pew near by a man stood up, took his wife by the arm, beckoned to his children and walked haughtily to the door. Another and another followed this example until the whole congregation folded their tents and silently stole away.

When Sullivan retired to the vestry, Mr. Brough said to him, "Sullivan, you're ruined; you've offended the Hodgins."

There was a little village called Brinsley in McGillivray township. It was the centre of a large settlement but the church was empty; half a dozen women formed the entire congregation. Mr. Elliott, of Stratford, after more than sixty years tells the story of how he formed one of a deputation to wait on Bishop Cronyn to explain that the church was dead and ready to be buried. As

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a last hope they begged that young Sullivan be allowed to come to them. The change was almost miraculous. In three Sundays the church was crowded to the doors, and afterwards the men used to stand six deep outside the windows where they could hear every word of his splendid Irish voice. A new church was built and in a short time the parish was transformed. At this time Sullivan was a very dark, tall man, with a splendid presence. He looked more than his six feet. His face was typically Milesian, with a broad brow and the characteristic mobile lips of the orator. It is the unanimous testimony of those who knew him that in the early days he spoke with much more passion than in his later years. He grew in dignity and reserve power. His voice was very deep and carried easily to the recesses of the largest church. There was a haunting quality about it in his deepest moments. It was one of the greatest secrets of his power.

About this time he married Mary Hutchinson, the sister of his friend Abe. The family had come to London some years before.

They were very happy together and their short married life was a very beautiful one. They had known each other from early childhood, and he had been adopted into the family.

Even in these early days, the missionary spirit burned within him with a steady glow. In the very first Synod in London he made such an impression that he was asked to accompany the Bishop on a tour through the Diocese where they each delivered the same speech in every parish. Sullivan spoke first and dealt with the romance

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and the spirit of missions. The Bishop, who was a heavy-weight, came afterward to drive the lessons home.

One night the Bishop told Sullivan that he would like to speak first, and he did, giving Sullivan's speech word for word and throwing the young man on his own resources. Fortunately the curate was equal to the occasion. He gave the Bishop's speech, but improved it to suit his own imagination. The Bishop did not appreciate the compliment at all.

These were days when the Bishop's visitation was a great event in the west country. Carmichael used to tell how Bishop Strachan of Toronto travelled with his coach in state through the woods in Western Ontario. Wherever he went he was dined by the gentry. He had an invariable custom of carrying a decanter and a dozen glasses in a cassette, and after the dinner he used to beckon to his "mon," who brought him the nectar that used to be passed around with great ceremony. It was more than a refecton, it was a libation and a sacrifice. On one occasion he was dining near Goderich, and as the wine was being passed around, the old Bishop carefully watched its progress, for he was a thrifty soul. His chaplain took the decanter as it came to him, began pouring it into his glass, talking over his shoulder in the meantime to his fair companion. As the glass began to overflow, the indignation of the old man knew no bounds and he cried out, "Haud your havers, ye fule, and dinna waste the guid wine; do you think it's buttermilk?"

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Among all the friends of those early days, there were three who naturally gravitated towards each other. They came from Dublin. The Irish Church never made a richer gift than when she sent these three young men to Canada. They all became bishops and all left their mark on the history of their country, and yet in many ways they were dissimilar. Dumoulin was a little man, active, with an eagle face, dark flashing eye. He was somewhat reserved to strangers, but a very Hercules in the pulpit and at his very best on the platform with a great audience to inspire him. Carmichael was all temperament, with a cameo face; his personal charm was his very greatest characteristic,—his gestures and the whimsical smile on his lips were what people remembered. His voice was the very quintessence of Ireland. It almost reminded one of the words of a famous American, "If I should lose my brogue, I should be obliged to retire from public life."

Sullivan was larger than either of the others. He was perhaps more quiet in his style. His philosophical mind made all his utterances expressive of his own personality. He could be extremely simple, but on occasion he knew how to use the grand manner. One remembers a certain comparison between Pope and Dryden, in comparing these comrades: "Dryden soars the highest, but Pope continues longer on the wing."

The three friends were often together and their inexhaustible spirit is the theme of many a legend. Once when Dumoulin was Boomer's assistant in Galt, he picked up Curran, who was a great joker. They had their visit and Sullivan was leaving

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for Chicago. A number had come down to see him off and he stood on the platform of the train, chatting with his friends. All were in great spirits. Curran flinging his arm around Dumoulin, pretending to weep, and without looking at him, began to mop his eyes with his handkerchief, only to discover that he had embraced a total stranger, and the last thing Sullivan saw as the train drew out was Curran with his hat off, apologizing profusely to a stout indignant lady while Dumoulin chuckled in the background.

While in Montreal, they formed themselves into a little walking club, and every Monday went out together, returning in the evening to each man's study in turn, for an intellectual Pentathlon which exhausted any visitor of Saxon origin.

Mr. Bond, the Rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, desired "a curate who would be popular in the pulpit," and the name of Sullivan was suggested to him, so it came about that in 1862 he went to Montreal as assistant in perhaps the most influential church in Lower Canada. I suppose that the ideal curate will never be found. The Rector would like to find an assistant with such a combination of negative and positive virtues that they would eliminate each other. It brings one in touch with the Canada of fifty years ago to know that the problems of a city church were very much the same as to-day. There is a delicious story concerning Bishop Strachan of Toronto. After the establishment of Trinity College, there was in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, a

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certain wild curate who saw red whenever he entered the pulpit. He was preaching on "Atheism" and he said that the University of Toronto was an Atheistic institution, which statement caused great indignation, as well it might since some of the Senate were members of the congregation. The luckless preacher was tried before the Bishop; the evidence is still extant, and pencilled in the Bishop's unmistakable hand are these sententious words: "Geographical and Personal References should be sparingly used in the Pulpit and *never by Assistant Ministers.*"

Sullivan soon established a reputation as a preacher in Montreal. He remained a power for good, especially among the young men. Sir William Osler, who was then a student of McGill, said that he never heard a more profound presentation of Christianity than that by the young Irishman, then about thirty years of age.

While in Montreal, he was married a second time, to Frances Renaud, who was a most devoted and perfect wife for all the rest of his days. He owed more to her than to any other living being during the busy and anxious years which were to come. As his growing fame and wider interests increased the attrition of life, it was she who, thoughtless of self, watched his varying needs of mind and body. Without her, his work could never have been accomplished. Happy indeed is the lot of any public man whose wife knows him better than he knows himself.

Not often has a father been so happy in his children. Two boys and three girls were born to him and every one of them inherited something

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of his poetic fire. They all wrote in prose and poetry and the name of his eldest son, Alan, is to-day one of the foremost among Canadian men of letters. In 1868 a deputation came from Trinity Church, Chicago, urging him to go to the metropolis of the middle west. He refused, and after three deputations "more and more honourable" had urged him, he accepted the rectorship and moved with his family to Chicago. Almost at once he became an outstanding figure in the life of the Church. The laymen of Illinois instinctively turned to him; men of his type in those days were rare. The School of Milwaukee and Fond du Lac was the standard of most of the clergy. He never loved party strife, but, nevertheless, in his younger days rather enjoyed the clash of armour in the arena of a Synod hall.

There were several well-known preachers in Chicago during his time—Monro Gibson, David Swing, and Frederick Courtney, afterwards Bishop of Nova Scotia. Trinity Church grew and prospered; many of the leading citizens of the city sat under him during those years. He received the degree of S.T.D., and was nominated for more than one Bishopric. One who knew him best said the bravest thing he ever did was to address the General Convention behind closed doors in protest against the election of his successful rival to the See of Chicago. He carried his point, for the House of Bishops failed to concur.

On the evening of October 9th, 1870, he returned home very tired after the day's work and sat down to supper. A little later the fire-bells began to ring but no one gave much attention.

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Half an hour later, the whole of Chicago was in flames. There had been no rain for weeks and the many wooden buildings were dry as tinder. Sullivan used to say that as he walked along State Street that night, the crash and roar of burning buildings reminded one of the last day. The great hotels, the stately court-house built of stone, melted like wax in the awful heat, each leaving only a mound of dust. His family missed him and hurried to the church. They saw him fighting his way to a lane at the back and presently stagger out of the vestry door, laden with registers, as the tower crashed to the ground. His wife did not know him, as with face black and eyes red with the smoke, he brought his burden to the open street. For months work in Chicago was of the most primitive kind. One morning a brother of General Sheridan managed to procure the necessary license and went to find the Rector. He found Sullivan in a large hall with his coat off, half way down a barrel of pork, and carried him off in triumph to the wedding. The wedding fee was a pound of candles, far more precious than gold.

Old Trinity was built more splendidly than ever, in the southern part of the city. Several times every year invitations came to other fields, but he always felt himself predestined to return to Canada.

In 1878 Dean Bond was elected Bishop of Montreal and Sullivan went back to St. George's as Rector. While he was still on his way, he was the chosen candidate for the laymen of Toronto in opposition to Provost Whittaker of Trinity

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College in the famous Episcopal Election. As soon as he settled in St. George's he began a great though brief ministry. His pulpit was his throne. In those days there were not as many forms of applied Christianity as at the present time, and our fathers neither loved nor expected homeopathic sermons. Sullivan was then in the zenith of his power. On Sunday evening the church was thronged by young men from all parts of the city. His method of preparation was laborious. Every word of every sermon was written in his own Grecian script, but having once written it, it was laid away and his photographic memory retained a perfect transcript of the written page.

He never, even in his busiest missionary days, would preach without meditation. One day long afterwards, having come in from a drive of thirty miles, chilled to the marrow, he sat down in his study to prepare an evening sermon for the little pro-cathedral of the Sault. His wife came in to reason with him and said, "Why don't you rest? you can give them a parable." He turned to her quietly and said, "My dear, I never offer to my Master that which costs me nothing."

The American Church has never forgotten him. He received a most alluring and insistent call at this time from Calvary Church, New York. The orientation of his life, however, was already decided and the invitation was declined.

In the history of the Church in Canada there has rarely been a more dramatic scene than that which occurred at the meeting of the Provincial Synod which elected Sullivan. When the Synod first assembled, the House of Bishops decided

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that there should be no election to Algoma. The message, when communicated to the popular assembly, caused passionate protest on the part of many missionary hearted men like Baldwin of Montreal, Carmichael of Hamilton and others who spoke strongly on the necessity of the very best being given to this new diocese in the West. The foundations were being laid, it was urged, and it required statesmanship and sacrifice if the work of the future was to succeed. Sullivan made a brilliant speech and when the House of Bishops sent down their *conge d'elire* there was only one name, and that was the name of Sullivan. Something approaching consternation seemed to fall upon the assembly. Here was the most brilliant preacher in the Church of Canada, occupying the premier pulpit of the Dominion, chosen for work which seemed very small in comparison to the great opportunity of the city church. An adjournment was made and Sullivan hastily hurried into the rectory even before his wife was able to get home from the hall. She went to his room and found him in prayer. "I will see no one but Du," he said, and in a few moments his wife met DuMoulin on the stairs. "I hope you will not urge him to accept," she whispered to him as he passed. He replied, "I would do anything to prevent his suffering what I have done. If it weren't for you and the children, I should certainly urge him to go." "Well," she replied, "it doesn't matter about us, for God will provide." When the assembly met, there were some cynical enough to come prepared to smile at the refusal by the eloquent advocate of

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missions. There was a breathless hush in the hall when Sullivan arose to give his answer. He stood before them and said: "Here am I; send me."

The scene which followed was an epoch in the history of the Church. The mist cleared away and a new spirit touched the pragmatic assembly with a rare moment of idealism. Many were moved to tears as they looked on the man and saw him self-revealed.

Forty years ago, Canada ended at the head of Lake Superior. It is true there were provinces in the West, nominally part of the Canadian Confederation, but as yet there was no transcontinental railroad to bind the country together, and there was a great barrier of wilderness between Lake Superior and the growing town of Winnipeg. All communication with Rupert's Land was by way of Chicago and St. Paul. Not only from a geographic point of view, but also in the matter of vital interest, the Western Provinces were practically island possessions of the Empire. Prince Arthur's Landing was Ultima Thule to the average Canadian mind.

In 1872, the great district extending from Muskoka to Fort William was cut off from the Diocese of Toronto and formed the new district of Algoma. It does not say much for the missionary spirit of Toronto that this struggling infant should have been cast into the cold world without any endowment or share in the clergy fund from the mother diocese. At the first meeting of the Provincial Synod, the Rev. Philip DuMoulin, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, was elected Bishop. He refused the call, and this de-

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cision is said to have haunted him to the day of his death. After a fierce struggle between the Bishops and the Lower House, at length Archdeacon Fauquier was elected First Bishop of Algoma. He died in 1881 in Toronto a few days after the death of his wife.

It was to this field that the future life of Edward Sullivan was to be given. In mind and body he was in the noonday of his strength.

The consecration took place on the 29th of June, in St. George's Church, Montreal, by the Bishop of Ontario (Dr. Lewis), assisted by Bishop Williams, of Quebec, and Bishop Bond of Montreal. His Alma Mater, Trinity, gave him her doctor's degree, and later he was honoured by a D.C.L. from Bishop's College, Lennoxville. By the close of the first year he was able to state that he had travelled by land and water in the interests of his diocese upwards of eleven thousand miles.

Sullivan had been Bishop of Algoma about a year when he was elected by a large majority of votes, both clerical and lay, Bishop of his own original Diocese of Huron. He was in England at the time of the election (October 17th, 1883), and declined by telegraph the tempting offer in the words: "Most grateful to Synod, but duty to Algoma compels me to decline." This was probably the greatest renunciation of his life. Had he gone to Huron, Algoma would have suffered an almost hopeless eclipse. The man was the diocese. The amount of money raised by him for the permanent endowment of Church work must ever remain a marked feature of his epis-

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copate. He used the great power of speech and personal magnetism to obtain from the wealthy, gifts and offerings that would be of avail in Algoma after he himself should be taken away.

Few hearts could resist his pathetic story of the old woman on Manitoulin Island with one short-sighted cow which she used to lead out to pasture by the horn and point out the tufts of grass hidden between the rocks.

In that favourite sport of missionary Bishops, touching the hearts of wealthy churches, he was an adept, but never as ruthless as Bishop McLean of Saskatchewan, known popularly as Saskatchewan Jack, concerning whose tour in England a less skillful brother who had the misfortune to follow him said, "Before him was the Garden of Eden and behind him a howling wilderness."

He found himself bishop of a widely scattered diocese, much of its territory being rocky and barren. Christmas trees and rock of ages was the principal product in the early days of the "National Policy." There were but sixteen missionaries, most of them living in complete isolation from one another, each one pursuing his lonely way with but the dimmest ray of hope for the future. These men had a friend in Bishop Sullivan. There was no Widows' and Orphans' Fund, no Superannuation Fund, no Clergy Trust Fund (or Sustentation Fund)—nothing indeed, to give the hard-working clergy the smallest hope for the future, either for their families or themselves. Besides this, but few of the clergy had houses to live in. All these privileges existed in

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all the other dioceses of Eastern Canada, and some of them in every diocese in the Dominion. Algoma stood out in the cold.

Every three years, at the meeting of the Provincial Synod in Montreal, the Bishop presented his report, and the progress in these funds which he was able to announce each time indicates that the energies of the Bishop had not been employed in vain. The following table will show the progress of these funds as reported each three years, and also the increase in the number of clergy:

	No. of Clergy.	Widows and Orphans Fund	Superannua- tion Fund.	Episcopal En- dowment Fund.
1883..	16	\$ 1,066.20	\$ 2,510.63
1886..	24	5,934.79	29,137.20
1889..	27	12,599.72	30,000.00
1892..	27	15,623.13	\$ 273.18	45,774.60
1895..	30	17,526.46	1,049.36	55,216.12

The See City of Algoma was the village of Sault Ste. Marie, which in those days could only be reached by steamboat through the Georgian Bay. Here the Bishop made his home for the next fourteen years. Bishop's Court was a fine stone building about a mile from the church, built by the generosity of English friends. Here the Bishop and his wife extended hospitality to the clergy coming and going, on duty bent. In the store-room were sorted by Mrs. Sullivan's own hand the bales which were forwarded to the different missions. As the years went by, and his family grew up, the social influence of Bishop's Court extended through all Algoma.

When he came to his new work, he found some remarkable men to carry out his plans. Two

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miles from the Sault stood the Shingwaulk Home, a monument to the zeal of Edward F. Wilson, who for years had devoted his life to the Indians of Canada. He was an historian, an artist and a linguist of no mean quality, and the work of educating the Indian received much of its initial momentum from him. In the East, Lloyd of Huntsville carried on a faithful work. He was a man of much executive ability, afterwards becoming First Archdeacon of Algoma. William Crompton of Muskoka devoted himself to building churches in a district which was afterwards the playground of Ontario. Shortly after the Bishop's initiation the progress of the Canadian Pacific Railway towards completion began to introduce new problems, because it called for volunteers of a special type to carry the gospel to the camps. Here again the man was found; Gowan Gilmour was, I do believe, the best railroad missionary who ever lived. His name is still a legend among the pioneers, "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," between Sudbury and Fort William. For years he literally lived with the railroad men, walked the ties behind them, or pushed a hand-car from section house to section house, drank tea from the same pan and ate green bacon from the same plate, and often slept under the same blanket.

The work around Lake Huron demanded special equipment. The Bishop purchased a yacht, "*Zenobia*," and christened her "*Evangeline*," in order to reach the scattered settlements on the lakes and islands below the St. Mary River. He studied navigation and obtained his certificate as

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a Master Mariner. He was very proud of his ability to steer his "water-baby" through the dangerous channels of the Georgian Bay, and always succumbed to the title, "Captain Sullivan." One autumn night, when the little craft was anchored behind an island, after a dreadful tossing, his son Alan was cooking the supper, and turning to his father he said: "We're living like Sybarites to-night, sir." "No, rather," said his father, "I should say we were Anchorites."

No account of the work would be complete which did not mention his deep love for the Indian. There were many throughout his diocese; in fact the whole land was the home of the Ojibway. On Manitoulin Island, in Garden River Reserve, he was always welcomed with deep affection, but there was one spot in the extreme corner of his diocese where he went every summer. I am sure that Lake Nepigon was to him a microcosm of the Canadian Mission Field. Robert Renison, the missionary there, was always his companion as he visited the district. His wife and children came with him on these pilgrimages. The Bishop's visit was the event of the year.

The lake lies north of Thunder Bay. A magnificent sheet of pellucid water flowing through a world-famed trout stream into the north-eastern area of Lake Superior, it is right on the height of land between Superior and Hudson Bay. The Indians on this lake spoke the purest Ojibway. Bishop Fauquier, while crossing the lake with the Reverend E. F. Wilson on a voyage of missionary exploration, was accosted one evening by a flotilla of canoes under the command of Chief

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Manetooshaus (the son of the Great Spirit), who told him that for forty years they had waited for a messenger who should tell them the religion of the Queen. The Bishop promised to provide them a teacher and sent the appeal to England. It was answered by a young Irishman, Rev. Robert Renison, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He came to Nepigon with his wife and three young children. The Indians wore feather headdresses, painted their naked skins with clay and red ochre, and the first night celebrated his arrival in a white dog feast. For many years Mr. Renison lived among them alone with his family. His younger children spoke Indian before their native tongue. Through God's blessing he baptized hundreds of Ojibways with his own hands. His wife was his devoted helpmeet, the mother of every Indian in the district. She lies buried beside the little Church of St. Mary, Nepigon, which was built in her memory.

A man must have imagination to understand and love the Indian. In a public address he once bore this testimony to his friend the Red Man:

"The Indians number from 8,000 to 10,000, all belonging to the Ojibway tribe—speaking therefore only one language. Since my consecration I have had a great many means and opportunities of measuring the need and capacity of social and religious improvement. I have preached to them, prayed with them, sung the songs of Zion with them round the camp fire, sat with them at their tables, rowed and paddled with them in their canoes, listened to their speeches at several pow-wows, and, as a result of it all, I

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herewith avow myself the Indians' friend and stand ready to do what in me lies for their social and religious elevation."

One of my earliest recollections takes me back to Lake Nepigon in the month of August, 1882. For twelve months we had lived among the Indians in a little settlement hundreds of miles from the nearest civilization. Only once during that time we heard English spoken by anyone outside our own family. At last word came that the new Bishop was to visit Lake Nepigon. The Indians prepared triumphal arches on the bank of the lake and I can remember being carefully trained by my mother as to how to address the Bishop. At last, in the shadow of the evening, two shots were heard across the lake. The flag was run up, and in a few minutes we saw a kingly figure disembarking from the birch bark canoe. My earliest impression of him is associated with the mystery and dignity which doth hedge a king. It was a great relief when the next day he organized games for the children, and provided prizes, which showed a nice understanding of the boyish mind. I can see him yet with a revolver in his hand acting as starter, time-keeper and clerk of the course.

Another picture comes to one's mind. A little log church covered with cedar bark, with the odour of fresh hewn pine breathing an incense over the congregation. He stands there, his great presence almost filling the little chancel. The bishop's robes, the scarlet hood and the memory of the deep voice after thirty years still remains a benediction.

He had an intuitive knowledge of the soul of

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the Indian. He would begin, "Dear children of the forest," and he would speak to them of Kitchemunedoo, so simply that they could understand. His apprehension of the reality of their struggle for existence, and how great was the problem of daily bread to them, was such that they listened to his voice with unquestioning obedience. His own imagination was so strong that he loved to look for any sign of poetry or any vestige of wings in the Indian character. Chief Munedoshans came to tell him a dream which he had drawn out on birch-bark. It seemed the old rascal dreamed that he was stranded on an island in Lake Nepigon, his canoe having blown ashore after a big storm. "The Indian is always poor. He needs blankets and tobacco and provision for his old age." He said, however, that the voice of the Great Spirit came to him, saying, "Munedoshans, do not worry; remember that if you should need a suit of clothes, or a bag of flour, or a chest of tea, as long as the Great Black Coat keeps his health, he will always be your father and your mother." A delightful smile came over the Bishop's face as he turned and said in a stage whisper, "Tell him to dream again."

On many occasions it became necessary for him to visit the Old Country in support of the work in his diocese. He founded the Algoma Association, securing both men and money by his influence. He often used to speak of himself as the "Mitred mendicant" as he went to such places as Cheltenham and Tunbridge Wells to preach in the luxurious churches of his work in the

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wilds. He was one of the few Canadians to whom invitations were given to preach in the great cathedrals of England. He was easily at home with the great preachers in the Old Land. On one occasion he preached on St. Paul's Day in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The great building was thronged. Liddon, among others, was in the stalls. He preached a noble sermon on the Life and Character of the Apostle to the Gentiles. His wife asked him whether he were nervous and he said quite simply, "Why should I be? I had my message; I didn't even use a note." He lunched afterwards with Vaughan of the Temple. Mrs. Vaughan, the sister of Stanley, spoke to him of his sermon. "They praised him to his face with their courtly Spanish grace." He never would preach the sermon again.

Once he was invited to preach in the Royal Chapel at Windsor. He refused because he already had planned to sail on an early boat, and had arranged his confirmations in Muskoka. In vain the horrified functionary explained that an invitation to Windsor was a command. "Algoma," he said, "must come first."

In the autumn of 1893, as he was preparing to attend the Provincial Synod, he was suddenly attacked with nervous prostration. He was ordered away immediately for a prolonged rest and spent the winter in Mentone in the South of France. On his return in the spring of 1894 he resumed his work, but his strength was failing. He spent the winter again in Mentone and returned to Algoma with his physical strength obviously shaken. The long lean years in Cana-

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dian history which almost exactly coincided with his episcopate, left their mark upon him. It was only after his death that Algoma began to show industrial development. The cares of the missionary and the scattered sheep in the wilderness were all his, and now his strength was going.

“For age will rust the brightest blade,
And time will break the stoutest bow,
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and age will lay him low.”

As a young boy, I had the privilege of being with him on his last journey to Nepigon before his retirement. For the first time he seemed tired as he walked over the portages, and, much to the dismay of the Indians, could hardly be persuaded to take his rod even at the Virgin Falls. It was wonderful to see how he could read Indian, not understanding a word. He had a most extraordinary gift of rhythm and as he read the Communion Service in Ojibway, it would have required an expert to decide whether or no he were an Indian scholar.

His preaching power then showed no diminution. In the railroad station 200 railroad men gathered and he spoke on “The Ministry of Angels.” A spell seemed to fall in that shed, shaken by the rumble of passing engines, where everything was secular, under the witchery of his spirit.

In the autumn of 1896 he accepted very reluctantly the rectorship of St. James’ Cathedral, Toronto.

The buoyancy of olden days was gone, but he

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easily filled the place in the community which his position gave him. When he first met the congregation he humorously said that he would not attempt to fill the shoes of his friend Dumoulin, but, at least, he could walk around in them. The pulpit of St. James' was a great joy to him. He carried on with unabated interest the Lenten Services which had been such a feature of Dumoulin's ministry. The last time I heard him speak was at one of these services when the congregation filled the fine old building. They were all busy people, men and women from the banks and offices nearby. He spoke on the subject of "Guilt," and drew his illustrations from the language of the fifty-first Psalm. I can hear his voice, after all these years, like a Celtic harp touched to a minor chord, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

In 1898 the death of his daughter Kathleen affected him very greatly. She was an exceedingly brilliant and charming girl whose loss he deeply mourned.

He was rather fond of addressing congregations of St. James' on the chancel steps instead of from the pulpit at the evening service. His last sermon, the night before his final illness, created a very deep impression. He spoke on the subject of "The Lost Sheep." Many people were weeping in the congregation, and some were so overcome that they went out of the church. He was particularly spiritual on this occasion, and many of his friends afterwards said that he seemed to be transfigured.

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On the 15th of December he took his weekly Bible Class, though not feeling well, and after it had only time for one visit out of two that he wished to pay; one to the home of a very rich woman, and the other to a very poor one. He chose the latter, and it was his last on earth.

The next day the doctor found him finishing his sermons, but ordered him to bed, and from that time he never left it.

The next week was a happy one, for he suffered no pain and his family had him to themselves, which seldom happened in his busy life. To everyone it was a delight to be with him and he often made them laugh by flashes of Irish wit. On Christmas Day his breathing became much more difficult and he could not lie down.

The next day he turned to his wife, and asked her to take some notes of things he wished done. Noticing the look of alarm on her face he said quietly, "My hours are numbered." So perfect was his faith that even the absence of his eldest boy in England did not sadden him. There was a wonderful understanding between the father and son. They were like David and Jonathan.

He asked to have the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John read to him, and as the voice would sometimes break, he would say, "Don't mind; I know the rest."

Early one morning, they noticed a change on his face. The eyes were brilliant; every trace of suffering and weariness had passed. Time seemed to have swept backward and touched him with the glory of his youth. The watchers were awe struck, and the moments passed unnoticed.

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Presently the light faded and they heard him say, "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

Twice the listeners caught the words, "The voice of the bird"; evidently he was repeating the last chapter of Ecclesiastes; then the word "Christ," his watchword through life. He rested his head more comfortably among the pillows, shut his eyes and said "Good-night," and his spirit passed in the early light of the Epiphany morning from earth to heaven.

On the 29th of June, 1882, the day of his consecration, his congregation at St. George's, Montreal, presented him with two sets of robes; one of satin and lawn, the other of rougher material, more suited for work in his missionary diocese. These are called the "Algoma Robes." Many hundreds of times during the fourteen years of his episcopate had the settler's cabin, the miner's hut, the Indian wigwam and the lake shore been his robing-room. Once again the Algoma Robes were put on, but by other hands than his; a symbol of the seamless garment, the righteousness of Christ.

It is possible now to look back upon his work with the calm light of twenty years shining upon it. First of all it must be seen that whatever may have been the opinion of his contemporaries, the missionary phase of his career was the crown of his life. It was given to him to do two things, primarily to kindle the missionary candle in the Canadian Church. Perhaps it was only natural that Canadians should have seen very little ro-

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mance and glory in Canadian missions. Nearly all our Canadian missionaries came direct from the Old Country. Sullivan led the way, which ended in the formation of the Missionary Society of the Canadian Church. In the second place the dedication of his life to Algoma was a lesson which Canada has never forgotten. It taught us the meaning of idealism in religion. His name has become a legend in many a Canadian home; a halo after all these years seems to cling to his memory. Such a life was not wasted, because it found the secret of happiness.

“Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,
For love’s strength standeth in love’s sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.”

“For what after all is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go,—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in the ocean of eternity, but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself,—the cleansing, purifying, fertilizing tide of the River of God, flows on forever and ever.”

These splendid words were spoken by Joseph Lightfoot of Durham after his own miraculous recovery to partial activity. In a sense they are true of all men, even the very greatest. But the tie that binds man to his ideals cannot be broken. “The righteous shall shine as the firmament,” and over the Canadian Church there will ever glow with benignant and enduring ray the star of Sullivan of Algoma.

MAURICE SCOLLARD BALDWIN

By

Canon Hague



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WHEN I first saw Bishop Baldwin, I was a young undergraduate at the University. It was an evening service in Montreal. The Cathedral was crowded. A dim religious light gleamed with chastened grandeur through chancel and nave, and the stately pillars of Gothic mould served as a fit setting to the scene. A sea of upturned faces turned with an almost expectant hush as they discerned in the middle of the long chancel aisle the figure of Montreal's greatest preacher, moving with slow and set steps toward the pulpit. Dean Baldwin was then a man of about forty or forty-five. He was of medium size, and his rather plain, clean shaven face was inscribed with a seraphic earnestness. His action that evening was exceedingly dramatic. I remember as he began his sermon, he shot his right hand ceiling-ward, until it stretched to its limit, and then with a voice that pierced the extremity of the great Cathedral, announcing the words: "And the king said unto them, 'I have dreamed a dream'—'I have dreamed a dream.'" I have no recollection whatever of the sermon. The only thing I can remember is that extraordinary sight of the waving surplice, the uplifted arm, and the hand that spoke with such spectacu-

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lar emphasis. He preached throughout his sermon with singular energy. His words burst out with tremendous force. His mouth worked like an engine. It seemed at times as if he were battling with some unseen antagonist between the pillars, and there was a curious intensity of accentuation, which to the very end of his life was the marked characteristic of his speaking. He beat out each word with a hammer of emphasis, and put an incisive accent not only on each word, but on every syllable and almost on every letter of every syllable; and yet, though he propelled the sentence with such an intensity of seriousness, there was, amidst all the rush of emotion and the crack of intonation, a cadence, a musical interest, an attractive variety in his delivery, that held one fascinated to the very climax. I heard him a hundred times after that, in cathedral, and church, and college hall, but I can never forget the impression that I received of the overpowering strength of a man, whose every word and gesture and accent bespoke conviction and intensity of spiritual desire.

Bishop Baldwin was born in Toronto in 1837. The Baldwins were an old Irish family, who came to Canada at the beginning of the last century. His uncle was an admiral in the British Navy, and his grandfather on his mother's side a general in the British army. He was a first cousin of the Honourable Robert Baldwin, one of the foremost of our finest Canadian statesmen. As a boy he had soldierly instincts, and was very fond of playing at soldiers. But throughout his boyhood he was rather an invalid; in fact for a long

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time he used crutches. In spite of this his life was a very happy one, for he was naturally of a sunny disposition, and lived in a home that sparkled with merriment. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother brought up a large family of boys, whom she ruled with a rod of iron in a velvet hand of love. The story is told of the day when Maurice gave up his crutches. A funeral procession was formed in the garden—it was between King Street and Duke Street, near where Christie's biscuit factory now is—and the four boys solemnly walked to the end of the garden and buried the crutches. We can see the procession in Indian file, headed seriously by Edmund, afterwards the beloved Canon of St. James' Cathedral; followed by Morgan, who afterwards became the Harbour Master of Toronto; and then by Maurice, the Bishop-to-be; and in the rear with over solemnity and an obvious wink in his lugubrious eye, Arthur, the future popular rector of All Saints', Toronto.

Maurice was an affectionate and thoughtful child. The deepest passion of his life for many years was the love of his mother. A wonderful woman she must have been, and it is beautiful to think of the simple, happy homelife of those days in old Toronto, and of that scene each evening when the boys were gathered around the table and the lamp was lighted, and the Best of books brought out, and the good mother at the head of the table heard each boy read, verse by verse, the daily chapter, instilling into their little minds a reverence for the Holy Word that never passed away. This Monica of the Canadian Church

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should not be forgotten. Her heritage to Canada was three of the finest men that adorned the Canadian Church.

After a few years at Upper Canada College and Trinity, he was ordained by the Bishop of Huron in 1860, and began his ministry as a curate in St. Thomas. A reminiscence of his ministry there, given after many years by one of his parishioners, was that of Goldsmith's famous country parson:

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich at forty pounds a year."

He started his ministry on very earnest lines. When the light came, the Light of Life, I have never been able to discover. It was said of a great English Bishop that he was converted by his own first sermon. But long before Maurice Baldwin was ordained he was noted for his earnestness as a soul seeker, and to this day many old men and women in Toronto tell with pride their memories of the earnest young Trinity College student, who, somewhat to the dismay of conservative clergy and churchmen of the day, started cottage meetings in various parts of the parish, and talked to them like a good Methodist preacher of the days gone by, of the salvation of their souls. He had a wonderfully winning way with the common people, and his kindness of heart was notorious. After a few years in Huron, where he established a great reputation as a preacher and a man of heart, he went to Montreal, where Dr. Oxenden, a rather old-fashioned English evangelical churchman of a type now almost gone, was the Bishop.

Maurice Baldwin soon became the most fam-

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ous preacher in the diocese and in the city of Montreal. He was a vigorous worker, and though the pulpit was undoubtedly his forte, he did a great deal of administrative and parochial work. He was the outstanding figure of the Montreal ministry during his career at the Cathedral, and his steady industry, intense spirituality, and catholic minded sympathy, won for him a place of supreme distinction among the Protestant clergy. It was rather a novelty in those days for an English clergyman to be so popular with outsiders, for the Anglican ecclesiastic does not often gain a place of universal popularity. He was president of the Bible Society, and one of the leading spirits in the Y.M.C.A., the House of Refuge, the Hospital, and, in fact, of almost every benevolent institution in the place. While he was in Montreal he married, as his second wife, Miss Day, the daughter of one of Montreal's leading barristers, who was to him throughout his life what Mrs. Gladstone was to the great English statesman, and Mrs. Wordsworth to the Bishop of Lincoln. Her whole thought and care were given to the Bishop, and the pretty story that is told of Mrs. Wordsworth might be told of Mrs. Baldwin, for what the Bishop wished, what he needed, what he cared for, formed her whole horizon. One day a well-known bishop said to Mrs. Wordsworth, in reference to some temporary controversy, "Is the Bishop interested in the matter?" Mrs. Wordsworth instantly replied with the enthusiasm of a loyal wife. "The Bishop is interested in everything," she said, "though I have not heard him mention this particular subject!"

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In those days, as I have said, he was extraordinarily popular, but his head never seemed to be turned in the slightest degree. He was the sincerest, simplest kind of a man, and though idolized by his congregation, and by long odds the most talked-about and advertised clergyman, he remained as unassuming and modest as any man could be. Some people might have thought that his modesty and humility were almost affected. But this was not the case. He was a man unconscious of himself, and lived in a quiet serenity of self-possession that was really delightful. In those days he had a great grip on young men, and I have been told that he rarely preached a sermon without having a knock at the Rectory door, as, in the quiet of the after evening some young heart would come to unburden itself, or to crave for the strength of his great sympathizing heart.

In 1883 he was elected Bishop of Huron. It would be impossible to describe the dismay of Montreal. Few men, if any, in Canada, ever had a finer send-off. The Jewish Rabbi, the leading editor, the foremost merchant prince, headed an innumerable body in their tribute of satisfaction at his elevation to the Episcopate, and their regret at their irreparable loss.

From 1883 to 1904 Bishop Baldwin was the indefatigable head of his Diocese of Huron. He was, indeed, a father in God. It must have been a tremendous change from the life of a great cathedral preacher to that of a Canadian bishopric, with its almost maddening complexities of work; its endless visitations, and drivings in buckboard, farmer's wagon, buggy, and railway

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train. There were no episcopal motor cars in those days. It is hard to imagine what a tax it must have been upon his patience and humility, and what a tremendous test of his spiritual manhood, to have to meet a few rustics at a country school-house, or address a little congregation at a corner-road church. Think what it must have meant to a man of his temperament and experience to receive the periodical deputations of disgruntled parishioners, and hear them rehearse their somewhat narrow parochial grievances. Try and imagine, if you can, what it meant to turn from the placid life of the star city preacher, and the uninterrupted flow of steady days and steady months in the study and sanctuary, to the maddening intricacies of diocesan schemes and financial organization, and the petty-cash details of under-paid parsons and over-due missionary collections. Surely it meant so much for him, giving up these familiar and delightful duties, and the life of entrancing abandon to the great power of the pulpit. But, if he accepted his bishopric with misgivings and godly fear, he went at it with a will, and in spite of the burden of all the churches which always rested upon him, and became heavier towards the end, he was generally in high spirits and enjoyed life with a cheerful effervescence of Christian joy. He loved work, and I suppose in time he came to enjoy even being a Bishop. He was an intensely serious man, and viewed his work in the noblest light. He probably enjoyed his confirmations most. I have heard twelve or thirteen Bishops confirming at odd times in my ministry, and some of them were

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of our ablest, but, of all the Bishops I ever heard at Confirmation services, the most impressive by far was Bishop Baldwin. There was something sacramental about his conduct of the Confirmation service. The intensity of his earnestness, the glorious elevation of his sermons or addresses, the simplicity and beauty of his personal appeal to the candidates, made it a never-to-be-forgotten act. Oh, how he pleaded with those young churchmen to give their hearts unfeignedly to Christ, and yield their lives to Him without reservations. He used to say himself, one of his friends told me, that he always believed that the Confirmation Service of the Church of England was one of the proofs that we are under the dispensation of the Spirit. That was just like him. He had a very delightful habit, after the Confirmation, of giving the Confirmation card to each candidate in turn, and as he handed it he repeated with an impressive solemnity a text of Scripture. He would give a different text each time, and it only showed what a wonderful memory he had, and what a large control of Bible texts.

As a Bishop, he was in his way a lover of dignity, for his utterances were always dignified, and whenever he wore his robes there was an impressiveness about him that could not fail to strike outsiders as well as Churchmen. But, if in the Church there was a stateliness almost distant in his carriage and mien, outside of the Church and in his daily life he was not a bit like the ordinary Bishop; I mean the average English or Canadian idea of an Anglican Bishop. He did not care in

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the least for the ecclesiastical apron, and he shed the gaiters as often as he could. I often saw him walking the street with a somewhat bashed up hat and seedy coat, the shoulders rather bent and the knees rather bowed, with every appearance of an ordinary clergyman, rather than that of his Lordship the Bishop. He didn't care in the least for the trappings and pomp of the Episcopal estate. Yet, though the least pompous of Bishops, no one could ever fail to be impressed with his inherent reserve of dignity, and his very courteous manner. He always wore clerical dress, even on his holidays, and withal was the most natural and approachable of men, and as free from the frills of a ceremonious ecclesiasticism as any of the American Western Bishops.

His oddities and forgetfulness are often spoken of, and at times he seemed to have an absent-mindedness which gave one the idea of a man absorbed in a higher world. But his mannerisms were very charming. I remember once in a chapel service with a lot of clergy, he leaned over to me in the middle of the service and said in what he supposed was a whisper, but in a most audible voice: "Dear Dyson, won't you choose a hymn for us?" And then he went on with his prayer or reading of the service quite unconscious of the smiles that rippled over the faces of the clergy. It is commonly thought that he was extremely innocent and ignorant of human nature and the things of the world. But this was a great mistake. In spite of his apparent aloofness from worldly things, he had a very wide and deep knowledge of human nature, and he understood

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men and things far more than he was given credit for. His range of observation was remarkable. He would notice little things, and his power of analysis was singular. He seemed to be able to read right through a man, and while it is true that he was on more than one occasion deceived by the use of evangelical catch-words, he was a shrewd judge of character as a rule, and could read a man like a book. It was his largeness of heart that allowed him to be deceived. Nor was he by any means, as was commonly supposed, a narrow man; that is, in the ordinary sense of the word. Narrowness, as a rule, arises from lack of knowledge or of travel. Too many ecclesiastics live an insular life; that is, they are parochial, they are diocesan, in their way of thinking. They are little Anglicaners. They have never travelled across the oceans of larger thought, or traversed the continents of wider knowledge. They have read only one side of Church thought and only known one class of men. Their view-point is that of the monastic with his *index expurgatorius* limitation, and reminds one of the famous story of Charles Lamb, who once said: "I hate that man." "Do you know him?" questioned the friend to whom he spoke. "No," came the frank answer; "if I knew him I might not hate him." It was said of one of the great English Bishops that he was not in the least interested in the ordinary affairs of life. He had no curiosity about politics or history, or about science or literature, and that he listened to conversations on such subjects with polite tolerance. I do not think this could be said of Bishop Bald-

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win. His range of interest was cosmopolitan. No one could ever hear him speak, even in the most intensely evangelical of his sermons, without getting illustrations from the historical or scientific world. Though he lived in the heavenly places day by day, he must have read the papers very carefully. He took a lively interest in passing events, as all will remember who recall his eloquent eulogy of Sir John A. Macdonald at the time of his death. He was wonderfully interested, too, in mechanics and machinery.

I have said this because the tradition tenaciously lingers, not only in Huron but in Canada, that there was something extremely narrow and limited in Bishop Baldwin's ecclesiastical viewpoint and treatment. It is a tradition that is most unfair. His interest in life was intense. He had the quickest of smiles, and if he caught the eye of a boy or girl, or a friend, it was generally with a look of most delightful pleasantness. His love for children was notorious, and he had a marvellous faculty for winning their affection. Of course, love begets love always. A small boy or girl knows nothing about episcopal dignity, and cares less, but they do know when a man likes them, and they like him. I remember once in Halifax when he was at our house for breakfast, his leaning over the table, and with a most humorous expression blurting out this extraordinary question to my small boy: "Bob, what would you like to have for breakfast this morning; a piece of rhinoceros steak, or a hippopotamus pie?" Truly he was the merriest and happiest of companions, and though with advancing years the

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weight of cares lent seriousness to a naturally serious character, the undertone of his life was that of the deepest joy. At times he seemed to be almost in an effervescence of hilarity.

The children, the children; how he loved them! How tender and delightful he was with the young, and with what a merry laugh he spoke to them! How wonderfully he held them in the Sunday Schools! A well known story is that one day in London he came into the Memorial Church Sunday School and on the spur of the moment said, "I want you, boys and girls, to say these words for me," and gave them four lines to memorize, which to this day, a quarter of a century afterwards, have been recited by thousands of the Church's little ones as Bishop Baldwin's words to children:

"Jesus died for me:
And shed His blood for me.
I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me."

With boys, too, he had a wonderful way; and the Boys' Missionary Club, that he organized when he was Bishop, has sent out into the world many who to this day are among the foremost supporters of the missionary movement.

He was a delightful story-teller, and his humour was contagious. Most bishops are good story-tellers, and I have heard Bishop Courtney, Bishop Carmichael, Bishop Sullivan, and Bishop DuMoulin—the four best story-tellers in Canada—at their very best. But oft times the merriest laughter that came from the story-telling circle was when Bishop Baldwin had his turn. His brother Arthur used to delight in telling stories

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about the Bishop and in relating his stories, and he often recalled the famous passage of arms between him and Dean Carmichael, when the Bishop of Huron said to the humorous Irishman: "Carmichael, why do you always persist in saying 'soyde' instead of 'side'?" and the good-humoured Dean instantly retorted: "Baldwin, whoy do you troy to catch your ear with your mouth when you are preaching?"

The story about the dog and the bear that has gone through Canada, oft-told at many a missionary and diocesan meeting, was, I believe, first told by Bishop Baldwin. He used it to show how difficulties, spiritual and financial, could be overcome if there is only a real determination and resolve. The story was this. Around a camp fire out West a man was telling a story of a dog chasing a bear, when unexpectedly the bear turned and gave chase to the dog. In his wild flight the dog came to a tree, which he speedily climbed. "Hold on," said one of his hearers. "You know very well a dog can't climb a tree." "Oh, I know that," said the story-teller, "but this dog *just had to*."

Judge Ermatinger was one day asked by the Bishop why he didn't buy a certain property. "Well," said the Judge, "for one thing I haven't got the means." "Say no more," said the Bishop. "You remember how Lord Nelson took a certain naval officer to task and asked him why he did not fire a broadside and sink the enemy's ship. The officer said he had three or four good reasons. 'What are they?' said Nelson. 'Well,' said the officer, 'in the first place we had no powder.'

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‘Say no more,’ said Nelson, ‘the first reason is enough.’ ”

Bishop Baldwin’s humour, like everything else, sprang from his faith. Wherever he was, in the home or in the meeting, he was the centre of brightness and happiness. He was cheery because he had great faith in God, and the shadow that lies over the lives of many worldly men, and especially over men who have lost their faith in God, was absolutely unknown in his life. He lived in the sunshine, and though quite conscious of the gravity of these last days, and profoundly conscious of the tremendous weight that lay upon him, his serenity was undimmed. Perhaps one reason was his love of his life and his love of work. He was not haunted by any casuistical perplexities. He lived simply and sincerely, and caught throughout his life the tone of cheery optimism that pervades the Bible. It is wonderful to think how the most serious of all the Bible writers, Isaiah and Paul, lived in an atmosphere of the most elevating and radiant optimism; and Bishop Baldwin, while very lowly-minded and most humble in his self-esteem, and convinced of our living in the terminal days of 2 Tim. 3: 1, was never shadowed by that subconsciousness of sadness, or haunted by that phantom of melancholy that seemed to shadow the career of some of the great agnostics, as Benson has told us in that charming series of biographies, “The Leaves of the Tree.”

As a Churchman, he was intensely evangelical. He loved the Church of England with a passionate affection. He loved the Prayer Book, and if

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he had lived to-day would, I fancy, have had languid sympathy with attempts at revision. He felt the Church was a living Church, and he put life into it. With a Church which was merely the exponent of the traditions of the past, he had limited sympathy, and he looked upon a Christian who simply conserves a traditional creed, as a cumberer of the ground. To him, a dead Church could never be the exponent of the Living God; and a dead Churchman could never be the exponent of a living Church. He had a very high sense of the dignity of our services, and often used to speak of the grandeur and simplicity and spirituality of our incomparable Liturgy. I remember once, years ago, at a quiet hour he was conducting for the College, and began with the Litany. It was a revelation to us all. The old familiar words, so often heard and sung or said with mechanical monotony, seemed simply transformed with an illuminating glory. The man was at the very throne of grace, pleading there with an intensity of passionate soul-force, and we all felt as if we were lifted up on the fulcrum of an old, old service, into a new and fresh and higher world.

Bishop Baldwin was a simple, unashamed Churchman of the conservative evangelical school. He had a profound belief in the Reformation, and never tired of speaking of the marvellous change that was wrought in the life of the Church and of the nation by the work and lives and deaths of the reformers. To him the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles, especially that of the 6th, 9th, 10th, 15th and 18th, was simply the

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life of the Church of England, and the heart of all, the soul of all, was the glorious Gospel truth which in season and out of season he proclaimed, with unabating force, according to the 11th Article of Justification by Faith, the doctrines of grace through Grace, as set forth in Eph. 2: 8, Rom. 3: 19-22, Rom. 5: 1; and in the Epistles to the Galatians and Hebrews passim, were the bed-rock of his whole episcopate. He never swerved; he never changed; he never vacillated. He lived in an age of tremendous upheaval. He was familiar with all the latest phases of thought. But Modernism and the New Theology with its adjustments, its re-statements and fresher statements, were to him as mere floating straws on the great surface of the mighty rolling river of the unchanging Truth of God. He was never side-tracked. He saw others swerve; he never did. Men swung to this side path and that side path of modernism, grasping ficklely and faddishly the latest solvent of the problems of the world, critical and institutional, political and theological, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every gale, doctrinal and philosophical, but he held on like a river in its deep bed, undeflected. As a Churchman and as a Bishop he was remarkably broad in his sympathies. But his liberalism was denominational, not theological. He was loving to all who loved Christ, and was very fond of lending his sympathy to all interdenominational, or rather super-denominational movements, like the Bible Society, the Y.M.C.A., and other national philanthropic enterprises.

With Bishop Baldwin the episcopate of power

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and the episcopate of dogma were absorbed in an episcopate of love. He inspired his clergy to do all in their power to recommend and bring about harmony with the various denominations of Christians where they exercised their ministry, and to endeavour to win them to the Church of England by hearty devotion to the salvation of souls, rather than by offensive protrusion of the Church's claims. He was like Bishop Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand and the nineteenth Bishop of Lichfield, a man to whom all men as men were drawn, and was beloved with no common love. His motto throughout his Episcopate might have been that charter-recommendation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts: "To recommend and promote brotherly love and Christian charity, particularly amongst all Protestants where you exercise your ministry."

But the passion of Bishop Baldwin's life was evangelism. He was a marvellous preacher. Even when he was a youth they used to call him our boy preacher. He loved it; he lived for it. He nearly always had a great audience. When he was in Montreal the Cathedral was simply overcrowded, and you had always to go early to get a seat; and it was the same at the Cathedral in Toronto or at St. Paul's or All Saints'. His words swept upon the audience with a fulness that was indescribable. He preached as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. He was always at his best in the pulpit. The man was at his highest, his noblest, when preaching, the pulpit was

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to him his throne and there was at times a sense of alacrity and of activity that was surprising. It mattered little to him whether his auditorium was large or small. I have heard him preach that marvellous sermon on "My Jewels" in a little country Church with a force and pathos as magnificent as that with which he riveted the largest Cathedral audience, and his little eulogy on Miss Cross, at the Deaconess House, was as choice a piece of oratory as one would hear in a quarter of a century. It was sanctified eloquence; it was spiritual eloquence. Pusey, in that remarkable sermon of his on the force of human eloquence, defined that wondrous power which not only convinces the understanding but sways the human soul, not as clearness of reasoning or power of thought or loftiness of conception or beauty of diction. "These things," said he, "have their delight; but they will not move. Only when the soul goes out of itself and speaks to the soul, can man sway the will of man. Eloquence, then, is all soul, embodied, it may be, in burning forceful words; but with a power above the power of words."

These sentences might have been written as a description of the preaching of Bishop Baldwin. This one thing he did. Yet while the subject matter of his preaching was ever the same, the Everlasting Gospel and the Word of God in its application to the ever-varying needs of man, his up-to-date illustrations and vivid varieties of treatment were always fascinating.

As far as it is possible for a Bishop so to be, he was a student, and his reading was far wider than

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anyone would think. He had the faculty of all able men, of very quickly assimilating the core and centre of a large mass of material. I remember once he came to me at the College when I was a professor, and asked me to investigate a certain matter in ecclesiastical law in regard to which he had a difficulty. I accepted the duty with a certain amount of reluctance, spent a few hours in the library wrestling with its treatment in dusty tomes, and prepared a synopsis of the case to present to him. When he returned, he said to me, "Well, Dyson, have you got what I wanted?" and holding his head between his hands, in that characteristic pose of his, he bent down and told me just to give him a synopsis of the whole matter in a quarter or half an hour. To the best of my ability I endeavoured to do this, but what amazed me was the lucidity of his perception, and the marvellous rapidity with which he assimilated the most salient and difficult points in the argumentation. He could take a book and in an hour or two get the very gist of it, and on the following Sunday irradiate some profoundly theological sermon with the brilliant light of very up-to-date allusion. He was always, as I said just now, giving the most striking illustrations from politics, art, history, science, poetry and philosophy.

But the secret of his preaching was intensity of conviction. You always felt as you listened to him that his heart was in every word, and that what he said he felt to be truth in the very fibre of his being. Both as a thinker and as a reasoner he was eminently objective and the strength of

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his argumentation lay in the transparent honesty of the man. There can be no doubt that Bishop Baldwin was one of the greatest speakers that Canada ever produced. He was not only a great preacher; he was a great speaker. There was an elegance about his language, a dramatic force in his action that would have impelled the attention of any audience on any subject. One of the most remarkable things was the amazing mobility of his mouth. It opened with a sort of side to side movement, as if he were seizing a mouthful of meat, and his words poured out as if hurled from some vocal catapult within. I have often wondered at the vivacity and variety of his language. I remember well a wonderful scene when I was a young curate at the Cathedral in Toronto, under Canon DuMoulin. It was in that public hall that used to be in the Horticultural Gardens, between Gerrard and Carlton Streets, and the occasion was some kind of a temperance demonstration. I really forget what it was. Anyway, the hall was crowded with a vast audience, and three great public speakers were announced. I was sitting next to a Scotchman, and when Dr. Grant, of Queen's University finished what was a most fervid piece of oratory, he said to his neighbour in a burst of joyous enthusiasm: "Aye, mon, thot's fine; there is nane of them can beat that." But it was beaten. For presently Mr. Foster, now Sir George Foster, came on, and in one of the finest speeches of his younger days, fairly eclipsed the great Presbyterian divine. My Scotch neighbour, in a spasm of passing generosity, frankly acknowledged that George Grant

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was eclipsed, and then as the third, Bishop Baldwin, was introduced, muttered to his friend in a tone of resignation some words that I did not exactly catch, but which seemed to be a kind of expression of regret at their having to listen to the commonplaces of an Epeescol Bishop after two such magnificent examples of Canadian eloquence. Never shall I forget the change that came over his countenance, and the surprise that came over the audience as Bishop Baldwin proceeded from point to point and height to height of what was really a Demosthenic exhibition of oratory. Yes! the Episcopalian Bishop fairly eclipsed the two great speakers, and it was acknowledged by all that the greatest speech of the evening was that given by Bishop Baldwin.

I shall never forget another occasion, too. It was a kind of quasi-diocesan gathering, with a large number of clerics, laymen, and all sort of speakers. A clergyman from the States—I forget just now who he was or where he came from—who had imbibed very freely of the New Theology, and was rather intoxicated therewith, somewhat tactlessly exploited his ideas with regard to the Bible, and said among other things that science had exploded a great deal of its teaching, that the earlier books of Genesis were largely commingled with myths and mistakes, and all thinking men had given up the old-fashioned idea of the Bible that prevailed a few years ago. After delivering his subject, the speaker left to catch a train, and Bishop Baldwin, whose impatience during the speaker's utterances was

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only noticed by those closest to him, rose to speak. It was an extemporaneous oratorical effort that I have never heard paralleled. The terrific magnificence of its declamation, the formidableness of its sarcastic denunciations intensified by its pathetic appeal, simply awed the assembly. His speech was like the passionate cries of a mother's love and horror as she sees her children playing in the track of an on-coming train; and never shall I forget the ringing fervour with which he said, "I have yet to learn that the widest learning or the acutest ingenuity of modern scholarship has ever found one complete and demonstrable error of fact or doctrine in the Old or New Testaments."

But great as was his power as a preacher and an orator, his greatness, after all, lay in himself as a simple child of God, and as one who was filled with the Spirit of God. He was one of the most Christlike of men. He talked religion naturally, and he lived it supernaturally. There was always a kind of spiritual grandeur about him as he stood in the Bishop's robes in the church, and he poured out his soul in language of marvellous splendour; and yet you were as deeply impressed with the stateliness of his language and the passion of his soul, as he stood and talked with you in the corner of the street or in the corridor of some Sunday School hall. It was his humility. It was his self-evocation. It was his Spirit-filled life, after all. He was a man of prayer. It was delightful to hear him pray, and he was praying all the time. When you went to see him in the Bishop's Room, before you left he was sure to ask you to kneel down and pray with him; and

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one of the sayings that his clergy best remember about him was the cheery, happy way in which he used to say "What is begun in prayer will end in praise."

The spiritual impression he made was at times supernatural. On one occasion at a vast International Convention in the United States, when he was giving an address and had concluded with that wonderful thought on the Holy Spirit as the Arrabon or Earnest (2nd, Cor. 1, 22), the Chairman said, "I don't know how you feel, but I feel as if I would like to go to my room and be quiet." An awful silence fell, amid which a student's voice was heard saying, "I give myself to Jesus Christ." It seemed as if the gathering was simultaneously filled with a sense of the presence of the Spirit of God. Two of the newspaper reporters, who had been out and out infidels, were profoundly moved, and it is said that they were brought by Bishop Baldwin to the feet of Jesus. The Eternity alone will reveal the count of the souls that he won. Those of us that were at that Provincial Synod in Montreal, when Archbishop Bond announced the name of the newly-appointed Bishop of Caledonia, will never forget the scene when Bishop DuVernet rose up, and in language of most touching simplicity, declared that one night, as a young man, he had been listening in that very Cathedral yonder to Bishop Baldwin preaching on John 6: 37, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out," and went out beneath the silence of the starry sky; and as he told in vibrating tones how he had then and there accepted the Saviour's call, an un-

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wonted thrill ran through the staid and sedate synodical assembly. Many and many are the marvellous results that have been told and the lives that have been won, and one can only believe it, when they hear, how in season and out of season he preached the Word of God and lived what he preached.

Phillips Brooks used to say that there is one power which lies at the bottom of all success in preaching, and that all other motives stand around this great central motive, as the staff officers stand about the General,—and that is the appreciation of the value of the human soul. The supreme passion of Bishop Baldwin's life was the love of souls. It was his life objective. It covered every act and word. Once as he was returning to Bishopstowe, he heard a number of young men swearing. The Bishop held his tongue and spake nothing. He kept silence, yea, even from good words. But it seemed to have been pain and grief to him, for the next day when he saw the young men on a street corner, and went up to them and, touching one of them on the shoulder, politely asked if they were the same young men who had come the night before from the West, he was told they were, and he then and there talked to them in the most loving way, about their dear Saviour and the Name they had blasphemed. The men immediately apologized, and all of them thanked the Bishop for his kind words, promising to never so offend again. . .

It is always a difficult thing to explain the fascination of a life, or to analyze its final secrets. If we were asked to lay bare the very secret of

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this great personality, and to expose the master-principles of his soul what should we say? That he had beyond others of his rank and age a profound sense of religious responsibility? That he grasped, as few men in his profession, the idea of consecration, and realized with an extraordinary intensity that he was not his own, but belonged to One who had redeemed him by His blood? That he ever gave his best without stint and in overflowing measure to the Church, the world, to men and to Christ? That as a valiant leader he always sent his principles to the front, and in season and out of season flung out the banner of the Cross? All these things could be fairly said and more. But, I think, that above all it ought to be understood that the secret of Bishop Baldwin's life lay in a series of immutable convictions.

First. He had the profoundest conviction of the inspiration and authority of the Bible as the Word of God. This was undoubtedly the main secret of the strength of his life and Episcopate.

One of the famous sayings of Gladstone that has passed into history was: "I do not hold with streams of tendency." That was pre-eminently true of Bishop Baldwin. The fluctuations and aberrations of modern criticism had no more effect upon him than thistledown upon a general in the day of battle. A limitless loyalty to Scripture was the key-note of his thought and action. He loved the Word of God with a supreme love. He was saturated with the spirit of the 119th Psalm. God's Word was unto him daily the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

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Second. He had a fine sense of the missionary vocation of the Christian and of the Church. He was forever praying for missions, giving to missions, and working for missions. His wife says he used to give in a princely manner, and that he was most rigorous in the exactitude of his tithing and special thank-offerings. Nothing in the shape of a missionary problem was a matter of indifference to him, and as to missionaries, he welcomed them all. The members of the W. A. were specially dear to him, and the Boys' Missionary Club that we mentioned before, and the Sunbeam Society, were direct evidences of his organizing fervour. In fact, his whole life was missionary. In his first sermon in the Cathedral at Montreal he sent his colours to the mast by stating that the principle of radiation was the initial principle of his ministry, and to the last he was faithful to this doctrine. A church that did nothing for the outside world, to him was just one vast absorbent.

Third. He had a profound conviction of the certainty and imminence of the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. He believed that we are living in the terminal days. He believed that the times of the Gentiles (Luke 21: 24) are near expiration. He believed that God is soon about to complete the number of His elect, as we daily pray in our solemn Burial Collect: "That it may please Thee shortly (i.e. quickly, as in Revelation 22: 7; 12: 20) to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy kingdom," and soon to introduce the kingdom and the coming again of His Son, the King. A story that he told in Toronto in his

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sermon at the Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in 1902, is typically suggestive of his faith in this matter. "I was in a railway station in England some years ago, awaiting the arrival of a train. There were many on the platform in a state of expectation, when someone said to me, pointing to a great bell, 'You will hear that bell ring in a little while, for when the train is five miles off it will run over a pneumatic valve and set that bell in motion,' In a few minutes it began to ring violently, and in an instant the whole crowd was excited. The train was just five miles away. And," continued the Bishop, "I have often thought that the Lord Jesus has been ringing His bell for some years back to waken up His sleeping Church and to tell its members that He is coming, and that His Advent draweth nigh." Yes, he was undoubtedly the foremost champion that Canada has had in its Episcopate of the pre-millennial doctrine of the Second Advent.

Bishop Baldwin died in 1904. He was buried amidst the lamentations of a city and a diocese. The funeral oration of his friend and brother—Bishop Carmichael, then the Dean of Montreal, was said to be one of the finest pieces of in-memoriam eloquence.

The impression left upon the mind by the life of Bishop Baldwin is supremely that of a man of God. The things that fascinate the imagination of ordinary clerics were of small value to him. He had title and name and position and worldly possessions, but he literally cared nothing for these things. He had no taste whatever for the

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pomps and vanities of the ecclesiastical world, and apparently was without desire for what we might call the diplomatic and political ambitions of diocesan life. He had no thought of prelatical haughtiness, no trace of the vaunting of hierarchical pretensions. He had no penchant for ritual. He loved music, and probably enjoyed the splendour of a cathedral service from the musical standpoint. But his heart was democratic, and the simple earnest singing of a missionary meeting, or of a piano-led body of men at St. Andrew's Brotherhood Convention, was much dearer to his soul.

The surpassing glory of the Gospel was not only the glory of his preaching; it was the glory of his life. He knew that by grace he was saved, and that not of himself; it was the gift of God. He knew that he had eternal life, and rejoiced in the witness of the Spirit (1 John 5:10-13). He lived in Romans 8. It would be obviously a truism to say, that we shall never see his like again. It is doubtful, if he were living to-day, if he would be elected Bishop of any Diocese in Canada. The current of the times has changed, and the popular choice of to-day would probably fall upon a churchman much higher in ritual, and much broader in theology. But, as we look back upon his splendid career, we, who have known and loved him, will never cease to thank God, that in this Canada of ours there was one so beautiful in his life and so Christlike in his love; one who gave to the name of Bishop in Canada a new meaning and elevation, and bequeathed, not only to the sons of the Church of

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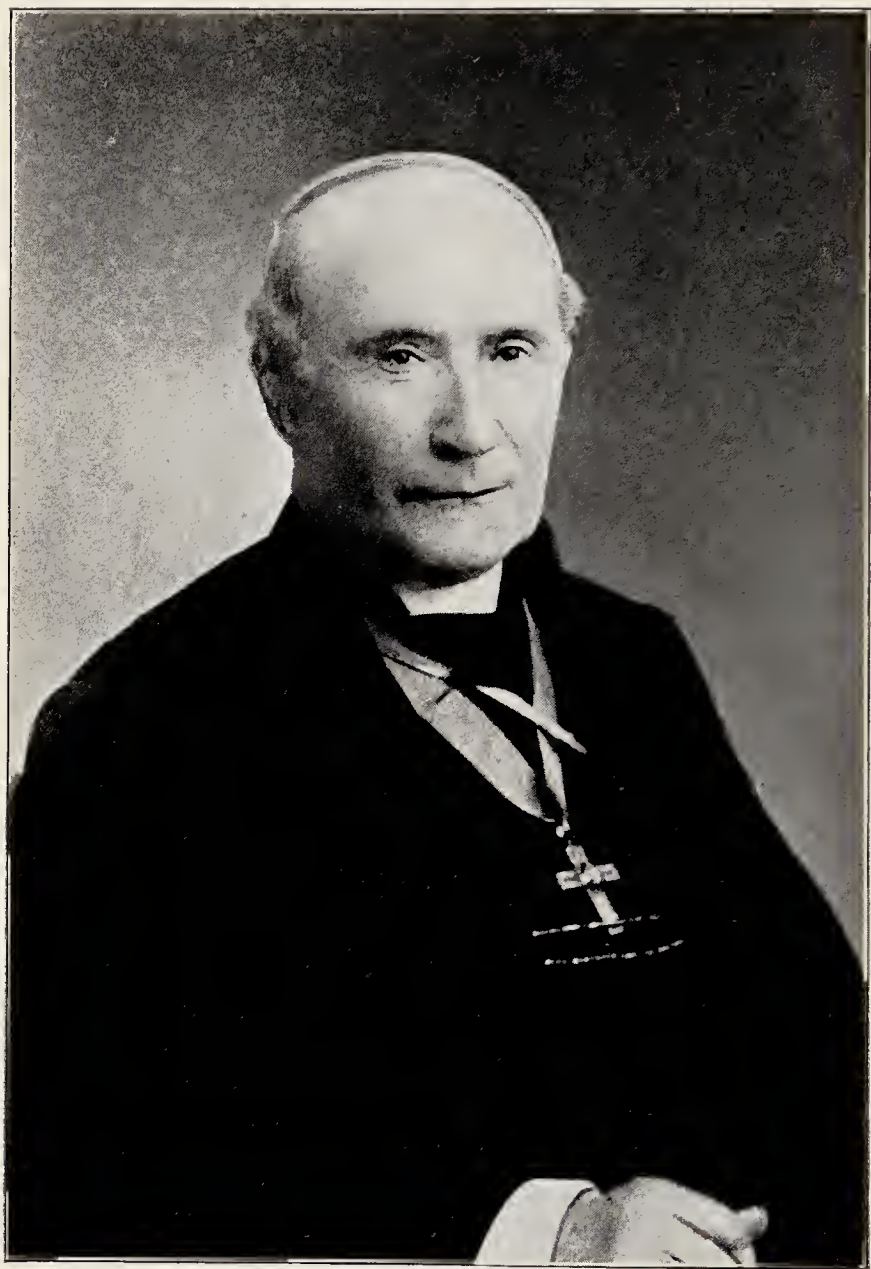
England but to the Christianity of Canada, the name of a Christian who was mighty in prayer, mighty in the Scriptures, mighty with God. Bishop Baldwin has left no literary memorial of his evangelical genius save a booklet or two, such as, "A Break in the Ocean Cable," and "Life in a Look." But his heritage to the land and age is that of an unashamed championship of the Supernatural, and a life which, in its day and generation, was probably the foremost and strongest witness that Canada has known to the truth of the Gospel and the Bible.



P. PHILIP DUMOULIN

By

Archdeacon Davidson



P. PHILIP DUMOULIN

J. PHILIP DUMOULIN

IT is related of a certain Examining Chaplain in England that on one occasion, when trying to ascertain the extent of the patristic knowledge of his candidates he enquired of a would-be deacon whether he was familiar with the writings of Jerome and received the astonishing reply: "Yes, I like them awfully, especially 'Three Men in a Boat'!" It is a far cry from the ancient father to his waggish namesake, and an equally far cry from this author of light fiction to those august personages, the late Bishops of Algoma, Montreal or Niagara, and yet, somehow or other, the present writer never hears the title "Three Men in a Boat" without thinking of that wonderful contribution that Ireland made to the Canadian Church when Edward Sullivan, James Carmichael and John Philip DuMoulin set sail in one vessel for the land in which they were to wield so mighty an influence. Of the two former, it is not for me to speak, beyond referring to the beautiful and affectionate friendship which united these three men to one another to their lives' end. Curiously intertwined were those lives, touching one another at many points, and always the golden thread of unclouded friendship running through all. When one thinks of that threefold

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cord and realizes the depth of affection that such lifelong friendship reveals, one marvels that any one of these three men should ever have been supposed to possess a cold nature, and yet there were many to whom the subject of this sketch appeared in that light. How little they knew him! Cold he could be! So can summer! Cold no doubt he sometimes seemed to the casual observer, but an Irishman of Huguenot ancestry was not really very likely to have a cold nature, and as a matter of fact Bishop DuMoulin possessed a full share of that warm-hearted affection which is one of the noblest characteristics of his race. He was intensely loyal to his friends without being foolishly blind to their faults, and when sometimes people goaded him into saying sharp sarcastic things, which he could do with rare skill when occasion required (or when he thought it did), nobody was ever more generous or more sincere in making amends if he thought his words had hurt, or had been unduly severe.

Those who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing something of Bishop DuMoulin's home life realize the warmth of his affection. It would be difficult to find a home where tender chivalrous devotion was more plainly manifest, and where good-humoured banter made life more cheerful. Those who only saw the Bishop when presiding over his Synod, or when enduring an anthem, had little conception of the boyish glee with which he heard a good joke, or the ready powers of repartee which were ever at his command. I shall never forget his delighted chuckle when I told him that one of my parishioners, who suspected me

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of High Church proclivities, had declared that I was "the thin edge of the wedge." "I should like to see the wedge," was his reply.

One story about him has become quite a classic, but it may well be repeated here. Soon after his son Frank had gone to live in the United States, he wrote to his father, shortly before the fourth of July, and said "Come and help us to celebrate the day we licked you." "If I were to celebrate every day that I've licked you," replied his father, "I'd never have time to do anything else." If this is to be taken literally it no doubt partly accounts for the brilliant career of the said son, who is now Coadjutor Bishop of Ohio, and who prizes above all the honours and distinctions that he has gained, the fact that he is the son of his parents. One cannot help wishing that that fond father might have been spared to witness and participate in his son's consecration. I well remember hearing him preach at his ordination in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto, and can imagine with what joy and gratitude to God he would have taken part in the later ceremony in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Cleveland.

The Bishop was no stranger in the United States, where his magnificent oratory made him immensely popular, and while he could never have brought himself to live under any flag but the British, he enjoyed the breezy ways of the Americans and admired many of their characteristics. Sometimes his description of his American experiences was rather quaint, as for example when somebody asked him if he was addressed as "My Lord" when he was over the border, he replied

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"No, they generally call me 'Bishop,' and sometimes 'Bish.'"

Archbishop Benson used to be fond of saying that the Bishops should never forget that they were Bishops of England and not only administrators of their own dioceses. Bishop DuMoulin shared this view; he was emphatically a Bishop of Canada, almost of the United States as well, and while nobody ever accused him of doing too little in his own diocese he was ever ready to place his great gifts at the disposal of the Church at large. The Diocese of Niagara was proud of its Bishop, as well it might be, for his name was one to conjure with, and wherever he was announced to speak, there was certain to be an immense crowd.

It is not given to many men to excel both in the pulpit and on the platform, just as one rarely finds a person who is equally proficient in playing the organ and the piano, but Bishop DuMoulin combined these diverse gifts in a rare degree; as a preacher he had few peers, and his platform orations were magnificent. His command of language was superb and his glorious voice lent a peculiar charm to all that he said. He was especially at home when speaking to men, and at a men's mass meeting at a Brotherhood Convention he was in his glory. Patriotic orations also his soul loved and he could stir an audience to its very depths. Oh, what a power he would have wielded had he lived to see these stirring times. He would have been a great recruiter.

When the news of the signing of the peace which terminated the South African war reached Canada, he was paying a visit to Guelph, and I

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shall never forget the thanksgiving service which was hastily arranged and the magnificent address the Bishop gave.

This side of his episcopal work he dearly loved and he had the gift of inspiring those about him to prosecute with vigour their own particular duties.

He developed great sagacity in his choice of officials, and he worked unceasingly himself, and therefore it is not surprising that under his administration his diocese made very considerable strides forward; and yet it may well be doubted if he really enjoyed the routine work of rural visitation, in fact he never pretended to like it. Probably if he had consulted his own feelings and wishes he would have vastly preferred to remain at St. James' Cathedral. From the pulpit of that great church he wielded an influence that was colossal in its magnitude, and nobody will ever be able to estimate the good which he accomplished both by his Sunday sermons and by his daily Lenten addresses. But the call of the Church was clear, and he responded to it without hesitation and faithfully and vigorously did he discharge the duties of his high office. It would have been an everlasting reproach to the Canadian Church if a man who combined his rare gifts with deep humility and sincere piety, had not been raised to the highest office in the Church, and yet somehow one feels that he would have been a happier man if his conscience would have allowed him to have remained where he was. But it was well for the Church at large that he accepted his election to the episcopate, for it greatly wid-

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ened the scope of his usefulness as well as his own horizon.

Like most men of broad sympathies, Bishop DuMoulin was a little difficult to "place" as a Churchman. Extreme men of both schools regarded him as belonging to the ranks of their opponents and they were all quite wrong. He exercised a moderating and a unifying influence over all. During his episcopate men of varied shades of thought were drawn closer together; not that they clung less tenaciously to their own convictions but they learned to trust one another and to be more tolerant. It is a significant fact that in the Episcopal election rendered necessary by the Bishop's lamented death, party spirit played absolutely no part. Certainly the Bishop was no ritualist, though he loved a dignified and orderly service. On one occasion after he had preached at a very advanced church in another diocese he was asked by one of his own clergy how he had enjoyed the service, and apparently he had not enjoyed it very much. "They stood me in a corner," he said, "and a young man came over with an incense pot and purified me. I suppose I needed it. He certainly did it most thoroughly!" Still more averse was he to elaborate music, and especially to anthems and solos, though nothing delighted him more than to hear the services rendered chorally. It is said that on one occasion, when there had been much florid music, he began his sermon by saying: "At last, my dear friends, I am here; I began to think that I should never get here," and on yet another occasion he is said to have advanced to the altar

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rail and remarked, "This anthem will go on for ever; will you kindly bring up the offertory?" These rebukes seem rather severe, but it must be remembered that he never lost an opportunity of expressing his views on this subject, and whatever people might think of those views, it was no very great hardship to respect his wishes in the matter when he was present. After all, objecting to solos is a very harmless foible; fancy if one had a Bishop who wanted to sing them!

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By

Dr. Oswald W. Howard



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JAMES CARMICHAEL, the fourth Bishop of Montreal, was by birth, environment and education an Irishman. The name Carmichael is, however, Scotch. As far as can be known it would seem that during the Plantations of Ulster some of the Bishop's forbears removed from Scotland to Ireland. Thus, for at least two centuries, his ancestors had flung over them that charm and enchantment that the Emerald Isle has ever imparted to those who have lived within her sea girt borders. The ready wit, the tender heart, the voice of sympathy and pathos, the histrionic power, the keen appreciation of beauty—in a word, the Irish temperament at its best—were the national inheritance, generously bestowed by the land of his birth, upon this, her brilliant son.

James Carmichael, the father of the late Bishop, was a solicitor of Dublin and Clerk of the Crown for the County of Tipperary. As a criminal lawyer he had great success and was a man of large income if not of considerable capital. He was twice married. His second wife was much younger than himself; at the time of her marriage she was just the age of her husband's eldest son. In James Carmichael's second family there were twelve children. Four sons only grew to man-

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hood, three of these became clergymen, and each of them was a man of singular ability in his own chosen profession.

The subject of this sketch was born in Dublin on July 24th, 1833. He has left a charming description of his home life as a boy in that city. He described his mother as the most beautiful woman he ever saw, and tells with no small pride of his taking her out to evening social gatherings. "I often felt pleased when I entered a drawing room with my mother on my arm and realized that there was no girl or woman in the room that could compare with her in beauty." His father was a busy lawyer who apparently was devoted to his family and endeavoured to give his children the best opportunities of education that money and circumstances could provide. In later years the Bishop used to recall with great pleasure what he could remember of his father's life and habits. That the utmost good fellowship existed between father and children the following interesting bit of family history, taken from the Bishop's own pen, will thoroughly illustrate. "I have seldom heard a sweeter performer on the violin than he. My memories of this are very vivid. Sometimes the fit would seize him and he would bring the violin into the back drawing room, which he always on those occasions kept perfectly dark, everyone in the house gathering in the front room. Up and down the inside room he would walk playing Irish air after Irish air, nothing but Irish, and then he would drift into singing with a light sweet tenor, sea songs, Irish melodies, and scraps of songs that we would call out for.

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Then he would drift into queer, comical political songs and gradually come out among us and pull our hair as he passed, and then father and children would fly into the wildest romps. He could make awful faces, and once he began that then came chaos, ending generally in a row between the boys and a terrible headache for my father in the morning."

Everything would go to show that this early life in Dublin was happy and joyous. But for the little boy James there was the natural sadness that illness casts over a child's life. As he looked back upon nursery and boyhood days he said: "The fact is, I was always sickly. I think I had every disease a boy could have and I was a cripple for how long I know not, but it seems a long time. This delicacy withdrew me from boy life and sport and I think I always lived in advance of my years from being with people much older than myself." But with advancing years greater health and strength came. Studies were entered upon under private teachers, who were apparently very competent, and at length, when about seventeen years of age, he entered his father's office with the idea of becoming a lawyer.

How long young Carmichael followed the pursuit of law is not known. During this time, it would appear that his religious convictions became deepened and he conceived the idea of becoming a clergyman rather than a lawyer. About the time that he was twenty-three, Bishop Benjamin Cronyn, of the Canadian Diocese of Huron, came to Dublin in search of young men who would serve as clergymen among the early set-

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tlers of his newly created Diocese. His effort to obtain such men was pre-eminently successful. Through his appeals there came to the Diocese of Huron some men of rare quality who were destined to shed no mean lustre on the land of their birth, and to bring imperishable gain to the Church of England in the new land of their adoption. Among these young men were three who were destined to stir Canada with their eloquence and eventually to become Bishops in the Canadian Church—Edward Sullivan, J. Philip DuMoulin and James Carmichael.

Of these three young men, predestined to such usefulness and success, the last to arrive in Canada was Mr. Carmichael. He arrived at New York in the early part of 1859 and immediately made his way to London, Ontario. Here, in March of this year, he was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Cronyn and in December of the same year was advanced to the priesthood. The young clergyman, thus suddenly transplanted from a home of luxury and fashion, and from a city remarkable for its culture and social conviviality, was stationed in the village of Clinton, Ontario,—at that time nothing but a primitive, distributing centre for the settlers in what was then the backwoods of Canada. Here he remained until 1868.

The life of a clergyman in Western Ontario at that early date in the history of the Province was one of great activity and considerable hardship which a poor salary did not suffice to mollify. But there was, on the other hand, no small encouragement to the earnest and faithful worker.

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Clergyman and people were all poor together and thus experienced that pinch of poverty which goes far to make those who feel it sympathize with one another's struggles, successes and sorrows. It was, moreover, a day in which practically all the people went to church and thus the clergyman had the consolation of feeling that his hard work and self denying labours were far from being in vain. Besides this, it was a day when people had both time and heart for those old-fashioned friendships which a more modern day, with its life filled by materialistic pursuits, has to a large extent crowded out. Poverty has its sting drawn, and self-sacrifice loses all disappointment when these are open highways to friendship and form a ready means of approach on the part of the clergyman to the spiritual well-being of the people whom he serves in the Lord. Mr. Carmichael, who had an infinite capacity for friendship and a glowing sympathy for everything that was human, at once made himself at home among the pioneers of Clinton and its surroundings country. His parish was a large one, and like the clergymen of that day, he travelled about it on horseback. In after years he took great delight in thinking and talking of his experience. To a man brought up as he was, this free, open life, lived close to nature and to people of simple heart, had peculiar charms. He loved the country, the people and his horses. As a horseman he was not without daring. One of his favorite horses had the habit of bolting and thus gave its rider an occasional experience somewhat similar to that of the renowned John Gilpin. Mr. Carmichael determined that this must be

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stopped. One night, on returning from one of the outlying parts of the parish, the high-spirited animal suddenly seized the bit in his teeth and at a furious gallop started toward home. Mr. Carmichael thought that this was an opportunity for severe discipline such as would break the beast from these unpleasant and dangerous pranks. He did not try to rein the animal back but simply endeavoured to keep him on the roadway. This was not hard to do. On they went at breakneck speed until the main street of Clinton was reached, and then the horse began to slacken its pace. But the rider had been waiting for this moment and at once applied the stinging rawhide to the flanks of the hitherto uncontrollable animal. It bounded forward and rushed through the village street with such speed that people ran to their doors and windows to see what was the matter. The intrepid rider still vigorously applied the whip and drove forward for some miles up the Goderich road until the horse, tired and breathless, stopped from sheer exhaustion. After a short rest he turned the now suborned beast towards home. He walked back meekly; a sadder and wiser animal, he never bolted again.

In 1860 Mr. Carmichael married. His bride was his second cousin, Miss Emma Dubourdiere, the youngest daughter of Dr. Saumerez Dubourdiere of Dublin. Miss Dubourdiere's family was of French origin. The marriage took place at Galt, on August 1st, 1860. Mrs. Carmichael was a woman of sober mind and strong common sense. Tender hearted, sympathetic and generous, she blended all these characteristics in a

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simple, yet firm, religious faith. The devotion of the young couple to one another intensified itself as the years went by. They always preserved the old fashioned custom that husband and wife should walk arm in arm in public. In later years when advancing age had turned their hair to silver, they made a most attractive and striking picture as they went thus together through the streets of Montreal. From first to last, their home life, ideal in its deeply seated happiness and its true simplicity, was ever an example of Christian piety and of devotion to the cause of religion. At Clinton three sons were born to this happy home. Among this family of boys, Mr. Carmichael was always himself a boy. He thoroughly entered into all their joys and sorrows and was ever the confidant and friend of each of them. Once a chum of these boys was invited to take tea at Mr. Carmichael's house. On returning home he informed his father that Mr. Carmichael was a pretty funny sort of minister; after tea he actually got down on the floor and "played bear" with the boys!

For nearly ten years Mr. Carmichael remained at Clinton. The outdoor life and activity which were forced upon him during that period, no doubt, were extremely beneficial to his health. He had never been strong. Upon coming to Canada the change of air had proved beneficial, while the long horseback rides and out of doors exercise, incident to the life of a country clergyman in a pioneer settlement, did much to strengthen his rather fragile constitution and to lessen a cough that at one time had seemed to indicate some seri-

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ous trouble. In later years, when the heavy burden of a large city parish fell upon him, and his strength at times seemed unequal to the tasks which he had to bear, Mr. Carmichael attributed to the free life in the open of these pioneer days, the physical ability, such as it was, that he was privileged to have. At the best his strength was of an indifferent sort—a matter which always caused him regret but over which he never permitted himself to repine.

On several occasions at Clinton his health broke down. In 1862 he reported to the S. P. G. that owing to illness he had been forced to give up the two outstations of the parish but that his parishioners in Clinton had doubled their subscriptions to his salary in order that he might be able to remain among them. Again he suffered from serious hemorrhage of the lungs and was forced to take a long rest. He returned to Ireland. The vessel encountered heavy gales and was so long delayed at sea that everyone but his hopeful wife, necessarily left behind at Clinton, gave him up for lost. But the long sea voyage proved highly beneficial to the invalid; he landed in Ireland greatly improved and after sufficient rest returned to his family and work in Canada.

The work in the earlier years of his ministry was heavy—far too heavy for his fragile constitution. If one reads the reports that he made annually to the S.P.G. it will be seen that a man of the strongest constitution would have found the work as much as he could endure. In 1861 he reported as follows:—"I have left Clinton in torrents of rain, and yet on arriving well drenched

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at the school-house, I have always found a large congregation awaiting me." These were not ideal conditions of life for a man with a tendency to tuberculosis and whose delicate body was frequently racked with a distressing cough. But in spite of hardships and illnesses and physical weakness the young missionary had the great joy of seeing his work move along smoothly and successfully. The field of work was not small, while the outward and visible signs of religious life were encouraging and gratifying. As time went on churches were built in the parish; congregations, large in proportion to the population of the settlement, gathered regularly to enjoy and benefit from his ministrations. The young Irishman, from the earliest days of his ministry, showed that he participated in no small degree in that rich and moving eloquence that has brought immortal fame to so many of the sons of his native land. In simple church or primitive country schoolhouse, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" gathered to worship God and receive religious teaching. At night each one brought a candle and an empty bottle to serve as a candlestick—such was the primitive method of illuminating these primitive places of worship—and when service was over, what was left of each one's candle, together with the improvised candlestick, was carried home to serve a similar purpose in the primitive log house. But the spirit of God, under the devoted and increasingly able ministry of the young missionary, made His presence felt as powerfully as ever He did in later days when in splendid city churches, under the blaze of electric

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lamps, crowded congregations fell under the spell of Mr. Carmichael's more developed eloquence. In his earlier days his utterance had been greatly marred by a serious impediment of speech. To overcome this he monotoned. This monotone, on rather a high note, was a feature of his early public speaking that to a considerable extent hindered the power and attractiveness of his delivery. With the passing years, however, every trace of stammering and monotone disappeared and it would be difficult to persuade those who heard and knew him later in life that this finished eloquence had been gained at so much self discipline over such a serious natural defect. His deliberate utterance, his masterful control of the voice in note and tone, his unfailing command of language, seemed to belie the fact that he had ever been a stammerer. But to the last, he ever fled from any one similarly affected as from a plague; for the old trouble showed signs of returning whenever he talked with a stammerer.

In those early days Mr. Carmichael was an extemporaneous preacher. In fact he even prepared his sermons without putting pen to paper. After carefully thinking out a sermon he would deliver it without notes. His method of preparation was simple but it had two serious results. In the first place there remained no sermon after the early impressions faded from the preacher's memory, and in the second place it was a severe mental strain that reacted directly upon the fragile body. Moreover the task of extemporaneous speaking took much vital and nervous force. So exhausted did the young preacher become that

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his doctor, a member of the Clinton congregation, advised him to write his sermons and read them in the pulpit. Though the same doctor strongly remonstrated with Mr. Carmichael after the first manuscript sermon was delivered and urged a return to the earlier method, yet the young preacher declared that he would follow the advice given him in good faith and henceforth stick to written sermons. In after life he frequently declared that manuscript preaching was the only true way to preach and that this method had undoubtedly saved his life. With time and practice his ability in delivering a sermon from manuscript became unique. Few people who heard him could detect the fact that he was reading and yet his most impassioned utterances, as a preacher and lecturer, were all written out verbatim in most careful handwriting and read word for word before his audiences. Seldom, after his early years, did he ever preach or lecture without manuscript. Piles of his manuscript lectures and sermons still exist. They are an eloquent testimony to the man's tireless industry, painstaking care and wide range of study. Every one of the thousands of pages of manuscript that have come from his pen is carefully and legibly written. Not only was he careful in penmanship but he always composed audibly—thus striving to judge the effect that his words would produce upon an audience.

From the parish of Clinton, with its quiet, uneventful, rural surroundings, Mr. Carmichael was called in 1868 to the city of Montreal to become Assistant Minister at St. George's Church. The

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then Rector of St. George's was the Rev. William Bennett Bond, who afterwards became the third Bishop of Montreal and later the Primate of all Canada. Perhaps two more dissimilar men than Mr. Bond and Mr. Carmichael were never linked together as rector and assistant in any parish. The contrasts between them were most striking. Mr. Bond's gigantic stature and prodigious strength seemed to be enhanced in comparison with the smaller stature and the indifferent physical strength of his assistant; the rector's somewhat severe cast of character, his habitual seriousness, his stoic self-control and his matter-of-fact method of preaching all found their striking contrast in the constant joyousness, the ever bubbling wit, the emotional fervour and the popular, appealing pulpit utterances of the young Irishman.

But these two men, so unlike one another in outward mien and in some of those qualities of personality that are more readily observed by the public eye, were strikingly alike in two important respects; each was a man at heart and each had a glowing devotion for the same Master. Their differences were largely on the surface; in the deeper strata of their characters they were undivided. They soon became the warmest friends. Nothing could exceed the respect that Mr. Carmichael ever retained for his old rector, and nothing could exceed the generous, whole-souled appreciation that Mr. Bond ever gave to the versatile, brilliant gifts of his younger fellow-worker. The position to which Mr. Carmichael had come in St. George's Church was styled that of assistant minister, not that of curate. It was an ideal posi-

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tion for a young man. Here he could work out his destiny, untrammelled by too great restraint on the part of his superior and absolutely unhindered by small-minded jealousies. There was no pretence at St. George's regarding the relation of superior and inferior, of rector and curate; they were fellow workers in the Lord, fast friends in public and private, each generous to the gifts of the other and each zealous that those gifts should be used to the best religious and moral advantage of the people whom they in unison sought to serve. This friendship and personal loyalty to one another, begun in 1868, deepened with the passing years. Though the relation of rector and assistant lasted for ten years only, the relation of friend to friend was lifelong. When Mr. Bond, as Archbishop of Montreal and Primate of all Canada, was called to his rest, there was no one who felt his loss more keenly than his former assistant in St. George's. In the meantime this assistant in St. George's had become Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal; the lives of the two men had been strangely and closely interwoven with one another. Theirs was the sort of friendship that might exist between father and son or between elder and younger brother. Whether the essential nature of this friendship can be properly described or not, it may be said that it was an intimate relation of love and respect between two manly men which tended to develop the best that was in each of them.

Mr. Carmichael remained for ten years in Montreal as assistant minister at St. George's Church. These ten years were for him a time of

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growth in knowledge, of ripening manhood and of great development in preaching ability. All this was accompanied by patient, methodical, unceasing parochial work in a growing city and an ever increasing congregation. Mr. Bond's iron industry was ceaseless; his organizing ability was proverbial. His younger assistant found, at once, that he must strike a rapid pace in order to keep up with his leader. But Mr. Carmichael loved study and saw clearly that a clergyman must not only have a cultivated mind well stored with useful knowledge, but that he must ever be active in acquiring fresh knowledge and in keeping abreast with the best thought of his day. Accordingly he applied himself assiduously to study. Montreal offered him better opportunities for quiet, undisturbed hours than he had had in his country parish. His health was better and his strength greater than heretofore. Moreover books were more accessible and there was now opportunity of meeting with and knowing educated people. In Ireland he had enjoyed such opportunities and now that these were in a measure restored to him he turned them to highly serviceable account. His reading during these years was broad; scientific and theological subjects claimed the chief part of his attention. He delighted in natural history and in the use of the microscope. He became a member of the Montreal Natural History Society—of which society no member was more enthusiastic than he. He delighted in the study of bugs, ants and bees. Indeed, whatever had life interested him, from men and women to sticklebacks and worms. Such studies were always suggest-

ing to him the presence of the Divine in nature. From studies such as these he was naturally led on to take an absorbing interest in the then important study of evolution. The Evolutionary Hypothesis was then claiming a dominant place in the minds of educated and thinking men. It was on trial for its life. In 1859 Darwin's "Origin of Species" had appeared and had at once turned the world of scientific thought upside down. The effects of such a theory were soon to be far reaching. It immediately became an object of attack on the part of the world of theology. This was but natural. In 1869, Professor Huxley, following the materialistic tendencies that seemed to many to be latent in Darwin's explanation of man's origin by development, invented the word "Agnostic" as explanatory of his own attitude towards a knowledge of God. That brilliant coterie of English scientific and philosophic thinkers, of whom Huxley was but one, readily took up this word Agnostic as descriptive of their own position religiously. Darwin, in his epoch-making work, had substituted secondary causes for the primary cause and it was inevitable that for a time, at least, there should be some who would declare that religion was doomed to suffer an eclipse, if not extinction, since they were convinced that of God man can know and need know nothing. Thus for many men of scientific mind God became simply the unknowable, religion was reduced to ethics. The name of Darwin, as well as the names of Huxley and Herbert Spencer, became for many synonymous with unbelief. The writings of these three were filling the world and many

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sincere souls were beginning to lose their faith in God in the powerful impetus that much of these writings gave to a materialistic conception of human life. But all theologians were not diametrically opposed to this evolutionary teaching in spite of the materialistic tendency that it might appear to foster. For a few there emerged another and a deeper conception of God. If Geology and Evolution might appear to contradict the early chapters of Genesis yet they also revealed a new idea of God that was not inferior to the older idea. So these new theologians made bold to champion the evolutionary hypothesis and to declare that it simply revealed God's method in Creation. For them every study of nature simply showed how God has worked and thus nature herself becomes a means of knowing God; nature and the Bible are simply two storehouses of Revelation. Thus the world of theological thought became divided. On the one hand were the conservative theologians (undoubtedly in the majority at that time) who declared with all their power that evolution was the thin edge of atheism, that it was submersive to true religion and that eventually it would destroy morality. On the other hand, there were a few who thought that these dangers from evolution were more apparent than real and who maintained that if evolution should be a true explanation of the ordered universe and of the origin of man, it was not essentially atheistical, it was a further and a fuller revelation of how God had worked in creation and that eventually it would not banish God from the universe that He has made, but rather make

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His presence in that universe more apparent to any eye that is willing to look for it. Into this whole question Mr. Carmichael threw himself with ardour. He diligently read Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and others of the same school of thought. On the other side he as diligently studied the works of Quatrefages and of his friend Sir William Dawson. When it came to a matter of judgment as to which side he would take among theologians on this question he unhesitatingly ranged himself among the conservative majority. From this position he never swerved—believing that the great weight of evidence favoured the conclusion that species originated by a direct creative act of God. For a quarter of a century this subject and its careful study occupied much of his thought and time. To the day of his death he never lost interest in it. It influenced his preaching, formed the subject of many lectures and of several pamphlets and tended, on the whole, to make him rigidly conservative and strictly orthodox. His recoil from these new ways of thinking fixed in him more firmly the older categories of thought. Though he lived to see the great bulk of the educated world, both clerical and lay, accept the evolutionary theory as to the method of creation and though he lived through the period when this hypothesis appeared to be the enemy of religion, yet he never changed his opinion on the matter nor ceased his opposition to such a way of thinking.

The study of this subject of Evolution and of the theological controversies that resulted from it,

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though of great interest to him and though entered upon with so much enthusiasm, was but a by-product of Mr. Carmichael's energy during these years. He was not absorbed in scientific studies to the exclusion of more important things. His absorbing desire was to preach the Word of God and for this his mind was strengthened by any study that he undertook. With his natural gifts as a public speaker and with the success that he had already gained as an attractive preacher, it was but natural that he should turn his chief attention in this direction. If natural gifts are an indication of God's purpose in an individual's life then God intended that James Carmichael should be a preacher above everything else. This Mr. Carmichael no doubt felt. To this great end he ever prepared himself. But he was wise enough to see, and to see clearly, that efficient preaching did not simply consist in the cultivation of natural histrionic power, that preaching had in it something more than performance. This conviction made him a student. The Word of God was diligently studied, while at the same time scientific and other subjects came in for earnest research. From the first his preaching in St. George's attracted no small attention, and as years passed he found increasing encouragement to such work in the large congregations to which he constantly ministered. Here it is appropriate to say that in the midst of his public success and popularity he did not lose his head. He knew, and acted on the knowledge, that diligent study and painstaking preparation are the constant and regular discipline to which the preacher must subject him-

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self if, for any length of time, he is to be of spiritual value to any intelligent congregation. This conviction, so diligently acted upon, did not make him either a recluse or a book worm. He kept in close touch with human life, associating with all classes of people in the parish and outside it. He was diligent and systematic as a parish visitor, attended regularly the various organizations of the Church, where he cordially met and strove to know the people belonging to such, and even beyond the parish he had affiliations that brought him closely in touch with men.

Of these affiliations outside the parish, one might be specially mentioned. He interested himself greatly in the Irish Roman Catholics of Montreal and became a very active member of St. Patrick's Society. By this Society he was frequently called upon for public addresses. In this and other ways he soon found himself very influential and popular among his fellow-countrymen of the Roman Church. It was freely said of him that had he desired political honours, the Irish Roman Catholics of St. Antoine Electoral District of Montreal would have gladly elected him to represent them at Ottawa. When he left Montreal for Hamilton in 1878 these Roman Catholic fellow countrymen presented him with an address and purse of gold. With the money he purchased a very handsome bookcase—to constantly remind him, as he said, of the most unique and touching incident in his public life.

During these busy years of studying, parish visitation and preaching Mr. Carmichael was also interested in philanthropic work. The temper-

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ance cause lay very near his heart. A total abstainer through the greater part of his ministry, he took firm ground in favour of prohibition. One of his favourite declarations was, "I believe that God Himself is a prohibitionist." The Temperance Society at St. George's Church was a flourishing organization to whose meetings people from all over the city of Montreal came. Many took the pledge of total abstinence and to this day remember the good work that the society performed and the stirring addresses given by Mr. Carmichael.

In Sunday School work and Bible Class teaching he also took conspicuous interest. He had a passionate love for children. These he understood and was able to influence. He intuitively seemed to know just how to attract and manage boys and just how to please and capture the devotion of girls. Boys and girls of all ages rallied about him enthusiastically and when they were grown to manhood and womanhood his charm for them and influence over them was not lost. His heart was intensely human and ever young; this may to some extent explain the secret of his power with children and young people. As a Bishop, going through the Diocese of Montreal, the children everywhere were delighted with him. In many a country rectory he would sit by the stove playing like a child with the children. Since the days when he had "played bear with the boys" he had not forgotten the way to the juvenile heart.

The busy, happy and useful years in St. George's, during which there had been so much personal development, had an ending in 1878. In

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this year Mr. Carmichael was called to Hamilton to become Rector of the Church of the Ascension. He had become deeply rooted in Montreal and found it hard to make the change. Many friends were anxious that he should remain at St. George's; indeed, the entire congregation were anxious to retain him. It seemed, however, that to go to the new and more independent sphere of work was the right course to follow. He went and had no reason ever to regret the step. For four years he laboured with conspicuous success in Hamilton. Amid new surroundings and before a new congregation all his past experiences tended towards that reasonable and dignified self-confidence without which real success is impossible in one who is in a position of leadership. Mr. Carmichael found himself busy with preaching, visiting, studying parochial organizations, temperance and philanthropic work as in Montreal. In a small church, such as the Church of the Ascension, and in a smaller city he was, perhaps, better than in Montreal. His influence counted for much in these more confined surroundings; his powers could concentrate themselves upon a smaller area. Intimate friendships were made which remained close and active throughout life. On the whole it may very properly be said that he made an indelible impress, not only upon his own congregation but upon the city at large.

This happy and successful ministry did not continue long. In 1882 two offers were made to him. The Bishop of Toronto proffered to him the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and

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while he was debating whether to accept this position or not, he received a unanimous call to become rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, which he immediately accepted.

Notable changes had taken place in St. George's, Montreal, since 1878. Dean Bond, the rector, had become Bishop of Montreal and Dr. Sullivan had been brought from Chicago to succeed him in the rectorship of St. George's. In 1882 Dr. Sullivan was made Bishop of Algoma and unitedly the congregation of St. George's turned their faces towards Mr. Carmichael. Upon the receipt of the invitation to become rector of St. George's he unhesitatingly accepted—his heart had ever been in Montreal and he hailed with delight the opportunity to return to a congregation that he knew so well, to a city that ever appealed to him and to labour once more beside his old friend and former rector who was now Bishop of Montreal. He was duly installed in his new and important position. The Bishop of Montreal at once made him one of the Canons of Christ Church Cathedral and in the next year—1883—upon the elevation of Dean Baldwin to the Episcopate, Canon Carmichael became Dean of Montreal.

The long rectorship of St. George's (1882-1906) was a period of earnest work to which he brought an experienced and thoroughly ripened mind. Such a mind was needed for the management and administration of what was at that time the leading church and parish of the Anglican Communion in Canada. Here it was that Dean Carmichael became known as an outstanding figure

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to the entire Canadian Church. But while he became busied in many church activities outside of his own parish he ever made it a point of honour that no outside interest should interfere with the welfare of his parochial work. He conscientiously held that his pulpit and parish were his primary charge, or as he expressed it, this was the work for which he was paid and which, therefore, he was bound in all honesty to discharge faithfully, and that no other church work, however pressing, important or attractive, could exonerate him from the faithful discharge of the regular, routine duties that devolved upon him as preacher and parish priest. Upon these primary duties his efforts were concentrated. His church and parish had been thoroughly organized by that masterly parish organizer, Dean Bond. These lines of organization were not disturbed under Dean Carmichael. He always said that Dean Bond's methods could not be improved upon and that the work in St. George's was a continuation of what he had so thoroughly begun and developed. This organization embraced, practically, all forms of religious activities that a parish could undertake. In each department of this organized work Dean Carmichael took a living interest and active participation. He or one of his assistants was always present at the beginning of each meeting of every society or association in the church and opened such meeting with the reading of Scripture and prayer. This was a busy tax on the time of a clergyman but the rector believed that it was the only right method and therefore rigidly followed it, even when the multi-

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plicity of societies tended to make the custom somewhat of a burden. He associated freely with all his co-workers in these societies and with all Sunday School officers and teachers. He knew every such co-worker personally and called most of them familiarly by their Christian names. He thus seemed to give a sort of fatherly encouragement to all that was going on. Nothing was too trivial in the parish to claim his interest, sympathy and active co-operation. He particularly delighted in the Sunday School and in all work among the children. It has already been pointed out that he dearly loved children and that he seemed to be possessed of an intuitive understanding of them. Indeed, this intuitive understanding was not confined to children. He had a positive genius for understanding the inner feelings of others. This was the secret of that marvellous tact that characterized him in his relations with others and explained thoroughly his great success among his many parishioners. But with this tact, resulting from an intuitive understanding of human nature, he ever carried into his work an atmosphere of good will towards all. This good will on his part awakened a good will towards him on the part of his people. Thus the quarter of a century, during which he was rector of St. George's, slipped by in mutual respect, good will and love between the rector and his people. To few clergymen has it been given to tread so smooth a pathway in the discharge of onerous and exacting parish duties. This quarter of a century was a period of very considerable "storm and stress" in the Anglican communion. High and

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low churchmen were often, unfortunately, divided into more or less hostile camps. Feeling along these lines was often very intense. In the midst of such an atmosphere, Dean Carmichael found that a clergyman must walk warily. He had his own deeply rooted evangelical convictions which he never compromised. His common sense, his genial disposition and his intense humanity, coupled with the fact that he carried a consecrated good will towards all men, bore him along smoothly where many another man might meet with difficulties, if not with disaster.

The relationship at St. George's between rector and parishioners was all that could be desired. What were the relationships that existed between rector and assistants? A rector who is popular among his people may, to say the least, be seen from a different angle by those who share the parish work with him. The subordinate in the work of the parish has ways of judging and means of knowing the rector on his inner side that, in the nature of the case, are denied to the laity. There are not many rectors who can withdraw themselves from the criticising eye and the daily judgments of their assistants. These fellow-workers estimate the motives and search after the ideals of the man with whom they serve. To them his smallnesses, his selfishness, his injustices, if there are any such in his character, are soon revealed. Many a rector would give much to know what his assistants think of him, and perhaps when knowing would wish himself once more in ignorance. Here, then, there may be a real test of a successful clergyman's character. . . . What do

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his fellow-workers in the Lord think of him? Of Dean Carmichael it may be truly said that as his relationship with his parishioners revealed him as a true parish priest, his relationships with his assistants revealed him as a large and generously minded man whose motive in life was to promote the well-being of the kingdom of God among men. These co-workers at St. George's were never called curates under Dean Bond's organization of the parish of St. George's—they were known as assistant ministers, and this was continued under Dean Carmichael. There may not be much in a name and few right-minded men will care much what their office is called, so long as they have an opportunity of doing good work, but both these rectors of St. George's were too large of mind to allow even the name of a man's office to seem to belittle either that office or its holder's abilities. Good fellowship was the term that best described Dean Carmichael's relationship to each and all of his assistants. These men who thus laboured with him have never ceased to look back upon the years of their service at St. George's as years of joy and thorough satisfaction. The work of the parish and pulpit was divided; the assistant had his own duties to perform and was allowed to perform them with a free hand. There was no interference—no petty changes from time to time. Justice, appreciation and generosity, coupled with the rector's friendship, made up a golden sunshine in which these men laboured, and all will enthusiastically witness to the delightsomeness of their ministry at St. George's under a rector to whose memory, as a man of true

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heart, real piety and unfailing kindness, they are staunchly loyal. If the reputation of a rector is to stand or fall by the opinions of those who have borne the "burden and heat of the day" at his side, then it is no exaggeration to declare that Dean Carmichael's reputation not only stands but stands upon an imperishable basis—the basis of justice, consideration and unfailing personal friendship. Indeed, one can scarcely do justice to the loyalty and affection of these men towards their superior for fear of appearing to be excessive in words of appreciation or, at least, of projecting into the circumstances of the past a roseate glow of unreality. Suffice it to put the matter into the cold language of every day fact—he spoiled them for ever serving under anyone else.

But let us return to the man in his public capacity. In the midst of his many and arduous parochial duties, Dean Carmichael took a very active interest in the Church at large. In the Diocesan Synod of Montreal he took a prominent and active part. For many years he represented the Church in Montreal at the greater Councils of the Canadian Church. He was Prolocutor of the Provincial Synod of Canada from 1892 to 1898. Upon its formation in 1892 he was elected Prolocutor of the General Synod and held this position until his election to the position of Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal (1902) forced his withdrawal. At all such Synods he was noted for his forcefulness in debate, his ability at seeing the cardinal points at issue, and his ingenuity at uniting opposing tendencies by suggesting practical compromises. As a presiding officer over

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great gatherings of the Church he failed in no particular. He was a master of parliamentary procedure; he never lost his head in moments of general excitement, while his witty sallies were often like the pouring of oil on troubled waters. This ready wit, thrust in at opportune moments, saved him many a difficulty in the management of such gatherings by softening the acrimony of heated opponents in the general laughter that his pleasantries provoked.

In 1902 Dean Carmichael was elected as Co-adjutor Bishop of Montreal. Archbishop Bond's advanced age demanded that he should have some help in the work of his great Diocese. The Synod of Montreal, on its first ballot, gave an overwhelming majority to Dean Carmichael to fill this office. The two men's lives had been closely intermingled since 1868 and it seemed but proper that they should now be associated together as Bishop and Coadjutor Bishop, as in earlier life they had been rector and assistant. After his consecration Bishop Carmichael remained at St. George's as rector while still performing the duties of Coadjutor Bishop. This double office he held until the death of Archbishop Bond in 1906. Early in January, 1907, Mrs. Carmichael died, and the Bishop, bereft of her presence in life, was never quite the same man again. After this bereavement and before taking up the full duties of the Bishopric, he, with his son, Dr. Carmichael, took a journey to Italy and other parts of Europe. St. George's Church literally filled his pockets with gold, as a thankoffering for his long ministry, and insisted upon his taking this long holiday trip be-

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fore he shouldered the full burdens of his episcopal office. He came back refreshed in mind and body. But years were pressing heavily upon him. His physical strength had never been great and he felt lonely in the new surroundings of Bishops-court without the companionship of the wife of his youth to whom he had been so devotedly attached. But he bravely faced the facts and labour of life. In the summer of 1908 he attended the Pan-Anglican Congress and the fifth Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops in London, England. Returning to Montreal he seemed younger and better than he had been for years. His many friends thought that they had never seen him look better. He was full of hope and it seemed as if he had been granted a new lease of life. But the end was near. On Sunday morning, September 20th, he preached in Christ Church Cathedral—his theme being the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference with the lessons that these seemed to teach. The cathedral was filled and every one present agreed that the eloquent Bishop had never been heard to greater advantage. His old fire and enthusiasm in preaching, his captivating eloquence, his stirring, well modulated and perfectly mastered voice, were manifest as of old. It was his last sermon. After pronouncing the benediction he became faint and required assistance in retiring to the vestry. Here he rallied a little and was able to walk across the lawn to Bishops-court. In the afternoon the attack returned and was seen to be serious—angina pectoris. He soon became unconscious and without regaining consciousness quietly passed beyond

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the veil about seven o'clock on Monday morning. To the people who heard his sermon on Sunday, his sudden death seemed a sort of tragedy, to all Montreal it was a shock; far beyond Montreal it caused thorough regret and heartfelt grief on the part of all who knew him. In looking back upon that fateful morning when, standing well within the shadow of death, he had so eloquently and so powerfully preached in Christ Church Cathedral, there were many who felt that all his excellencies as a preacher had been concentrated into that noble utterance. His last sentences uttered in public showed the spirit of his life-long effort as a preacher—the exaltation of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. They may well be quoted:

“The Anglican branch of God’s Church; its faith and allegiance to the Master; the power of the Mother to call her world-spread children to the hearth of her old home, and the response of the children in joyous answer to the call; the burning desire of the whole assembled family to do greater things for God than ever it has done—these are not relics of the past, laurel wreaths won by others and worn by us in quiet ease, no, thank God, this is the Church of England to-day—the guardian of all the inherited truth that God has given her, a sentry keeping watch and ward over treasures committed to her charge; a good soldier of Jesus Christ, ready to suffer hardship, ready to face difficulty, ready to go anywhere, ready to live unto the Lord or die unto the Lord, so long as the name of the Great Captain of her salvation may be made known unto the sons of man.”

Had he realized that this was his last sermon,

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he could not have penned more noble or more fitting words with which to end his ministry.

From considering the outward current of Bishop Carmichael's life, it is of importance that an effort should be made to see the man more closely, on the inner side of his nature. In his constant intercourse with men and in his capacity as a public preacher and teacher, he was constantly revealing his character and personality. As we endeavour to look beneath the "outward and visible" there is revealed to us a sincere soul, a man of simple faith, intensely human, striving after the spiritual and moral well-being of men. He had made great sacrifices, from a worldly point of view, when he became a clergyman. His early environment and opportunities pointed the way to a more than ordinarily successful career as a lawyer—imagine a man of his brains, eloquence and histrionic power before a jury; he could have moulded most juries to his will and could have reaped a fortune as well as a glowing reputation as a jurist, if he had remained at the study and practice of law. He chose otherwise. His choice reveals the man's nature. He was sincerely desirous of doing good to men by winning them to God. That was his viewpoint in life. Above all other values in life stood for him the value of knowing God in Jesus Christ and of imparting this knowledge to others. He had not been brought up in a religious atmosphere at home, but when once there had come to him a realization of the incomparable worth of godliness he immediately felt the call to tell others of what he had learned. This sincerity of conviction and this

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altruistic motive were warp and woof of his character as a clergyman. Whatever other qualities of soul he had, and these other qualities were neither few nor small, were so used that they quickened his sincerity and gave vigour to his altruism.

Perhaps there was nothing more conspicuous in the character of Bishop Carmichael than his power of making friendships. As a man among men he seemed to possess that "mysterious cement of the soul" to an infinite degree. It is remarkable that many men of leading position and influence spoke of him as their best friend. Clergymen and laymen alike were attracted to him and found in him those subtle characteristics that call forth love and loyalty. This power of making friends was phenomenal and was exceeded only by his power of retaining the friendships that he made. These friends were everywhere and in all walks of life—they were always loyal and ever delighted to see him. Wherever he travelled they seemed to come forward from the most unexpected quarters; merchants, doctors, lawyers, porters, ladies in the height of fashion, housemaids—indeed people of all classes—were ever claiming acquaintance and anxious to shake hands and have a few words with this man of simple manners whom they admired and who in some way or other had helped them through his church in Clinton, Hamilton or Montreal. To them he seemed more than simply a clergyman—he was their friend. As simply as a child he accepted all this devotion as the most natural thing in the world.

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Like most men who have possessed the capacity of making friends, he coupled with that capacity the power of leadership. People instinctively seemed to feel that he was to be trusted and consequently were led to follow his example and opinion. In the exercise of this leadership he never appeared self-conscious or self-important. Indeed he moved among men as though he were totally unconscious of possessing any superior endowments to those who looked up to him and followed his leadership. The older he grew, the simpler he seemed. This simplicity, coupled with his kindliness and gentility, drew men out to him, and as they learned to know him they found a man of judgment whose leadership they could follow.

In endeavouring to study the inner nature of Bishop Carmichael we must look at him, not only in his activities among men, in which he revealed his capacity for friendship and leadership, but also in his activities as a student. Reference has already been made to the fact that during the decade in which he was assistant minister at St. George's he plunged enthusiastically into the scientific questions that were occupying the minds of the thoughtful men of that day. Scientific studies were absorbingly attractive to his highly practical mind. But another great question likewise attracted him—the question of historical criticism in reference to the Old Testament. It may be said that this question formed the most dominant subject of his thought for more than forty years. But he came to the study of this subject greatly handicapped. His university

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training had not been thorough. He was not a linguist. He had no knowledge of Hebrew in particular or of Semitics in general. Consequently he was at great disadvantage when he ventured to cross swords with men who were trained specially in this department of scholarship. But while he could not enter into the linguistic niceties connected with the problems of criticism, yet even specialists in this department of scholarship admired his practical abilities. He could see and cleverly point out the difficulties that confronted the critics. He was always on the conservative side. For him the old traditional view of Scripture was in the highest degree satisfactory. He would not admit even two documents in Genesis or that there were two Isaiahs. He once wrote a clever pamphlet entitled, "How Two Documents may be found in One." The practical point of this pamphlet was cleverly conceived and strongly argued. It endeavoured to show that the work of almost every writer could be divided up so as to make at least two continuous narratives. This he cleverly illustrated from the works of many popular writers. Dean Farrar's writings particularly yielded themselves to such treatment. Suppose that there were a dozen sentences in a paragraph. He ingeniously showed that, say sentences 1, 3, 5, 6, 8 would form a continuous narrative if detached from the rest of the paragraph, and that the remaining sentences would also form an equally continuous account. In this way he analyzed passage after passage, taken haphazard, from a great variety of sources. From such a study he

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argued that it was not necessary to hold that there was more than one document in Genesis. The method showed great practical ingenuity and Professor Sayce, to whom he sent a copy of his pamphlet, paid him the compliment, in a private letter, of declaring that the only answer that the critics could make to his pamphlet was to ignore it.

This attitude towards criticism shows the bent of his mind. His genius was practical. In other departments of scholarship, such as the question of Evolution, of the Origin of Religion, of Apologetics, indeed in every line that he entered, he showed keen ability along practical lines. Neither by training nor by natural gifts was he in a position to enter upon the subtilities of linguistic or philosophical arguments but he had an ability that amounted to positive genius in seeing practical difficulties that could be brought forward against many of the theoretical conclusions of the more scholarly men from whom he differed. An interesting mark of this practical tendency of his mind is the fact that he anticipated the idea of the Polychrome Bible by at least twenty-five years. As far back as the Clinton days he had a Bible which he coloured to represent the component documents of the Pentateuch, and it must have been some satisfaction to him to see that what he considered a simple device for pictorially representing the so-called composite character of the books of the Old Testament should be, at a much later date, set forth by the world's leading scholars.

While this practical mind of Bishop Carmichael's was deeply interested in the leading

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questions of scholarship in his day, it must not be forgotten that as a student he was rigidly methodical. As far as possible he had fixed hours of study. These hours for privacy were frequently interrupted by the pressing demand of the parish and by intervals of illness, yet they were as rigidly adhered to as possible. Not only by having fixed hours for study was he methodical but also in his method of study. He read with pencil or pen in hand. His books were all carefully marked and many of them carefully annotated. One would not call him so much a wide reader, although the range of his reading was considerable, as an intense reader of such books as he undertook to master. However, all his reading was put to some practical account. He prepared a series of Lectures for an adult Bible class of men which met Sunday afternoons in St. George's. These lectures—written out verbatim—still exist, and are a valuable index, not only to the man's methodical and painstaking industry, but also to the subjects that interested him.

But while his mind was practically constructive it was likewise controversial. Apologetic questions interested him. For a time he lectured on Apologetics in the Diocesan Theological College of Montreal and from his active pen came numerous articles of an Apologetic nature. "Is there a God for man to know?" is a pamphlet that sums up much of his thought on Apologetics. The "Errors of the Plymouth Brethren" shows him in polemical mood, while his well known little book on Church Union shows his Eirenic attitude towards "our separated brethren."

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In literature as such, he does not appear to have been very greatly interested. True, he read all the best fiction with avidity and delighted in tales of adventure. Troissart was ever one of his favourite writers. At one time he began to write a work of fiction but gave it up as it consumed too much time that ought to have been given to other things. On the whole it cannot be said that he loved literature for its own sake. He used to say that he cared little for poetry except that of the class to which Macauley's *Lays of Ancient Rome* belonged. And yet he wrote a poetic rendering of the Book of Ruth which was set to music by Dr. Illsley, the organist of St. George's. From this work, at one time well known in Canada, we may quote a part of one of the choruses.

Grief at parting, sobs and sorrows,
Kisses sweet, tho' wet with tears,
Head on breasts that throbbed with anguish,
Farewells measured by long years.

His poetic production was not great, but a hymn written to be sung in St. George's at the time of the Boer War may be quoted here:

God of all anxious, Saviour dear,
Bring faith and comfort far and near,
Let weak hearts wait Thy Holy Will,
Speak to them gently, "Peace be still."

Very touching is a stanza written by the Bishop in the year of his death. On the anniversary of Mrs. Carmichael's death, one of his friends sent him some beautiful flowers to which was attached a card bearing the following lines:

The ships put out on the shoreless sea
And we lose them in the night;
But the Captain is there, His hand on the helm,
And he steers for the land of light.

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To this the Bishop made the following touching reply:

The ships steer out and in open sea
Grow dim to the eyes on shore;
But ere long will come back with their message for me,
And sail out as they sailed before.

One would like to give more careful consideration to Bishop Carmichael's preaching than space will permit. It must be said, however, that many as his gifts undoubtedly were, it was as a preacher that he attracted the most marked attention. Of striking personal appearance in the pulpit—delicately handsome in early life and picturesquely so when his abundant hair had become white—he had also a magnetism about him that could be felt rather than described. His intense humanism seemed to radiate itself in all public addresses; this awakened in his auditors a spirit of sympathy and confidence. More than what he said at any particular time, it was the man that impressed people. Always earnest—sometimes impassioned with earnestness—he compelled people to feel that he represented truth even when he may not have been altogether successful in persuading them by reasoning that they should follow his particular action. These two factors—humanism and earnestness—were the real strength of his preaching. Nothing that was human failed to attract him—he loved human beings, delighted in all human activities and aspirations, had sympathy for all human sorrows and was ready to help all who felt the faintness of human weakness. He entered feelingly into so many experiences of human life that he seemed to be able to touch all sorts and conditions of

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people. This humanistic tendency of his nature was not simply an intellectual understanding of what people thought and needed. It went much deeper. He seemed to know how they felt and he was able to sympathize with that feeling and to point them to what would give it satisfaction. Supplementing this catholic humanism was his deep manly earnestness. Convinced that the great spiritual needs of humanity are met and can be satisfied in Christ Jesus, he earnestly, and at times with impassioned fervour, preached this Gospel to men.

Very striking were Bishop Carmichael's gifts of expression. His utterances were masterpieces of concreteness. His Irish nature, permeated with romance, saw truth in pictures, and his genius for expression presented such pictures to the mind's eye in simple but forcible language. Take this as an example of this concreteness: "It needs knife, or poison, or dagger to commit murder; it needs no instrument to think of murder. We can think it in a pew with our Bible or Prayer Book open before us, it can poison our sleep with deadly dreams, and as we think, or dream, the crime that all temptation tends towards seems less awful, and the penalty less dangerous. I say murder, but I mean anything that step by step, and day by day, breaks down the moral feelings, and drags the man or woman down." In this gift of expression must be included a power of strikingly attractive description. In his last sermon regarding the Pan-Anglican Congress, from which he had just returned to Montreal, he spoke of the great service that had been held at St. Paul's

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Cathedral. His description of this service is thoroughly illustrative of his power of picturesque, concrete and attractive description: "Grander and more ornate services have been offered in that noble church wherein no service to God, however simple, can ever appear insignificant; but I doubt if a more remarkable service was ever held—the thrilling interest of its devoutness; the beauty and solemnity of its simple ritual; the soul inspiring power of its music; and the constantly recurring sense of silence, broken only by a single voice, that, again and again, awed the soul as at times silence will, causing one present almost to wonder whether the vast nave itself were not empty. And all this, not the result of artfully planted effects, for the service, apart from an anthem of striking beauty, was 'simplicity itself,' but because that giant congregation was surely spellbound by one thought: 'This is none other but the House of God and this is the Gate of Heaven.' "

This power of concreteness and of picturesque description made his sermons very attractive and clear. People were charmed with his images and pleasing illustrations. He was fond of metaphors and often made use of them with most telling effect. Often his words were unforgettable—so striking was the picture that they presented to the mind's eye. "What is a tear?" he asked in one of his sermons. Who that heard could ever forget the beautifully picturesque and concrete reply: "A tear is a story—the story of a sad, perhaps a broken heart." Equally impressive, and at the same time full of humour, was his comment

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on the well known words from the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Everyone that useth milk is a babe, but strong meat belongeth unto them that are of full age." "Milk for babes, strong meat for men; reverse the diet, you choke the child and starve the man." One more of his memory-clinging expressions may be quoted: "A child's creed should be, I believe in my Father and my Mother."

The dramatic quality in Bishop Carmichael's public utterances was remarkable. This was a striking and integral part of his ability as a public man. His gesticulations were impressive—often highly wrought and imitative of what he would explain. In speaking of the angels veiling their faces he drew the sleeve of his surplice over his face—a pulpit action that no one seeing ever forgot—and a very dangerous one to imitate. In age his hand trembled greatly and the use of this trembling hand was certainly employed with great effect as a means of impressing his thought. But though highly dramatic, one never felt that this intensity of gesticulation was anything else than the manifestation of the preacher's deep, inner feeling and conviction. He felt intensely what he said. His soul was on fire with earnest enthusiasm. He would make others feel as he did by these movements and representations. Some might call it acting. So it was—the truest kind of acting—the outward manifestation of what the man sincerely thought, earnestly felt and was at heart. This acting was not a garment put on for the occasion—it was the man's inner, sincere, enthusiastic self seeking outward expression through every avenue of his being.

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He was possessed of a wonderfully modulated voice. It was a voice of great carrying power and of excellent compass. A rich Irish brogue gave it a charm. Moreover, it was under perfect control and responded readily to the speaker's every emotion. Few public speakers are ever able to use the voice to better effect than he. Its musical cadence and its flexibility impressed every one. From grave to gay, from pathos to joyousness, from denunciation to pleading, from scorn and derision to happy avowal—all these varieties of tone, and many more, came within the compass of that well modulated, expressive and perfectly mastered voice. When he denounced evils, people would say that they fairly shivered. When he challenged men to action they felt a rallying power in his tones. When he spoke in sympathy with suffering or in pity for human sin the pathos of his voice not infrequently moved people to tears. The quality and the expressiveness of this voice was undoubtedly beyond the ordinary and had not a little to do with his great success before the public.

Bishop Carmichael's preaching was practical, highly attractive, sometimes dramatic, but behind all these qualities there was a reality of character that gave to all his utterances both life and power. In private and in public he was a manly, warm-hearted Christian gentleman. Too large and too sincere for either cant or hypocrisy, his public utterances all bore the unmistakable impress of heartfelt sincerity. The large congregations that throughout a lifetime waited upon his public ministry were impressed by nothing more than by the

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fact that this choice preacher believed in and acted up to what he said. Whether pleading with men to relinquish evil, or denouncing error in outspoken fearlessness, or exalting Christ as the Saviour of men, behind and beneath all the eloquence and histrionic power that attracted, there was the human personality of the preacher whose sincerity convinced. The charm and music of his eloquence were intensified by the reality of his religious convictions and the straightforwardness of his life. Men knew that he meant and practised what he preached. They believed in him and then they believed in his message. Greater than his eloquence, greater than anything else about him was the man himself—the man whose culture found its foundation and culmination in Jesus Christ and whose great heart was brimming over with deep, human sympathy.

This sketch may end with the recital of an interesting incident in Bishop Carmichael's early ministry. While he was in Clinton there came to him the distinction of being initiated into the Mohawk tribe of Indians. The ceremony evidently took place at Brantford. A striking photograph of this new member of the tribe, in full Indian costume, still exists. On that occasion the Indians, according to ancient customs, gave a name to their newly admitted clansman. The writer will not attempt to spell this name but its interpretation is, "He does all things well." Many of Bishop Carmichael's friends will feel that the Indian name was a sort of prophecy upon the young clergyman's subsequent career.

I have been obliged owing to lack of space to eliminate certain parts of this article.—EDITOR.

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